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IN ARGONNE

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I

THE permission to visit a few ambulances and evacuation hospitals behind the lines gave me, at the end of February, my first sight of War.

Paris is no longer included in the military zone, either in fact or in appearance. Though it is still manifestly under the war-cloud, its air of reviving activity produces the illusion that the menace which casts that cloud is far off not only in distance but in time. Paris, a few months ago so alive to the nearness of the enemy, seems to have grown completely oblivious of that nearness; and it is startling, not more than twenty miles from the gates, to pass from such an atmosphere of workaday security to the imminent sense of war.

Going eastward, one begins to feel the change just beyond Meaux. Between that quiet episcopal city and the hill-town of Montmirail, some forty miles farther east, there are no sensational evidences of the great conflict of September—only, here and there, in an unploughed field, or among the fresh brown furrows, a little mound with a wooden cross and a wreath on it. Nevertheless, one begins to perceive, by certain negative signs, that one is already in another world. On the cold February day when we turned out of Meaux and took the road to the Argonne, the change was chiefly shown by the curious absence of life in the villages through which we passed. Now and then a lonely ploughman and his team stood out against the sky, or a child and an old woman looked from a doorway; but many of the fields were fallow and most of the doorways empty. We passed a few carts driven by peasants, a stray wood-cutter in a copse, a road-mender hammering at his stones; but already the "civilian motor" had disappeared, and all the dust-coloured cars dashing past us were marked with the Red Cross or the number of an army division. At every bridge and railway-crossing a sentinel, standing in the middle of the road with lifted rifle, stopped the motor and examined our papers. In this negative sphere there was hardly any other tangible proof of military rule; but with the descent of the first hill beyond Montmirail there came the positive feeling: *This is war!*

Along the white road rippling away eastward over the dimpled country the army motors were pouring by in endless lines, broken now and then by the dark mass of a tramping regiment or the clatter of a train of artillery. In the intervals between these waves of military traffic we had the road to ourselves, except for the flashing past of despatch-bearers on motor-cycles and of hideously hooting little motors carrying goggled officers in goat-skins and woollen helmets.

The villages along the road all seemed empty—not figuratively but literally empty. None of them has suffered from the German invasion, save by the destruction, here and there, of a single house on which some random malice has wreaked itself; but since the general flight in September all have remained abandoned, or are provisionally occupied by troops, and

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the rich country between Montmirail and Châlons is a desert.

The first sight of Châlons is extraordinarily exhilarating. The old town lying so pleasantly between canal and river is the headquarters of an army—not of a corps or of a division, but of a whole army—and the network of grey provincial streets about the Romanesque towers of Notre Dame rustles with the movement of war. The square before the principal hotel—the incomparably named "Haute Mère-Dieu"—is as vivid a sight as any scene of modern war can be. Rows of grey motor-lorries and omnibuses do not lend themselves to as happy groupings as a detachment of cavalry, and spitting and spurting motor-cycles and "torpedo" racers are no substitute for the glitter of helmets and the curvetting of chargers; but once the eye has adapted itself to the ugly lines and the neutral tints of the new warfare, the scene in that crowded clattering square becomes positively brilliant. It is a vision of one of the central functions of a great war, in all its concentrated energy, without the saddening suggestions of what, on the distant periphery, that energy is daily and hourly resulting in. Yet even here such suggestions are never long out of sight; for one cannot pass through Châlons without meeting, on their way from the station, a long line of "éclopés"—the unwounded but battered, shattered, frost-bitten, deafened and half-paralyzed wreckage of the awful struggle. These poor wretches, in their thousands, are daily shipped back from the front to rest and be restored; and it is a grim sight to watch them limping by, and to meet the dazed stare of eyes that have seen what one dare not picture.

If one could think away the "éclopés" in the streets and the wounded in the hospitals, Châlons would be an invigorating spectacle. When we drove up to the hotel even the grey motors and the sober uniforms seemed to sparkle under the cold sky. The continual coming and going of alert and busy messengers, the riding up of officers (for some still ride!), the arrival of much-decorated military personages in luxurious motors, the hurrying to and fro of orderlies, the perpetual depleting and refilling of the long rows of grey vans across the square, the movements of Red Cross ambulances and the passing of detachments for the front, all these are sights that the pacific stranger could forever gape at. And in the hotel, what a clatter of swords, what a piling up of fur coats and haversacks, what a grouping of bronzed energetic heads about the packed tables in the restaurant! It is not easy for civilians to get to Châlons, and almost every table is occupied by officers and soldiers—for, once off duty, there seems to be no rank distinction in this happy democratic army, and the simple private, if he chooses to treat himself to the excellent fare of the Haute Mère-Dieu, has as good a right to it as his colonel.

The scene in the restaurant is inexhaustibly interesting. The mere attempt to puzzle out the different uniforms is absorbing. A week's experience near the front convinces me that no two uniforms in the French army are alike either in colour or in cut. Within the last two years the question of colour has greatly preoccupied the French military authorities, who have been seeking an invisible blue; and the range of their experiments is proved by the extraordinary variety of shades of blue, ranging from a sort of greyish robin's-egg to the darkest navy, in which the army is clothed. The result attained is the conviction that no blue is really inconspicuous, and that some of the harsh new slaty tints are no less striking than the deeper shades they have superseded. But to this scale of experimental blues, other colours must be added: the poppy-red of the Spahis' tunics, and various other less familiar colours—grey, and a certain greenish khaki—the use of which is due to the fact that the cloth supply has given out and that all available materials are employed. As for the differences in cut, the uniforms vary from the old tight tunic to the loose belted jacket copied from the English, and the emblems of the various arms and ranks embroidered on these diversified habits add a new element of perplexity. The aviator's wings, the motorist's wheel, and many of the newer symbols, are easily recognizable—but there are all the other arms, and the doctors and the stretcher-bearers, the sappers and miners, and heaven knows how many more ramifications of this great host which is really all the nation.

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The main interest of the scene, however, is that it shows almost as many types as uniforms, and that almost all the types are so good. One begins to understand (if one has failed to before) why the French say of themselves: "*La France est une nation guerrière.*" War is the greatest of paradoxes: the most senseless and disheartening of human retrogressions, and yet the stimulant of qualities of soul which, in every race, can seemingly find no other means of renewal. Everything depends, therefore, on the category of impulses that war excites in a people. Looking at the faces at Châlons, one sees at once in which sense the French are "une nation guerrière." It is not too much to say that war has given beauty to faces that were interesting, humorous, acute, malicious, a hundred vivid and expressive things, but last and least of all beautiful. Almost all the faces about these crowded tables—young or old, plain or handsome, distinguished or average—have the same look of quiet authority: it is as though all "nervosity," fussiness, little personal oddities, meannesses and vulgarities, had been burnt away in a great flame of self-dedication. It is a wonderful example of the rapidity with which purpose models the human countenance. More than half of these men were probably doing dull or useless or unimportant things till the first of last August; now each one of them, however small his job, is sharing in a great task, and knows it, and has been made over by knowing it.

Our road on leaving Châlons continued to run north-eastward toward the hills of the Argonne. [See map, page 660.]

We passed through more deserted villages, with soldiers lounging in the doors where old women should have sat with their distaffs, soldiers watering their horses in the village pond, soldiers cooking over gypsy fires in the farm-yards. In the patches of woodland along the road we came upon more soldiers, cutting down pine saplings, chopping them into even lengths and loading them on hand-carts, with the green boughs piled on top. We soon saw to what use they were put, for at every cross-road or railway bridge a warm sentry-box of mud and straw and plaited pine-branches was plastered against a bank or tucked like a swallow's nest into a sheltered corner. A little farther on we began to come more and more frequently on big colonies of "Seventy-fives." Drawn up nose to nose, usually against a curtain of woodland, in a field at some distance from the road, and always attended by a cumbrous drove of motor-vans, they looked like giant gazelles feeding among elephants; and the stables of woven pine-boughs which stood near by might have been the huge huts of their herdsmen.

The country between Marne and Meuse is one of the regions on which German fury spent itself most bestially during the abominable September days. Half way between Châlons and Sainte Menehould we came on the first evidence of the invasion: the lamentable ruins of the village of Auve. These pleasant villages of the Aisne, with their one long street, their half-timbered houses and high-roofed granaries with espaliered gable-ends, are all much of one pattern, and one can easily picture what Auve must have been as it looked out, in the blue September weather, above the ripening pears of its gardens to the crops in the valley and the large landscape beyond. Now it is a mere waste of rubble and cinders, not one threshold distinguishable from another. We saw many other ruined villages after Auve, but this was the first, and perhaps for that reason one had there, most hauntingly, the vision of all the separate terrors, anguishes, uprootings and rendings apart involved in the destruction of the obscurest of human communities. The photographs on the walls, the twigs of withered box above the crucifixes, the old wedding-dresses in brass-clamped trunks, the bundles of letters laboriously written and as painfully deciphered, all the thousand and one bits of the past that give meaning and continuity to the present—of all that accumulated warmth nothing was left but a brick-heap and some twisted stove-pipes!

As we ran on toward Sainte Menehould the names on our map showed us that, just beyond the parallel range of hills six or seven miles to the north, the two armies lay interlocked. But we heard no cannon yet, and the first visible evidence of the nearness of the struggle was the encounter, at a bend of the road,

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of a long line of grey-coated figures tramping toward us between the bayonets of their captors. They were a sturdy lot, this fresh "bag" from the hills, of a fine fighting age, and much less famished and war-worn than one could have wished. Their broad blond faces were meaningless, guarded, but neither defiant nor unhappy: they seemed none too sorry for their fate.

Our pass from the General Head-quarters carried us to Sainte Menehould on the edge of the Argonne, where we had to apply to the Head-quarters of the division for a farther extension. The Staff are lodged in a house considerably the worse for German occupancy, where offices have been improvised by means of wooden hoardings, and where, sitting in a bare passage on a frayed damask sofa surmounted by theatrical posters and faced by a bed with a plum-coloured counterpane, we listened for a while to the jingle of telephones, the rat-tat of typewriters, the steady hum of dictation and the coming and going of hurried despatch-bearers and orderlies. The extension to the permit was presently delivered with the courteous request that we should push on to Verdun as fast as possible, as civilian motors were not wanted on the road that afternoon; and this request, coupled with the evident stir of activity at Head-quarters, gave us the impression that there must be a good deal happening beyond the low line of hills to the north. How much there was we were soon to know.

We left Sainte Menehould at about eleven, and before twelve o'clock we were nearing a large village on a ridge from which the land swept away to right and left in ample reaches. The first glimpse of the outlying houses showed nothing unusual; but presently the main street turned and dipped downward, and below and beyond us lay a long stretch of ruins: the calcined remains of Clermont-en-Argonne, destroyed by the Germans on the 4th of September. The free and lofty situation of the little town—for it was really a good deal more than a village—makes its present state the more lamentable. One can see it from so far off, and through the torn traceries of its ruined church the eye travels over so lovely a stretch of country! No doubt its beauty enriched the joy of wrecking it.

At the farther end of what was once the main street another small knot of houses has survived. Chief among them is the Hospice for old men, where Sister Gabrielle Rosnet, when the authorities of Clermont took to their heels, stayed behind to defend her charges, and where, ever since, she has nursed an undiminishing stream of wounded from the eastern front. We found Sœur Rosnet, with her Sisters, preparing the midday meal of her patients in the little kitchen of the Hospice: the kitchen which is also her dining-room and private office. She insisted on our finding time to share the *filet* and fried potatoes that were just being taken off the stove, and while we lunched she told us the story of the invasion—of the Hospice doors broken down "à coups de crosse" and the grey officers bursting in with revolvers, and finding her there before them, in the big vaulted vestibule, "alone with my old men and my Sisters." Sœur Gabrielle Rosnet is a small round active woman, with a shrewd and ruddy face of the type that looks out calmly from the dark background of certain Flemish pictures. Her blue eyes are full of warmth and humour, and she puts as much gaiety as wrath into her tale. She does not spare epithets in talking of "ces satanés Allemands"—these Sisters and nurses of the front have seen sights to dry up the last drop of sentimental pity—but through all the horror of those fierce September days, with Clermont blazing about her and the helpless remnant of its inhabitants under the perpetual threat of massacre, she retained her sense of the little inevitable absurdities of life, such as her not knowing how to address the officer in command "because he was so tall that I couldn't see up to his shoulder-straps."—"*Et ils étaient tous comme ça,*" she added, a sort of reluctant admiration in her eyes.

A subordinate "good Sister" had just cleared the table and poured out our coffee when a woman came in to say, in a matter-of-fact tone, that there was hard fighting going on across the valley. She added calmly, as she dipped our plates into a tub, that an obus had just fallen a mile or two off, and that if we liked we could see the fighting from a garden over the way. It did not take us long to reach

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that garden! Sœur Gabrielle showed the way, bouncing up the stairs of a house across the street, and flying at her heels we came out on a grassy terrace full of soldiers.

The cannon were booming without a pause, and seemingly so near that it was bewildering to look out across empty fields at a hillside that seemed like any other. But luckily somebody had a field-glass, and with its help a little corner of the battle of Vauquois was suddenly brought close to us—the rush of French infantry up the slopes, the feathery drift of French gun-smoke lower down, and, high up, on the wooded crest along the sky, the red lightnings and white puffs of the German artillery. Rap, rap, rap, went the answering guns, as the troops swept up and disappeared into the fire-tongued wood; and we stood there dumb-founded at the accident of having stumbled on this visible episode of the great subterranean struggle.

Though Sœur Rosnet had seen too many such sights to be much moved, she was full of a lively curiosity, and stood beside us, squarely planted in the mud, holding the field-glass to her eyes, or passing it laughingly about among the soldiers. But as we turned to go she said: "They've sent us word to be ready for another four hundred to-night"; and the twinkle died out of her good eyes.

Her expectations were to be dreadfully surpassed; for, as we learned a fortnight later from a three column *communiqué*, the scene we had assisted at was no less than the first act of the successful assault on the high-perched village of Vauquois, a point of the first importance to the Germans, since it masked their operations to the north of Varennes and commanded the railway by which, since September, they have been revictualling and reinforcing their army in the Argonne. Vauquois had been taken by them at the end of September and, thanks to its strong position on a rocky spur, had been almost impregnably fortified; but the attack we looked on at from the garden of Clermont, on Sunday, February 28th, carried the victorious French troops to the top of the ridge, and made them masters of a part of the village. Driven from it again that night, they were to retake it after a five days' struggle of exceptional violence and prodigal heroism, and are now securely established there in a position described as "of vital importance to the operations." "But what it cost!" Sœur Gabrielle said, when we saw her again a few days later.

II

THE time had come to remember our promise and hurry away from Clermont; but a few miles farther our attention was arrested by the sight of the Red Cross over a village house. The house was little more than a hovel, the village—Blercourt it was called—a mere hamlet of scattered cottages and cow-stables: a place so easily overlooked that it seemed likely our supplies might be needed there.

An orderly went to find the *médecin-chef*, and we waded after him through the mud to one after another of the cottages in which, with admirable ingenuity, he had managed to create out of next to nothing the indispensable requirements of a second-line ambulance: sterilizing and disinfecting appliances, a bandage-room, a pharmacy, a well-filled wood-shed, and a clean kitchen in which "tisanes" were brewing over a cheerful fire. A detachment of cavalry was quartered in the village, which the trampling of hoofs had turned into a great morass, and as we picked our way from cottage to cottage in the doctor's wake he told us of the expedients to which he had been put to secure even the few hovels into which his patients were crowded. It was a complaint we were often to hear repeated along this line of the front, where troops and wounded are packed in thousands into villages meant to house four or five hundred; and we admired the skill and devotion with which he had dealt with the difficulty, and managed to lodge his patients decently.

We came back to the high-road, and he asked us if we should like to see the church. It was about three o'clock, and in the low porch the curé was ringing the bell for vespers. We pushed open the inner doors and went in. The church was without aisles, and down the nave stood four rows of wooden cots with brown blankets. In almost every one lay a sol-

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dier—the doctor's "worst cases"—few of them wounded, the greater number stricken with fever, bronchitis, frost-bite, pleurisy, or some other form of trench-sickness too severe to permit of their being carried farther from the front. One or two heads turned on the pillows as we entered, but for the most part the men did not move.

The curé, meanwhile, passing around to the sacristy, had come out before the altar in his vestments, followed by a little white acolyte. A handful of women, probably the only "civil" inhabitants left, and some of the soldiers we had seen about the village, had entered the church and stood together between the rows of cots; and the service began. It was a sunless afternoon, and the picture was all in monastic shades of black and white and ashen grey: the sick under their earth-coloured blankets, their livid faces against the pillows, the black dresses of the women (they seemed all to be in mourning) and the silver haze floating out from the little acolyte's censer. The only light in the scene—the candle-gleams on the altar, and their reflection in the embroideries of the curé's chasuble—were like a faint streak of sunset on the winter dusk.

For a while the long Latin cadences sounded on through the church; but presently the curé took up in French the Canticle of the Sacred Heart, composed during the war of 1870, and the little congregation joined their trembling voices in the refrain:

"Sauvez, sauvez la France,
Ne l'abandonnez pas!"

The reiterated appeal rose in a sob above the rows of bodies in the nave: "*Sauvez, sauvez la France,*" the women wailed it near the altar, the soldiers took it up from the door in stronger tones; but the bodies in the cots never stirred, and more and more, as the day faded, the church looked like a quiet grave-yard in a battle-field.

After we had left Sainte Menehould the sense of the nearness and all-pervadingness of the war became even more vivid. Every road branching away to our left was a finger touching a red wound: Varennes, Le Four de Paris, le Bois de la Grurie, were not more than eight or ten miles to the north. Along our own road the stream of motor-vans and the trains of ammunition grew longer and more frequent. Once we passed a long line of "Seventy-fives" going single file up a hillside, farther on we watched a big detachment of artillery galloping across a stretch of open country. The movement of supplies was continuous, and every village through which we passed swarmed with soldiers busy loading or unloading the big vans, or clustered about the commissariat motors while hams and quarters of beef were handed out. As we approached Verdun the cannonade had grown louder again; and when we reached the walls of the town and passed under the iron teeth of the portcullis we felt ourselves in one of the last outposts of a mighty line of defense. The desolation of Verdun is as impressive as the feverish activity of Châlons. The civil population was evacuated in September, and only a small percentage have returned. Nine-tenths of the shops are closed, and as the troops are nearly all in the trenches there is hardly any movement in the streets.

The first duty of the traveller who has successfully passed the challenge of the sentinel at the gates is to climb the steep hill to the citadel at the top of the town. Here the military authorities inspect one's papers, and deliver a "permis de séjour" which must be verified by the police before lodgings can be obtained. We found the principal hotel much less crowded than the Haute Mère-Dieu at Châlons, though many of the officers of the garrison mess there. The whole atmosphere of the place was different: silent, concentrated, passive. To the chance observer, Verdun appears to live only in its hospitals; and of these there are fourteen within the walls alone. As darkness fell, the streets became completely deserted, and the cannonade seemed to grow nearer and more incessant. That first night the hush was so intense that every reverberation from the dark hills beyond the walls brought out in the mind its separate vision of destruction; and then, just as the strained imagination could bear no more, the thunder ceased. A moment later, in a court below my windows, a pigeon began to coo; and all night long the two sounds strangely alternated. . .

On entering the gates, the first sight to

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attract us had been a colony of roughly-built bungalows scattered over the miry slopes of a little park adjoining the railway station, and surmounted by the sign: "Evacuation Hospital No. 6." The next morning we went to visit it. A part of the station buildings has been adapted to hospital use, and among them a great roofless hall, which the surgeon in charge has covered in with canvas and divided down its length into a double row of tents. Each tent contains two wooden cots, scrupulously clean and raised high above the floor; and the immense ward is warmed by a row of stoves down the central passage. In the bungalows across the road are beds for the patients who are to be kept for a time before being transferred to the hospitals in the town. In one bungalow an operating-room has been installed, in another are the bathing arrangements for the newcomers from the trenches. Every possible device for the relief of the wounded has been carefully thought out and intelligently applied by the surgeon in charge and the *infirmière major* who indefatigably seconds him. Evacuation Hospital No. 6 sprang up in an hour, almost, on the dreadful August day when four thousand wounded lay on stretchers between the railway station and the gate of the little park across the way; and it has gradually grown into the model of what such a hospital may become in skilful and devoted hands.

Verdun has other excellent hospitals for the care of the severely wounded who cannot be sent farther from the front. Among them St. Nicolas, in a big airy building on the Meuse, is an example of a great French Military Hospital at its best; but I visited few others, for the main object of my journey was to get to some of the second-line ambulances beyond the town. The first we went to was in a small village to the north of Verdun, not far from the enemy's lines at Cosenvoye, and was fairly representative of all the others. The dreary muddy village was crammed with troops, and the ambulance had been installed at haphazard in such houses as the military authorities could spare. The arrangements were primitive but clean, and even the dentist had set up his apparatus in one of the rooms. The men lay on mattresses or in wooden cots, and the rooms were heated by stoves. The great need, here as everywhere, was for blankets and clean underclothing; for the wounded are brought in from the front encrusted with frozen mud, and usually without having washed or changed for weeks. There are no women nurses in these second-line ambulances, but all the army doctors we saw seemed intelligent, and anxious to do the best they could for their men in conditions of unusual hardship. The principal obstacle in their way is the over-crowded state of the villages. Thousands of soldiers are camped in all of them, in hygienic conditions that would be bad enough for men in health; and there is also a great need for light diet, since the hospital commissariat of the front apparently supplies no invalid foods, and men burning with fever have to be fed on meat and vegetables.

In the afternoon we started out again in a snow-storm, over a desolate rolling country to the south of Verdun. The wind blew fiercely across the whitened slopes, and no one was in sight but the sentries marching up and down the railway lines, and an occasional cavalryman patrolling the lonely road. Nothing can exceed the mournfulness of this depopulated land: we might have been wandering over the wilds of Poland. We ran some twenty miles down the steel-grey Meuse to a village about four miles west of Les Eparges, the spot where, for weeks past, a desperate struggle had been going on. There must have been a lull in the fighting that day, for the cannon had ceased; but the scene at the point where we left the motor gave us the sense of being on the very edge of the conflict. The long straggling village lay on the river, and the trampling of cavalry and the hauling of guns had turned the land about it into a mud-flat. Before the primitive cottage where the doctor's office had been installed were the motors of the surgeon and the medical inspector who had accompanied us. Near by stood the usual flock of grey motor-vans, and all about was the coming and going of cavalry remounts, the riding up of officers, the unloading of supplies, the incessant activity of mud-splashed sergeants and men.

The main ambulance was in a grange, of which the two stories had been par-

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titioned off into wards. Under the cob-webby rafters the men lay in rows on clean pallets, and big stoves made the rooms dry and warm. But the great superiority of this ambulance was its nearness to a canal-boat which had been fitted up with hot douches. The boat was spotlessly clean, and each cabin was shut off by a gay curtain of red-flowered chintz. Those curtains must do almost as much as the hot water to make over the *moral* of the men: they were the most comforting sight of the day.

Farther north, and on the other bank of the Meuse, lies another large village which has been turned into a colony of éclopés. Fifteen hundred sick or exhausted men are housed there—and there are no hot douches or chintz curtains to cheer them! We were taken first to the church, a large featureless building at the head of the street. In the doorway our passage was obstructed by a mountain of damp straw which a gang of hostler-soldiers were pitchforking out of the aisles. The interior of the church was dim and suffocating. Between the pillars hung screens of plaited straw, forming little enclosures in each of which about a dozen sick men lay on more straw, without mattresses or blankets. No beds, no tables, no chairs, no washing appliances—in their muddy clothes, as they come from the front, they are bedded down on the stone floor like cattle till they are well enough to go back to their job. It was a pitiful contrast to the little church at Blercourt, with the altar lights twinkling above the clean beds; and one wondered if, even so near the front, it had to be. "The African village, we call it," one of our companions said with a laugh: but the African village has blue sky over it, and a clear stream runs between its mud huts.

We had been told at Sainte Menehould that, for military reasons, we must follow a more southerly direction on our return to Châlons; and when we left Verdun we took the road to Bar-le-Duc. It runs southwest over beautiful broken country, untouched by war except for the fact that its villages, like all the others in this region, are either deserted or occupied by troops. As we left Verdun behind us the sound of the cannon grew fainter and died out, and we had the feeling that we were gradually passing beyond the flaming boundaries into a more normal world; but suddenly, at a cross-road, a sign-post snatched us back to war: *St. Mihiel, 18 Kilomètres*. St. Mihiel, the danger-spot of the region, the weak joint in the armour! There it lay, up that harmless-looking bye-road, not much more than ten miles away—a ten minutes' dash would have brought us into the thick of the grey coats and spiked helmets! The shadow of that sign-post followed us for miles, darkening the landscape like the shadow from a racing storm-cloud.

Bar-le-Duc seemed unaware of the cloud. The charming old town was in its normal state of provincial apathy: few soldiers were about, and here at last civilian life again predominated. After a few days on the edge of the war, in that intermediate region under its solemn spell, there is something strangely lowering to the mood in the first sight of a busy unconscious community. One looks instinctively, in the eyes of the passers-by, for a reflection of that other vision, and feels diminished by contact with people going so indifferently about their business.

A little way beyond Bar-le-Duc we came on another phase of the war-vision, for our route lay exactly in the track of the August invasion, and between Bar-le-Duc and Vitry-le-François the high-road is lined with ruined towns. The first we came to was Laimont, a large village wiped out as if a cyclone had beheaded it; then comes Revigny, a town of over two thousand inhabitants, less completely levelled because its houses were more solidly built, but a spectacle of more tragic desolation, with its wide streets winding between scorched and contorted fragments of masonry, bits of shop-fronts, handsome doorways, the colonnaded court of a public building. A few miles farther lies the most piteous of the group: the village of Heiltz-le-Maurupt, once pleasantly set in gardens and orchards, now an ugly waste like the others, and with a little church so stripped and wounded and dishonoured that it lies there by the roadside like a human victim.

In this part of the country, which is one of many cross-roads, we began to

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have unexpected difficulty in finding our way, for the names and distances on the mile-stones have all been effaced, the sign-posts thrown down and the enamelled *plaques* on the houses at the entrance to the villages removed. One report has it that this precaution was taken by the inhabitants at the approach of the invading army, another that the Germans themselves demolished the sign-posts and plastered over the mile-stones in order to paint on them misleading and encouraging distances. The result is extremely bewildering, for, all the villages being either in ruins or uninhabited, there is no one to question but the soldiers one meets, and their answer is almost invariably: "We don't know—we don't belong here." One is in luck if one comes across a sentinel who knows the name of the village he is guarding.

It was the strangest of sensations to find ourselves in a chartless wilderness within sixty or seventy miles of Paris, and to wander, as we did, for hours across a high heathery waste, with wide blue distances to north and south, and in all the scene not a landmark by means of which we could make a guess at our whereabouts. One of our haphazard turns at last brought us into a muddy bye-road with long lines of "Seventy-fives" ranged along its banks like grey ant-eaters in some monstrous menagerie. A little farther on we came to a bemired village swarming with artillery and cavalry, and found ourselves in the thick of an encampment just on the move. It seems improbable that we were meant to be there, for our arrival caused such surprise that no sentry remembered to challenge us, and obsequiously saluting *sous-officiers* instantly cleared a way for the motor. So, by a happy accident, we caught one more war-picture, all of vehement movement, as we passed out of the zone of war.

We were still very distinctly in it on returning to Châlons, which, if it had seemed packed on our previous visit, was now quivering and cracking with fresh crowds. The stir about the fountain, in the square before the Haute Mère-Dieu, was more melodramatic than ever. Every one was in a hurry, every one booted and mud-splashed, and spurred or sworded or despatch-bagged, or somehow labelled as a member of the huge military beehive. The privilege of telephoning and telegraphing being denied to civilians in the war-zone, it was ominous to arrive at night-fall on such a crowded scene, and we were not surprised to be told that there was not a room left at the Haute Mère-Dieu, and that even the sofas in the reading-room had been let for the night. At every other inn in the town we met with the same answer; and finally we decided to ask permission to go on as far as Epernay, about twelve miles off. At Head-quarters we were told that our request could not be granted. No motors are allowed to circulate after night-fall in the zone of war, and the officer charged with the distribution of motor-permits pointed out that, even if an exception were made in our favour, we should probably be turned back by the first sentinel we met, only to find ourselves unable to re-enter Châlons without another permit! This alternative was so alarming that we began to think ourselves relatively lucky to be on the right side of the gates; and we went back to the Haute Mère-Dieu to squeeze into a crowded corner of the restaurant for dinner. The hope that some one might have suddenly left the hotel in the interval was not realized; but after dinner we learned from the landlady that she had certain rooms permanently reserved for the use of the Staff, and that, as these rooms had not yet been called for that evening, we might possibly be allowed to occupy them for the night.

At Châlons the Head-quarters are in the Préfecture, a coldly handsome building of the eighteenth century, and there, in a majestic stone vestibule, beneath the gilded ramp of a great festal staircase, we waited in anxious suspense, among the orderlies and *estafettes*, while our unusual request was considered. The result of the deliberation was an expression of regret: nothing could be done for us, as officers might at any moment arrive from the General Head-quarters and require the rooms. It was then past nine o'clock, and bitterly cold—and we began to wonder. Finally the polite officer who had been charged to dismiss us, moved to compassion at our plight, offered to give us a *laissez-passer* back to Paris. But Paris was about a hundred and twenty-five

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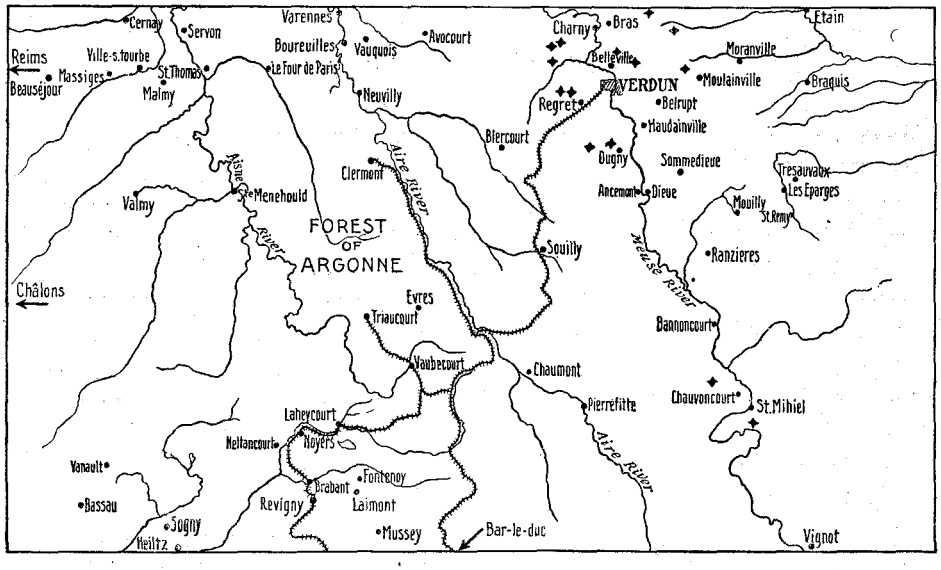

Sketch map of region around the Forest of Argonne.

miles off, the night was dark, the cold was piercing—and at every cross-road and railway crossing a sentinel would have to be convinced of our right to go farther. We remembered the warning given us earlier in the evening, and, declining the offer, went out again into the cold. And just then chance took pity on us. In the restaurant we had run across a friend attached to the Staff, and now, meeting him again in the depth of our difficulty, we were told of lodgings to be found near by. He could not take us there, for it was past the hour when he had a right to be out, or we either, for that matter, since curfew sounds at nine at Châlons. But he told us how to find our way through the maze of little unlit streets about the Cathedral; standing there beside the motor, in the icy darkness of the deserted square, and whispering hastily, as he turned to leave us: "You ought not to be out so late; but the word tonight is *Jéna*. When you give it to the chauffeur, be sure no sentinel overhears you." With that he was up the wide steps, the glass doors had closed on him, and I stood there in the pitch-black night, suddenly unable to believe that I was I, or Châlons Châlons, or that a young man who in Paris drops in to dine with me and talk over new books and plays, had been whispering a password in my ear to carry me unchallenged to a house a few streets away! The sense of unreality produced by that one word was so overwhelming that for a blissful moment the whole fabric of what I had been experiencing, the whole huge and oppressive and unescapable fact of the war, slipped away like a torn cobweb, and I seemed to see behind it the reassuring face of things as they used to be.

The next morning dispelled that vision. We woke to a noise of guns closer and more incessant than even the first night's cannonade at Verdun; and when we went out into the streets it seemed as if, overnight, a new army had sprung out of the ground. Waylaid at one corner after another by the long tide of troops streaming out through the town to the northern suburbs, we saw in turn all the various divisions of the unfolding frieze: first the infantry and artillery, the sappers and miners, the endless trains of guns and ammunition, then the long line of grey supply-waggons, and finally the stretcher-bearers following the Red Cross ambulances. All the story of a day's warfare was written in the spectacle of that endless silent flow to the front: and we were to read it again, a few days later, in the terse announcement of "renewed activity" about Suippes, and of the bloody strip of ground gained between Perthes and Beauséjour.

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OFF MONOMOY

By Bliss Carman

HAVE you sailed Nantucket Sound
By light-ship, buoy, and bell,
And lain becalmed spellbound
On an oily Summer Swell?

Lazily drooped the sail,
Moveless the pennant hung,
Sagging over the rail
Idle the main boom swung.

The Sea one mirror of shine
A single breath would destroy,
Save for the far low line
Of treacherous Monomoy.

Yet Eastward there toward Spain,
What castled cities rise
From the Atlantic plain,
To our enchanted eyes;

Turret and spire and roof
Looming out of the sea,
Where the prosy chart gives proof
No cape nor isle can be!

Can a vision shine so clear
Wherein no substance dwells?
One almost harks to hear
The sound of the city's bells.

And yet no pealing notes
Within those belfries be,
Save echoes from the throats
Of ship-bells lost at sea.

For none shall anchor there
Save those who long of yore,
When tide and wind were fair,
Sailed and came back no more.

And none shall climb the stairs
Within those ghostly towers,
Save those for whom sad prayers
Went up through fateful hours.

O image of the world,
O mirage of the sea,
Cloud-built and foam-impearled,
What sorcery fashioned thee?

What architect of dream,
What painter of desire,
Conceived that fairy scheme
Touched with fantastic fire?

Even so our city of hope
We mortal dreamers rear
Upon the perilous slope
Above the deep of fear;

Leaving half-known the good
Our kindly earth bestows,
For the feigned beatitude
Of a future no man knows.

Lord of the Summer Sea,
Whose tides are in thy hand,
Into immensity
The vision at thy command

Fades now, and leaves no sign,—
No light, nor bell, nor buoy,—
Only the faint low line
Of dangerous Monomoy.

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SIXTEEN PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

TAKEN IN THE NATIONAL PARKS OF THE UNITED STATES

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA
THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
MT. RAINIER PARK, WASHINGTON
YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYOMING

The pictures here published for the first time have been seen only in Mr. Elmendorf's lectures, and are reproduced from glass positives made by Mr. Elmendorf especially for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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The Castle Geyser, Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Park.

This beautiful geyser is one of the oldest in the park. It plays at irregular intervals, but the eruptions are most interesting. After the superheated water is ejected, vast quantities of steam are forced out of the crater with a deep, roaring sound.

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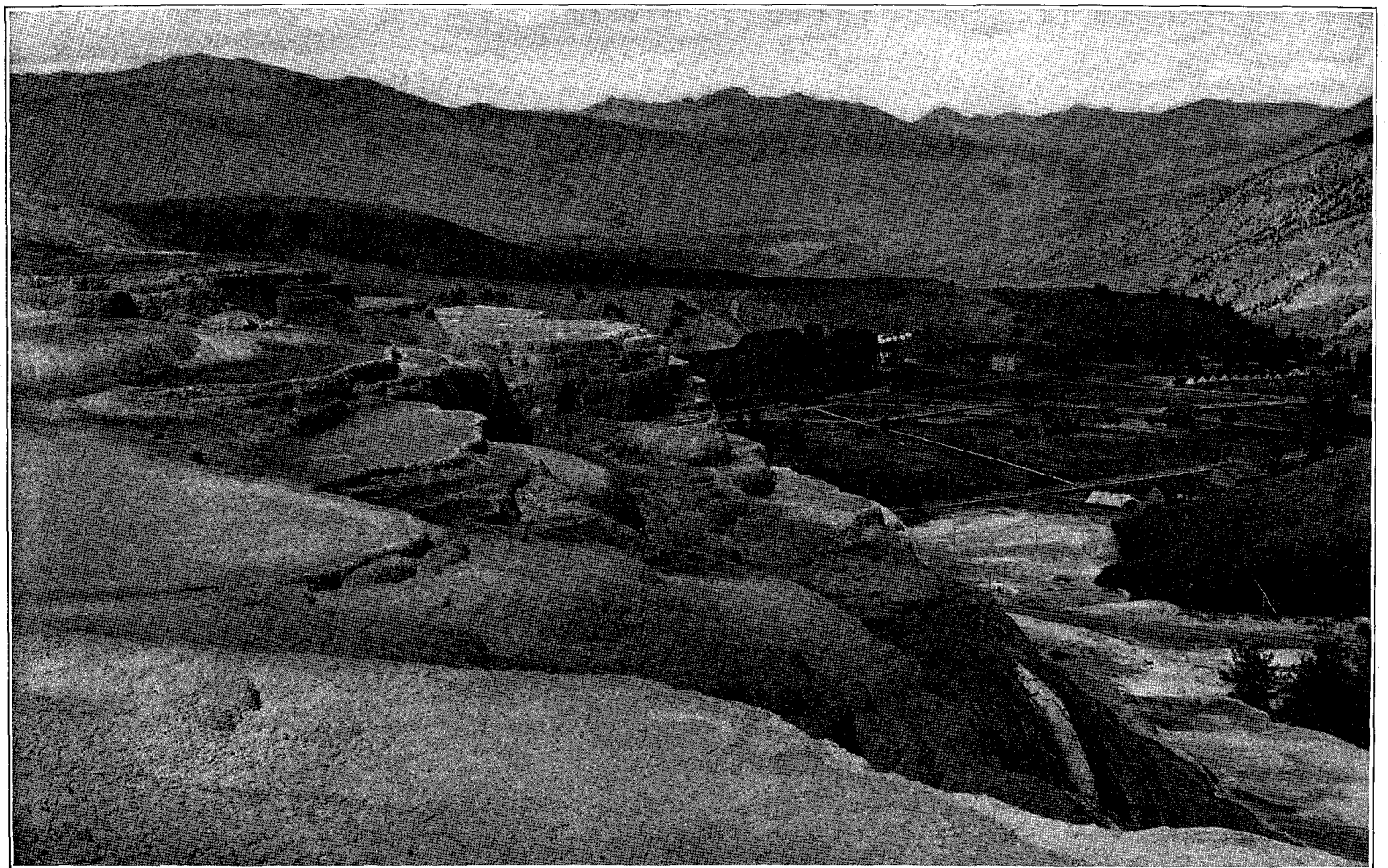

The top of Jupiter Terrace, Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone Park.

These terraces are being formed by the calcareous deposits of the many hot springs which here abound. Their exquisite coloring surpasses description and contrasted with the semibarren surroundings the effect is startling.

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Norris Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Park.

Thousands of steam vents are here in evidence, making the beholder feel sure that there is a hot region "down below." In and around this basin are many geysers and boiling springs.

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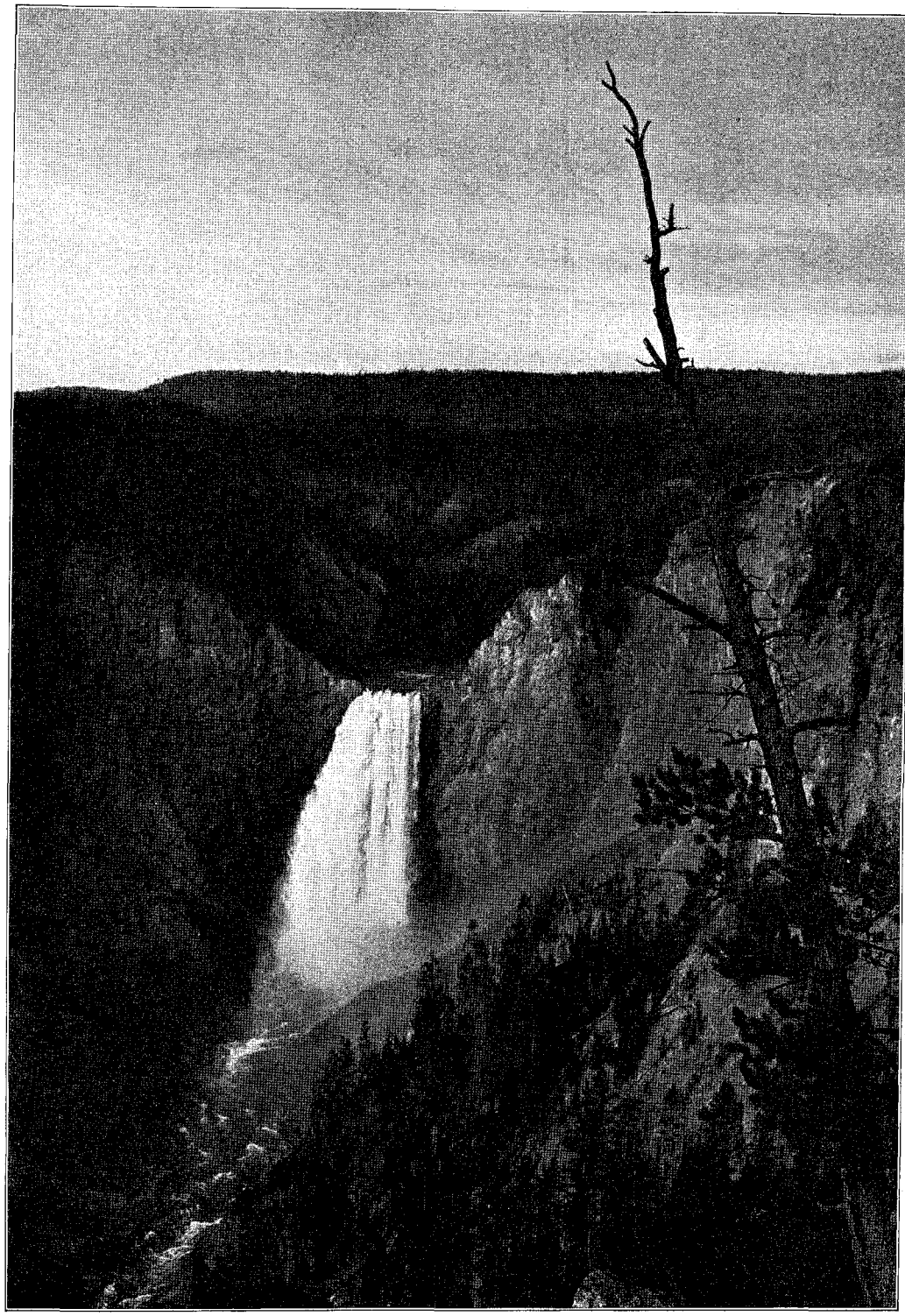

The Great Falls, Yellowstone Park.

No other waterfall has the marvellous setting of this, the Yellowstone Falls. The deep-green forests above, the bright yellows and reds of the cliffs below, the bluish-green river that is transformed into glistening silvery arrow-heads as it falls into the abyss below, where it is lost in clouds of rainbow mist, make this the climax of "The Wonderland of the World."

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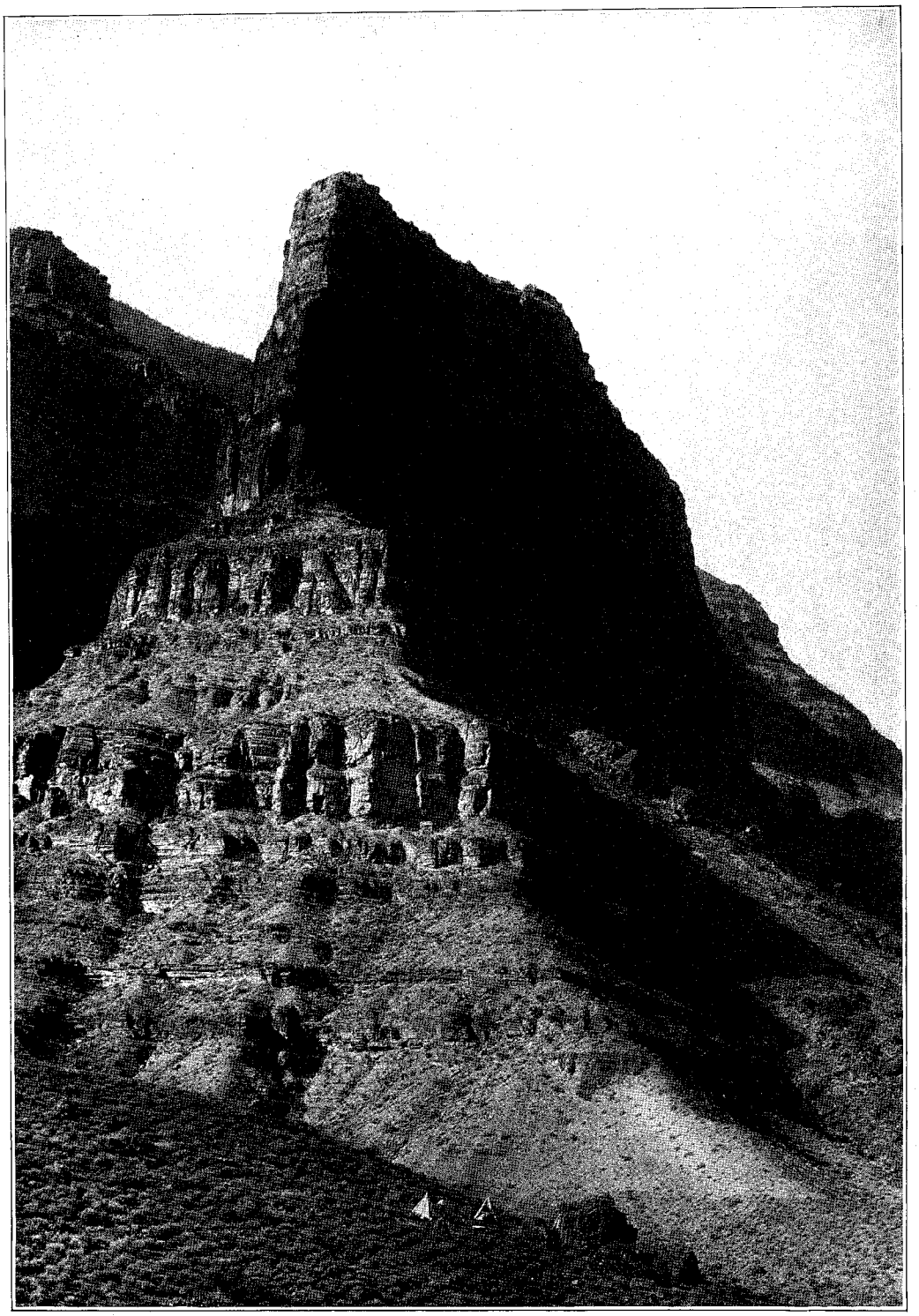

Nature's Monument, Grand Canyon, Arizona.

Above the tents of Ehrendorf Camp, in the bottom of the canyon, rises this wonderful pyramid four thousand feet toward the clear sky. The upper portion is gray, the middle reddish brown, while the lower parts are deep maroon, relieved here and there by the cool green of the canyon cactus.

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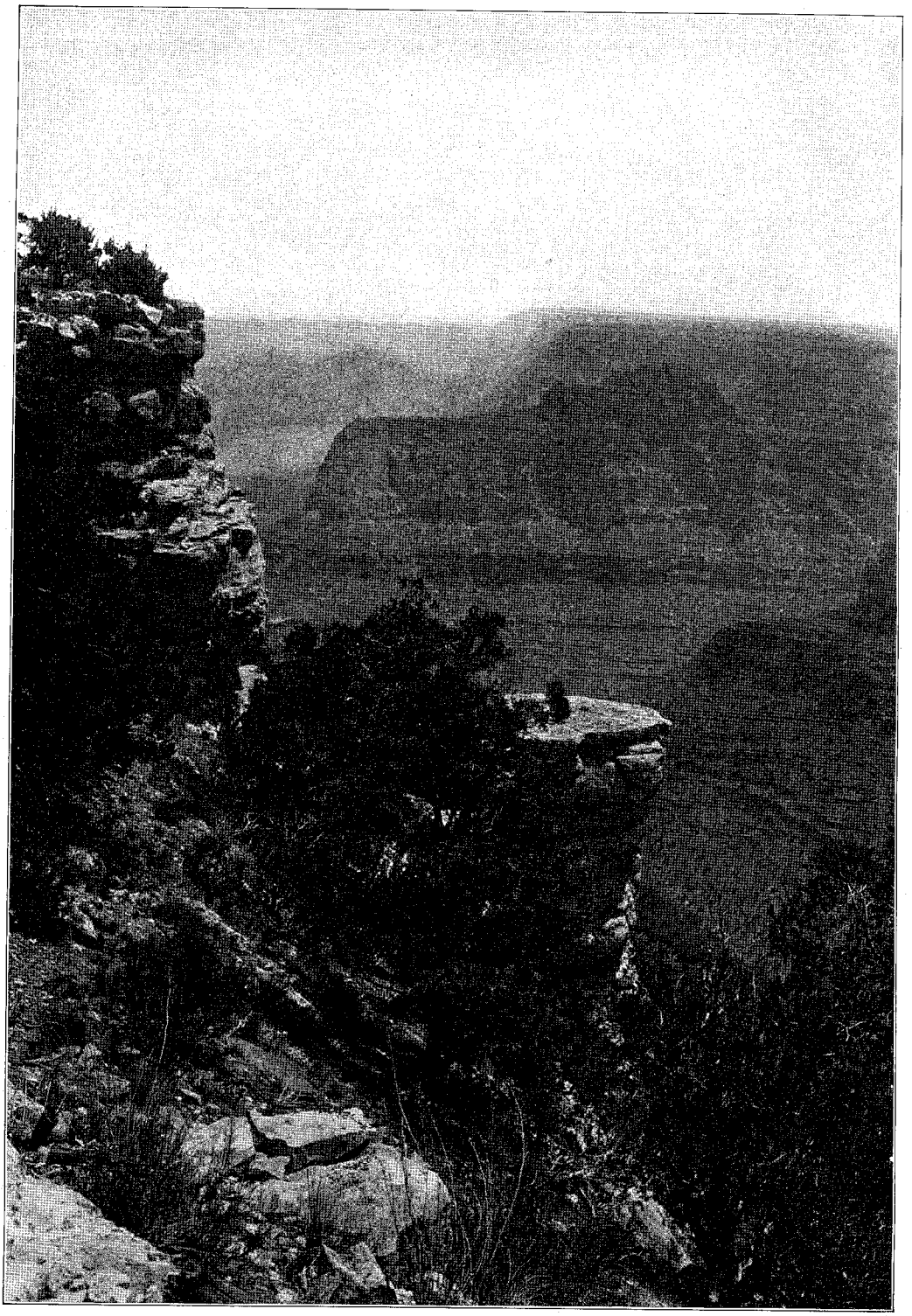

A glimpse of the Grand Canyon from Grand View, Arizona.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is the most stupendous natural wonder of the world. The marvellous coloring of the various strata of the earth's surface, which here lies revealed down to the archaic granite, and the overwhelming silence of the vast depths compel respect for the work of the Master Builder.

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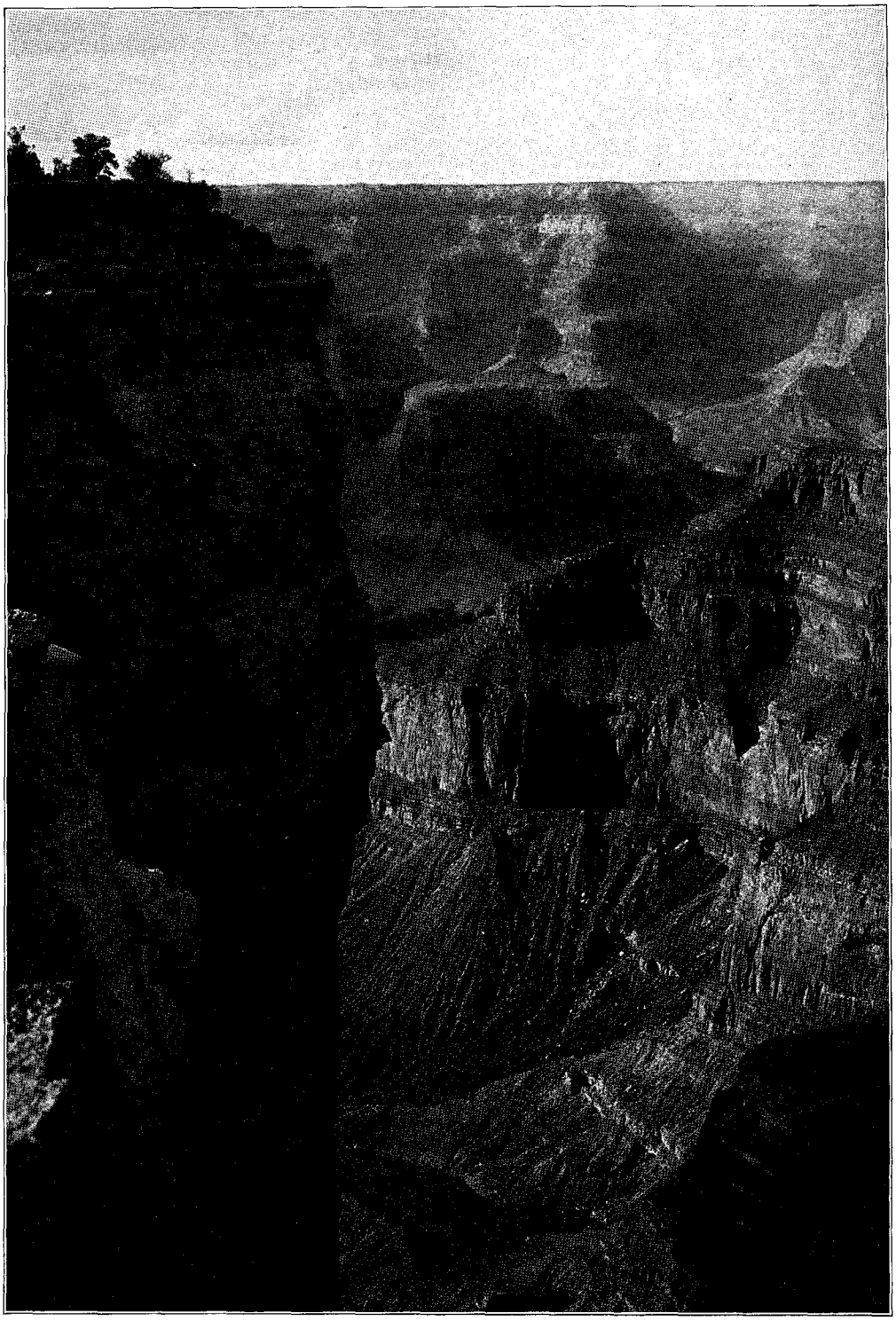

The Inferno, Grand Canyon, Arizona.

Near the beginning of the new Hermit Trail is this appalling cliff, like a great bulwark against the depths five thousand feet below.

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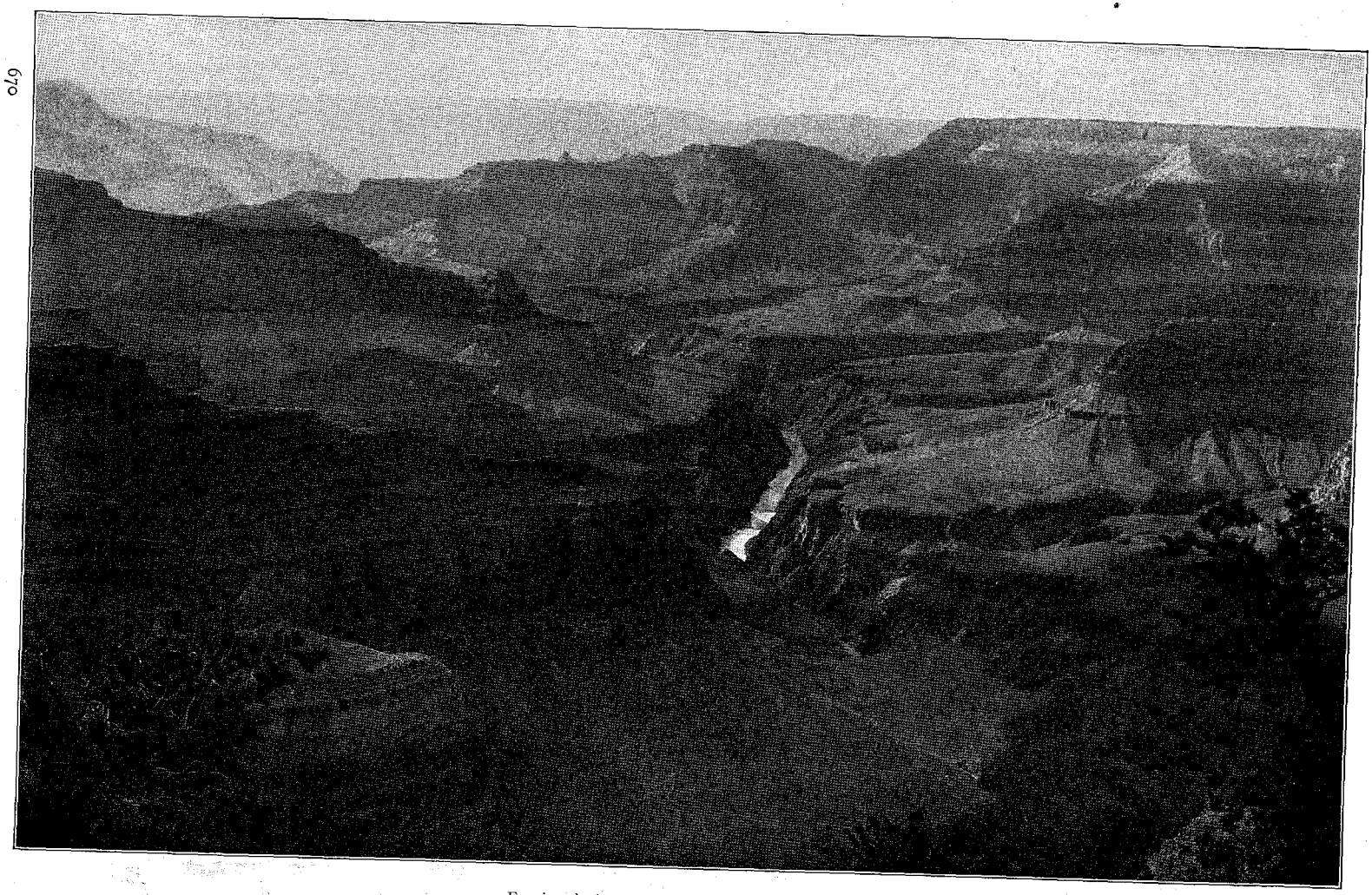

Evening shadows in the Grand Canyon, Arizona.

This view from the rim at Hopi Point was taken from the new Rim Road. Seven miles away and nearly a mile below the observer flows the Colorado River. The canyon at this point is fifteen miles wide and the distant horizon is sixty miles away.

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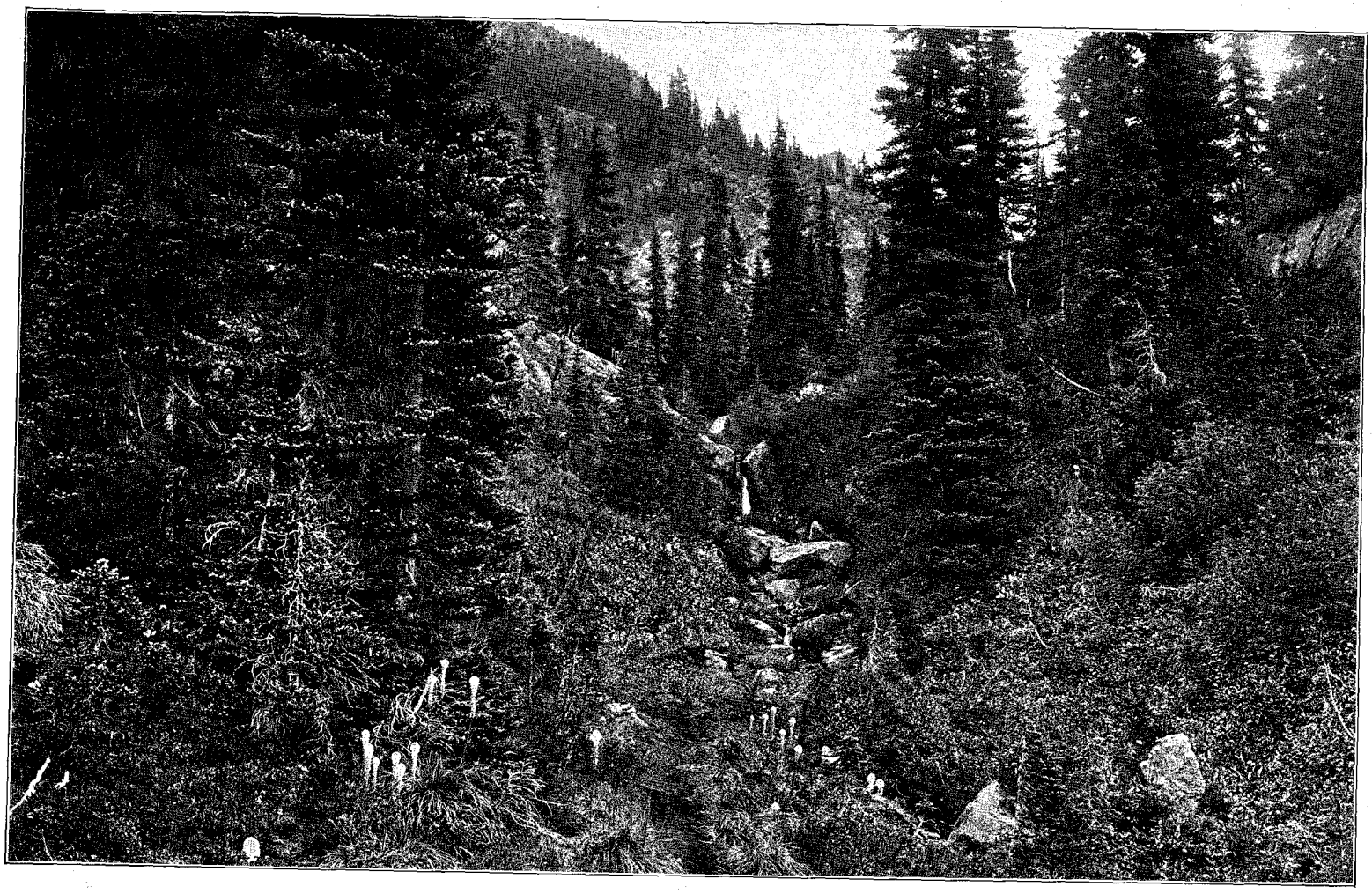

Indian Henry Trail, Mount Rainier Park, Washington.

From the Nisqually Valley this trail to Indian Henry's camp at the base of Mount Rainier is fascinating to the lover of uncivilized nature. The forests are magnificent and are filled with rare and beautiful wild flowers, surpassing anything of the kind in the Alps or Norway.

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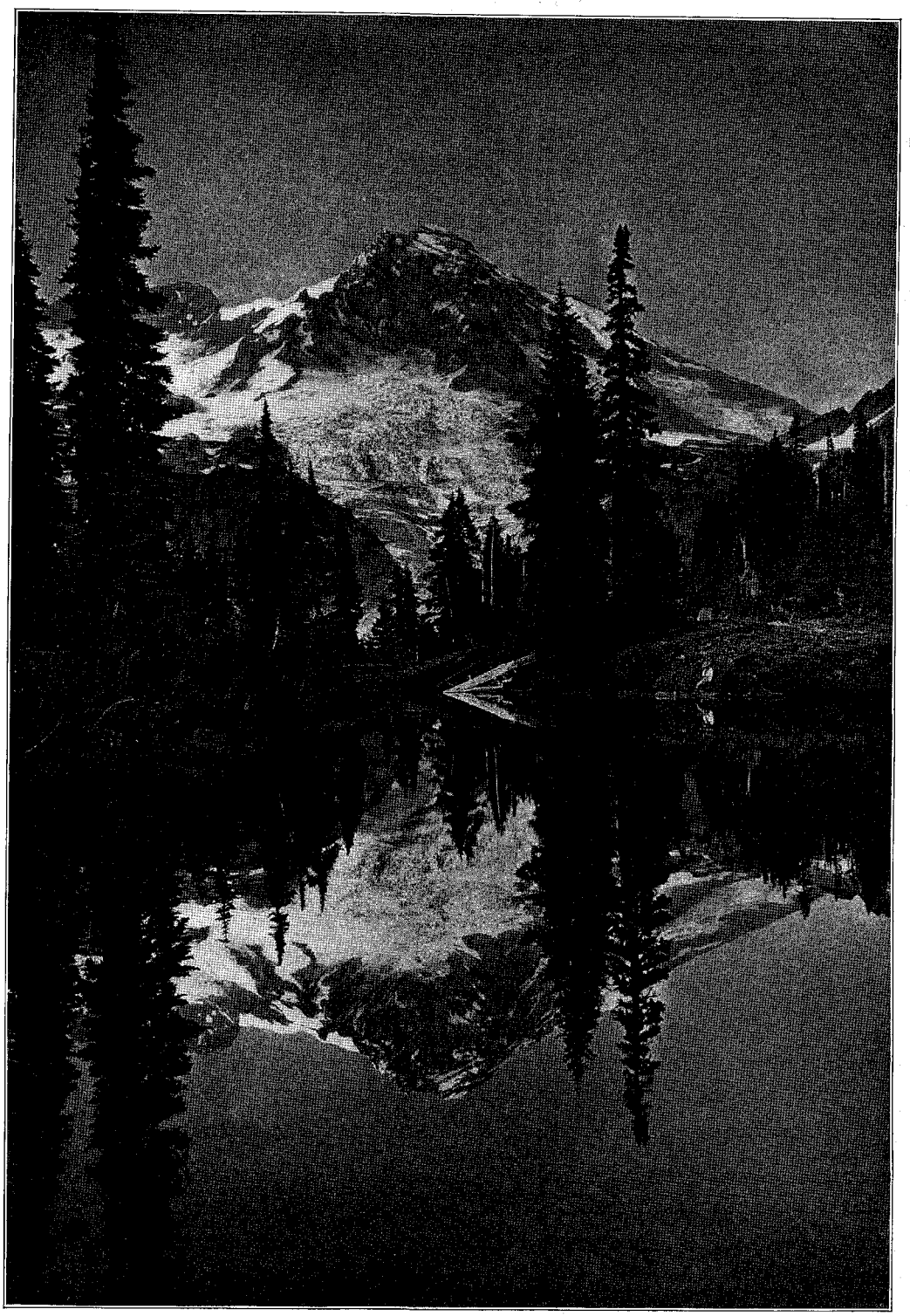

Mount Rainier, Mount Rainier Park, Washington.

Near the base of the mountain there are many little lakes which seem to rejoice in reflecting the grand peak. Mount Rainier has more than thirty glaciers extending over an area of one hundred square miles. This isolated peak, crowned with glittering ice and snow, rising from beds of multicolored flowers to an altitude of 14,529 feet, is like a perfect solitaire diamond.

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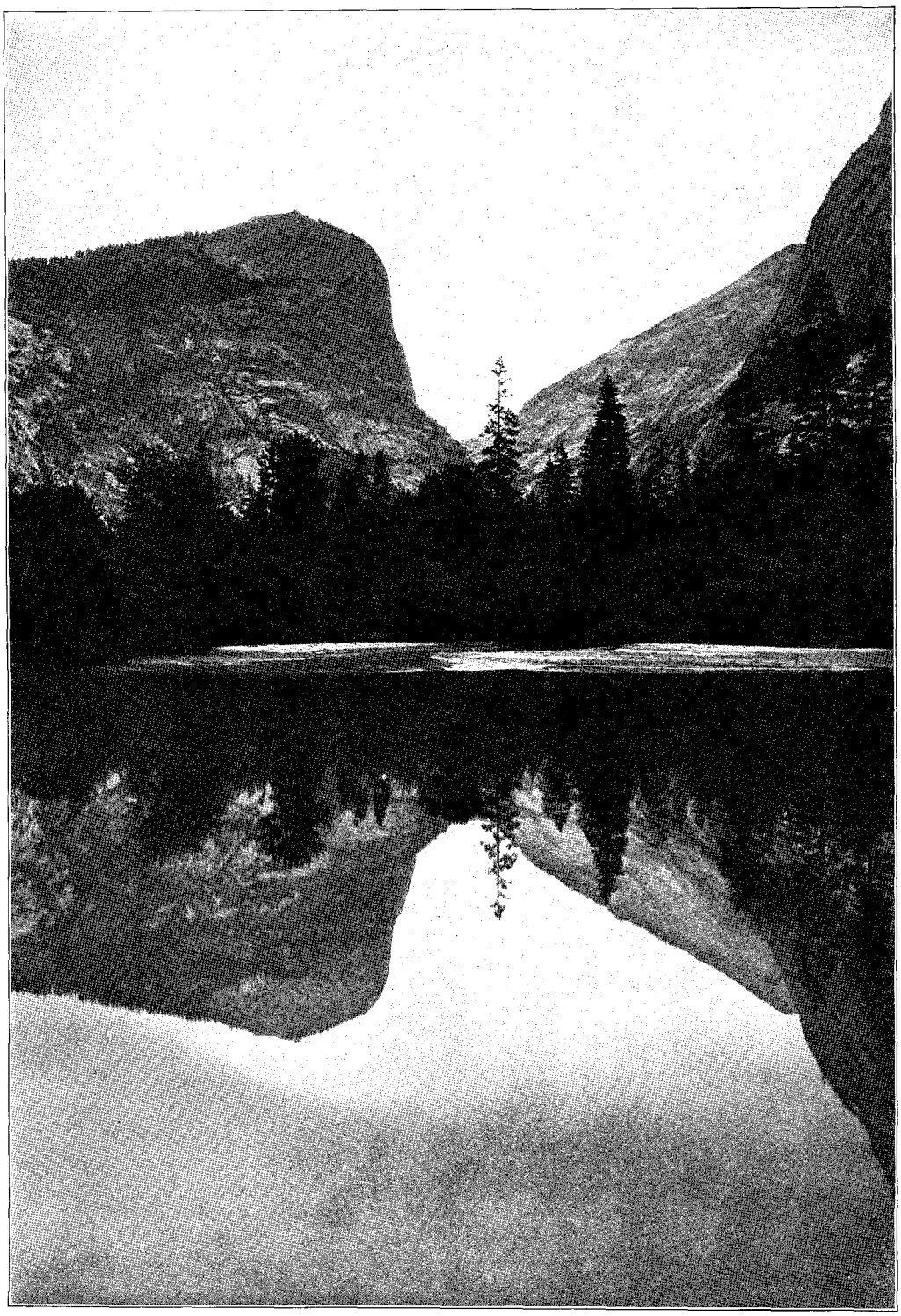

Mirror Lake, Yosemite Valley, California.

Early in the morning this little lake, at the mouth of the Tenaya Canyon, reflects the North and the South domes and surrounding rocks like a perfect mirror.

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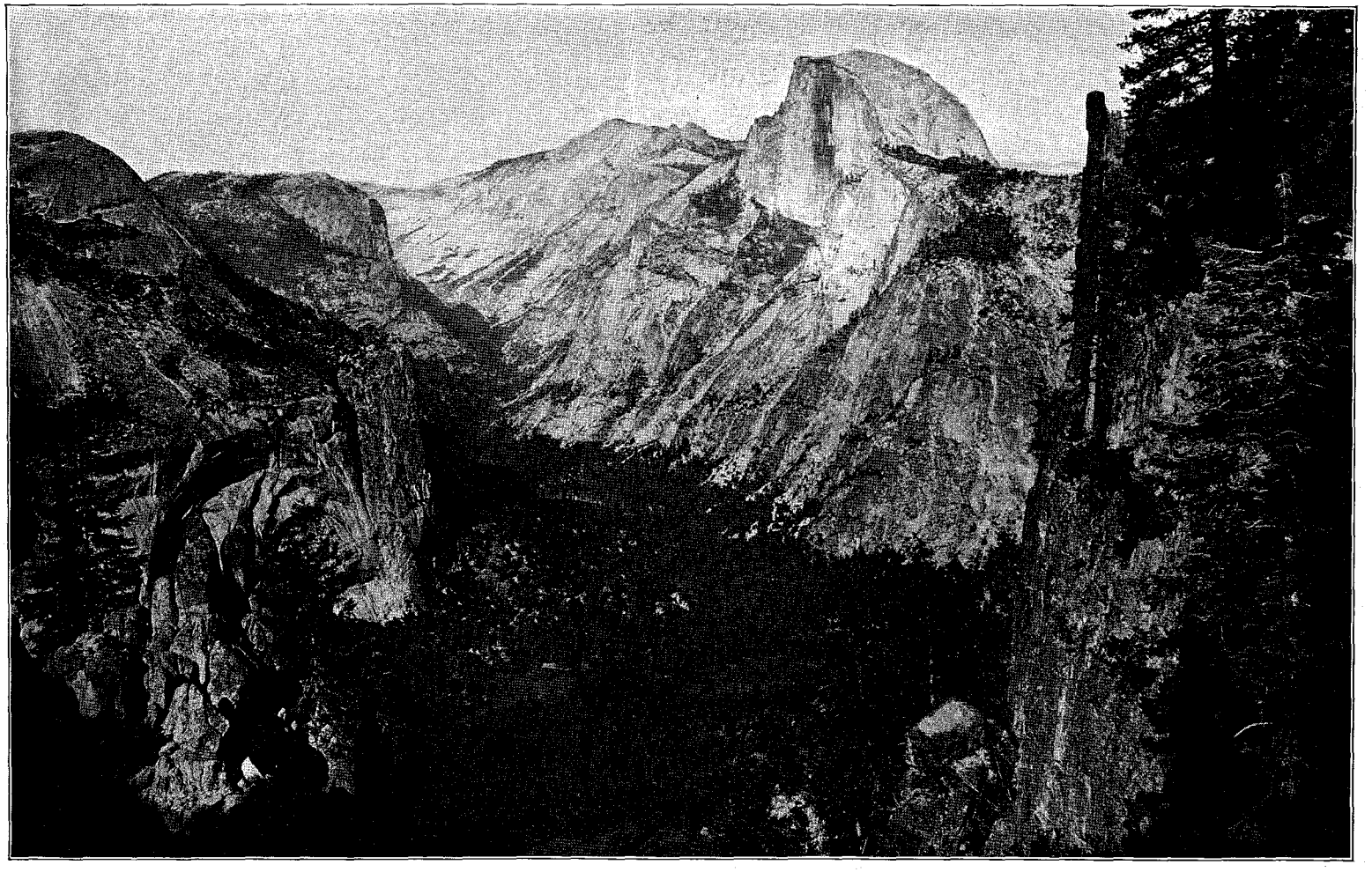

The Yosemite Valley and the Tenaya Canyon, California.

This is one of the many beautiful views obtained from the trail to Glacier Point. On the left is the North Dome, on the right the South or Half Dome, while the floor of the valley is three thousand feet below.

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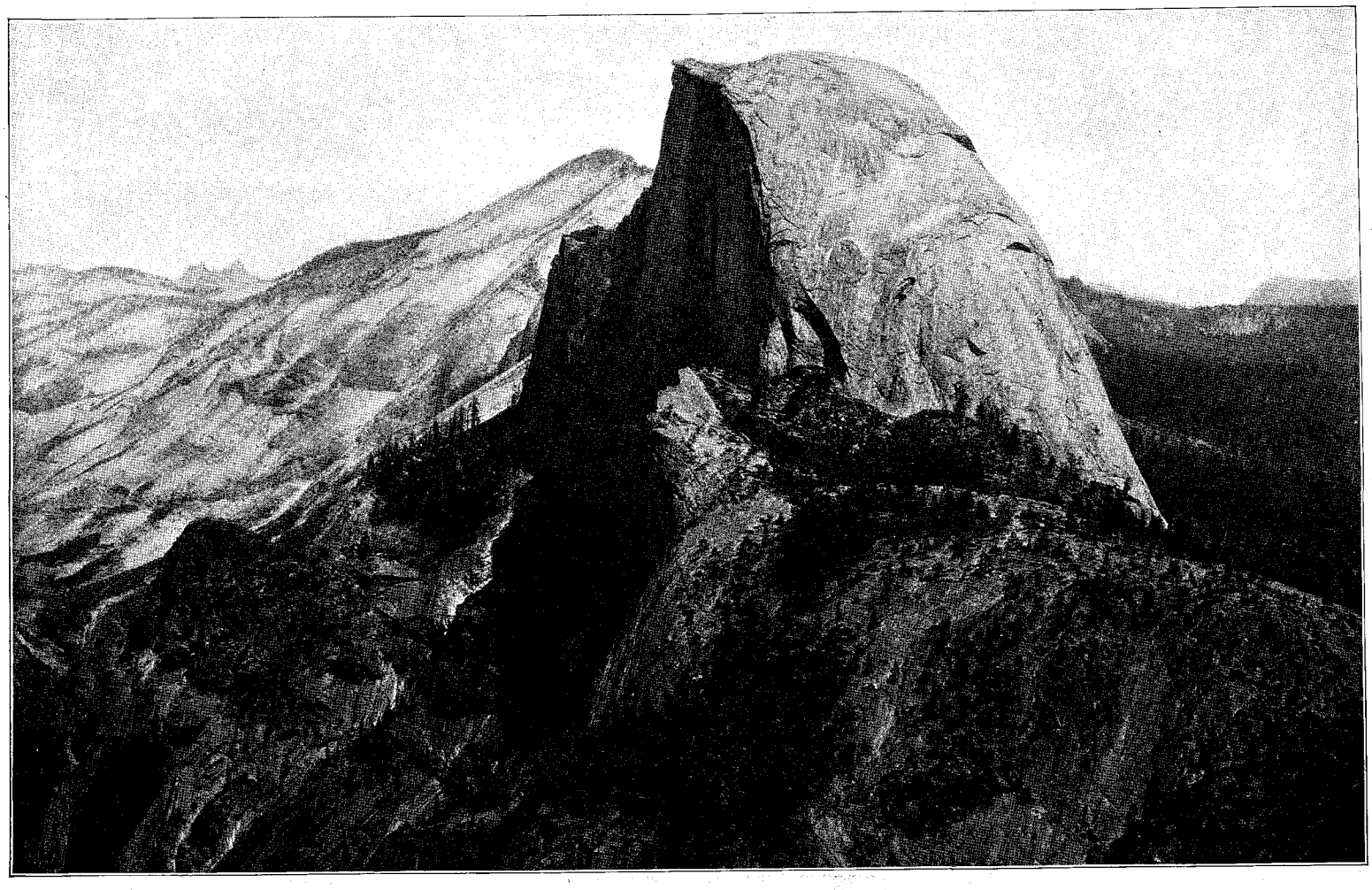

The Half or South Dome, Yosemite Valley, California. (Telephoto view.)

This great split granite rock, rising four thousand feet or more above the valley to an altitude of nearly nine thousand feet above sea-level, is the most singular feature of the Yosemite Valley.

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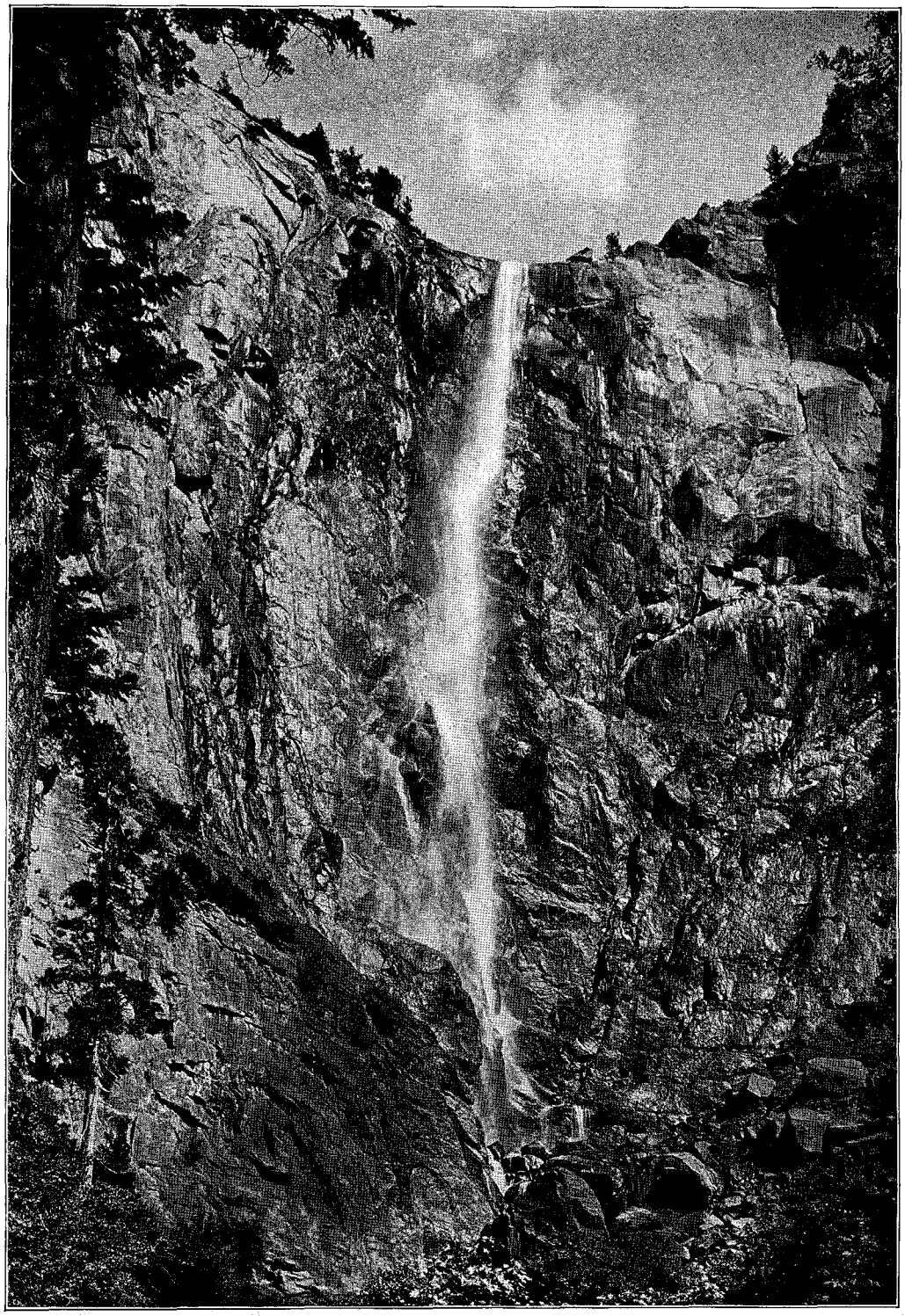

Bridal Veil Fall, Yosemite Valley, California.

Of all the falls in the valley this is the most interesting, because the wind sometimes catches the falling water and tosses it about in a bewitching way, so that it resembles a delicate lace veil with fleecy arrow-head points falling six hundred feet into a rainbow mist.

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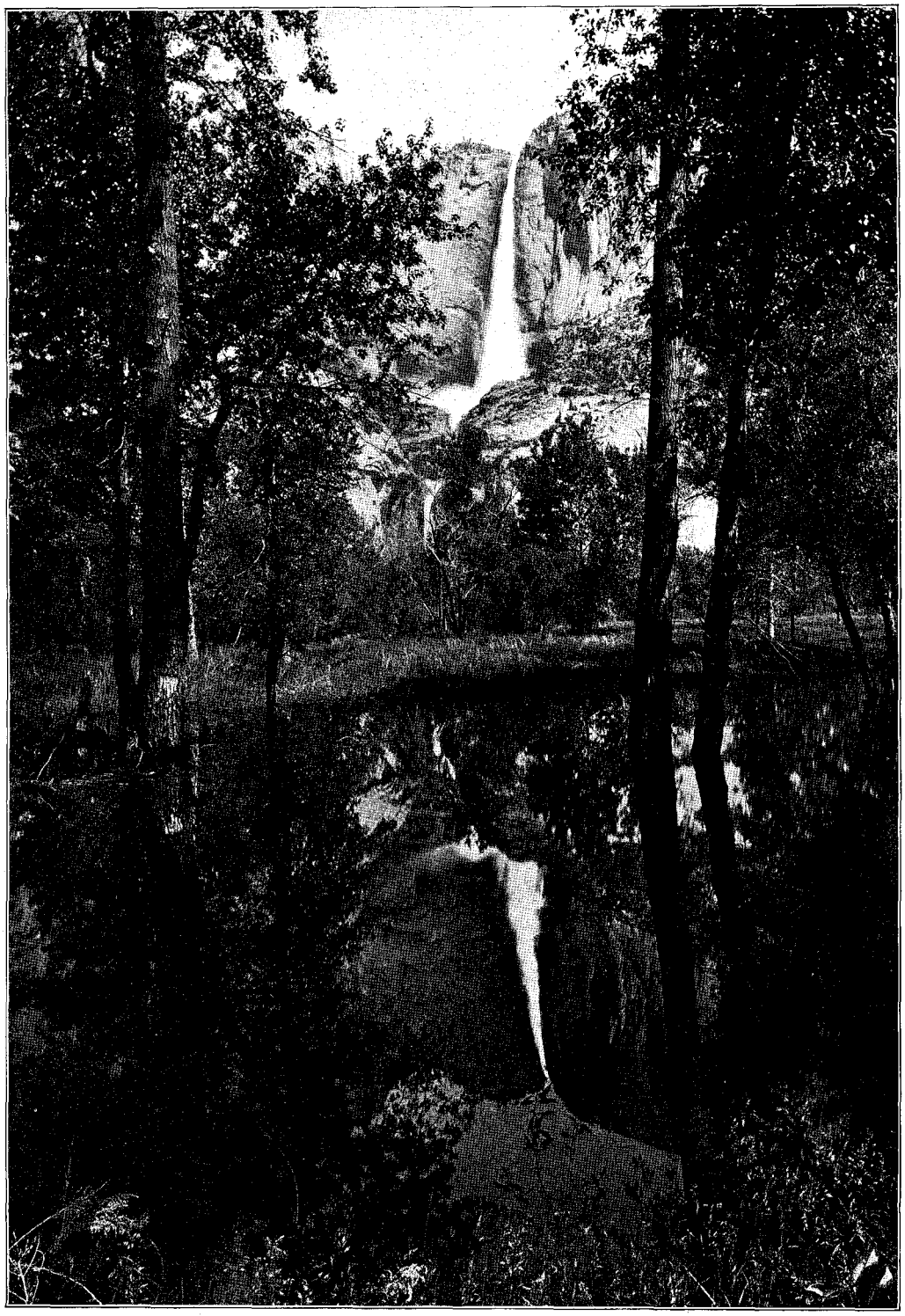

The Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Valley, California.

Near the centre of this valley, which has been carved out of the Sierra Nevada Mountains by erosion, is the highest waterfall in the world. The three leaps are respectively 1,436, 626, and 400 feet, a total height of over 2,500 feet.

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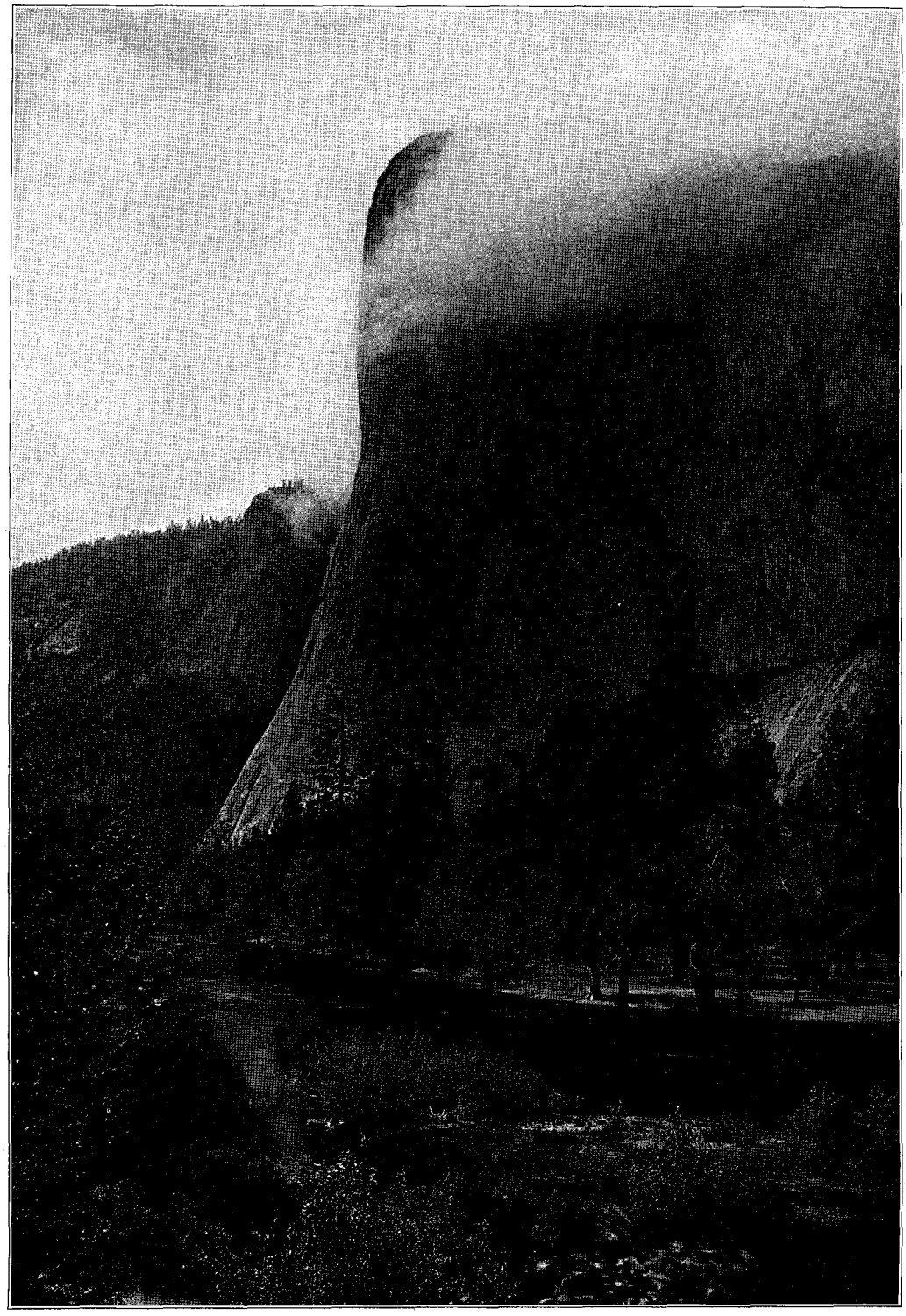

El Capitan, Yosemite Valley, California.

This great cliff of solid granite towering into the morning clouds is the first of the vertical walls seen on entering the valley. On account of its dominating position in the narrowest part of the valley it always gives the impression of overwhelming majesty.

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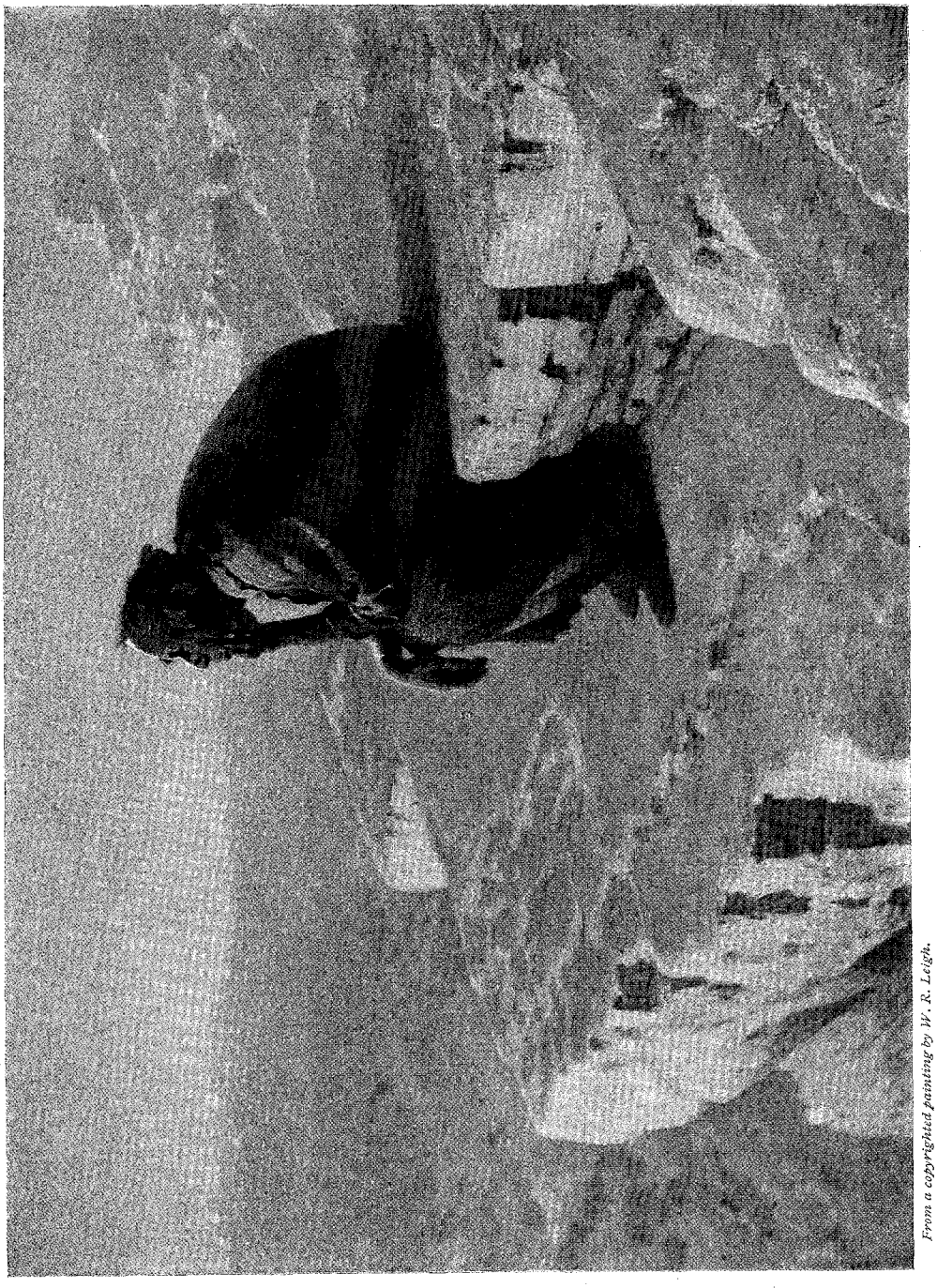

The Great Beyond.
(On the mesa—the Pueblo of Walpi, Arizona.)

From a copyrighted painting by W. R. Leigh.

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MARTIN'S HOLLOW

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

I HAVE always been of the opinion that, as a good wine needs no bush, a good story needs no psychology to speak of. Yet before I tell mine I think I had better describe myself briefly as I seem to myself to have been at the moment of my adventure.

I was that most jaded of all types, the professional scorner of fiction. I had my tongue in my cheek for almost everything that came off a printing-press. I was tired of red blood; I was even more tired of the blue blood that drips out of a fountain-pen. I was tired—oh, very tired—of "penny plain," and almost more tired of "twopence colored." I had hunted for a real, healthy thrill in the books spread out before me, until I believed there was no such thing. I was like the boy in the folk-tale who could not shiver. I had searched the newspapers for a sensation and found there nothing but musical comedy. Most mysteries turn into farce. Do you remember the Italian opera company that went broke in Samarcand? Or the true tale of Death Valley Scotty? Or the gentleman who discreetly offered a fine Tudor house rent-free for a year to any one intending murder? The prima donna was entertained by the Russian governor-general; Death Valley Scotty (I believe) went into vaudeville; and the gentleman with the Tudor mansion was the mildest of men: a thwarted romantic who wanted an authentic ghost on the premises, and had to be content with an expensive mechanical device that frightened his friends but never, alas! deluded him. Even life seemed to have declined in quality from Gilbert and Sullivan to comic movies.

All this, not so very long ago, suddenly became acute, and I planned an escape. I decided to leave town, and go for a solitary walking-tour in and about and over a certain range of mountains. I knew some of the more important points in the region, but I had never explored the remoter valleys, though I was aware that they were lonely and lovely and sparsely inhabited. Be it understood that I did not go in search of mystery: I went to get back my appetite for plainer food and simpler sensations; to savor to the core the blessed impossibility of reading overnight, and reviewing the next day, ten volumes of the latest trash. I went to get back my tone; to recapture a normal attitude. The return to Nature, if taken seriously, is apt to have bad effects; but I was in no danger of growing mawkish over a woodchuck, or addressing the garter-snake as "brother." I was willing to pay for hill-winds as I would have paid for a good brand of Burgundy; and to have the sunset thrown in like the smile of the perfect waiter. These things had a value and a charm, a positive virtue of their own. I could not get them in town; so Mohammed went to the mountains, though in no transcendental frame of mind. He took with him survey maps, a rubber cape, a flask, plenty of tobacco, and some of the other things that Baedeker recommends to the pedestrian.

I shall not chart my course for you; I shall not name my mountains or my valleys. I shall make no sociological estimates of the people I met; I shall not account for them in any recognizable way, by descent or occupation, politics or dialect. Let me content myself with describing accurately. Too many people know the trains I took, the towns through which I passed, and the names of the heights I crossed. I have, above all, no wish to fling discredit on that loveliest and loneliest of remote valleys which I shall call Martin's Hollow. Perhaps I am more sensitive than I need be, because in my early youth I spent many summers in and about these mountains, and have, myself, a vicarious patriotism for the locality. Good

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men, honest citizens and prosperous, have come out of the district school in Martin's Hollow—but few of them live in Martin's Hollow now.

I had been tramping a week or more when the rain came on. Usually I had managed to spend the night in some village hotel or other, but this once I had had to make shift with an atrocious boarding-house half-way up a lovely wooded slope. It was filled with women in cheap frills, who walked on the narrow porches with their arms round each other's waists, and danced awkwardly together, after the dining-room was cleared, to the nasal tones of a cheap victrola. Some of the older ones played halma in the corners. After a talk with the melancholy proprietor, the next morning, I decided to spend that night on the mountain that lifted itself above the boarding-house. I was to climb it that day, and by the next night I could probably get to one of the bigger hotels in the second valley beyond.

I started out early and presently struck a trail of which the boarding-house-keeper had told me. It was not on my map. All went well until I reached the summit —or what I took to be the summit. The mountain was wooded to the top, and there was no clearing from which one could get a view. I had a glimpse of the sky, however, from a desolate spot which had, at some time, been cut over; and the sky looked ominous. I decided to make for lower ground and the possibility of a barn-roof, if nothing else, over my head. I always leave behind something of importance, and this time I had forgotten my compass. I had no means of knowing surely into which valley I was going to drop; but I took a trail that came to hand. It looked like an old one; which augured well, I thought, for habitations below me. The rain came on; and I dripped my way along between the dripping trees, at a tremendous downward slant. A little past sunset-time the rain let up, and I stopped on a rock by a spring to eat and drink and look at my map. It marked the trail I had taken; and I gathered from the somewhat unfeatured section of the map that I should presently strike the Martin's Hollow brook, which, carefully followed, would lead me into Martin's Hollow.

I have, since then, heard about Martin's Hollow. It is one of the "shiftless" valleys; a place where the farms have a curse on them and every other family will probably count its degenerates. There are plenty such among our older mountain communities, as every one knows. They get a bad name, and the best element goes away to other countrysides. The feeble and the mad and the shiftless and the hard drinkers are apt to stay; and when they too are withdrawn, their houses fall to ruin, until in after years you trace human histories by old cellar foundations. None of this was in my mind when I took the trail from somewhere near the top of Silvernail Mountain. Martin's Hollow was a mere name on a map to me: a place where I hoped to find shelter of some sort from the gregarious showers that were chasing each other about the hills.

It must have been eight o'clock when I got below the timber-line on the southern spur of Silvernail. Darkness was thickening, and I could see little except a few separated lights below and beyond me to the southward. The valley is very narrow and very steep; at the bottom, in the middle, there is room only for the brook and a little bordering meadowland. The noose-like road runs higher up, on the hillsides, and along it the farms are scattered. I say noose-like; and yet the loop is incomplete, for the curved head of the hollow is all woods and wilderness, and there is no road across. If you wish to make the tour of the little valley you can only go up one side, make your way back nearly to the mouth, where the single cross-road lies, and take the other side. The valley opens out at the mouth ever so slightly, so that from the head, on a fine day, you would get a magnificent mountain glimpse.

Here, then, at the head of Martin's Hollow, I found myself, in the twilight. I knew from the mere look of the place in the dimness that the farms were not good. There was no big bulk of barns, and the hillsides had the rough outline of rocky pasture. Here and there, before me, I could see the glimmer of an irregular and desultory patch of buckwheat. I cursed the weather and my compassless condition, which had combined to pitch me into this stupid gorge. I also cursed a blister on my heel, which had joined it-

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self to the catastrophes of the afternoon. The proprietor of the boarding-house had not mentioned Martin's Hollow by name. "Better go through the next valley and over to Woodelton," he had advised. "Or, better still, keep along the lower ridge of Silvernail and Kettletop, and drop right into Woodelton itself." I had not inquired further, for I had intended fully to sleep on Silvernail and walk for miles through the woods along the irregular ridge, until I found the Woodelton trail. But here I was in Martin's Hollow; and if the people were an unprosperous lot, I could the more easily induce them to let me sleep in a haymow. The houses would be impossible—of that I was sure. I had seen shiftless valleys before.

And now I come to my adventure: which is nothing more, really, than my single fluttering contact with the devil. If I cannot explain how the walk down the valley, with its casual encounters, was like a sudden hypochondria progressing by leaps and bounds, I cannot make you feel why even the climax seemed to have the terror of inexorable logic, as well as its own unpleasantness, to inflict. I know how Dante felt—except that I had no Virgil by my side.

The first farmstead I came upon was a small, ramshackle, malodorous place. There was a light somewhere within at the back, which illuminated a filthy bit of barnyard. Some tuneless drunken singing of Moody and Sankey hymns was going on inside. I decided to knock and ask for information. There are worse people in the world than men who sing hymns in their cups. The knock called forth the hoarse barking of a dog, but the singing stopped. A youth opened the door. He was surly, but sober. He did not think there was any place in the Hollow where I could sleep, but perhaps Foster's might take me in. They were over on the other side, beyond the cross-road. But I had better go six miles on to the village. He slammed the door to; the barking subsided, and another hymn began, more tuneless than ever. I went out into the road, slightly depressed. The clouds were ominous; I could hear the soft mutter of distant thunder, and there were already a few practice flashes of lightning. As I got into the road, an upper window was flung up, and I heard the wail of a baby. I turned, but could see nothing. A cracked voice issued from the window, however, bidding me "go away, go away." I went, with what dignity I could muster—tired of the *Rücksack* on my back, tired of my own spleen and depression, wearying unspeakably for the fly-blown boarding-house of the night before.

I had gone a third of a mile, still on the same side of the Hollow, before I came to another habitation. The darkness had grown thicker: it was virtually night. There was no rain yet, but the wind was tearing over the top of Silvernail, behind me, and the mutter of the thunder had deepened into long, weary, reverberating rolls. Each casual lightning-flash showed me the pinkish road winding on ahead of me. This house was larger than the other, but there was no light in it. I knew all about country hours, and hesitated to rouse folk from their beds; but I should have the rain pelting on my shoulders in five minutes, and I was desperate. There was a biggish barn, and I had hopes of bribing them to drive me to the village. So I knocked. There was dead silence for two minutes. People sleeping so soundly as that would not want to drive any one anywhere, even if they waked to hear my request. I turned to go away again, thoroughly disgusted, for there was no doubt that this wind carried rain with it. Just as I turned, a sudden creak broke through the perfect silence—the door was flung open. I started: for there had not been the faintest sound of footsteps. You would have thought that the person who opened had been sleeping against the door, like an animal. I grasped my stick firmly in my hand and lifted my cap. A lightning-flash came to help me out—the tenant of the house had no light—and I saw a bent and toothless old man staring at me. I put my question, but got no answer. He did not even shake his head. He simply looked me over with an incompetent and hostile eagerness. His eyes rested on my stick, and peered over my shoulder at my *Rücksack*. He was, clearly, very much interested in me, but he did not speak. I pulled the matches out of my pocket, struck one, and gave him stare for stare. He did not seem insulted by my inspection; only craned his

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neck a little more, as if to see the *Rücksack* better. Apparently his examination was reassuring; but he still made no sound. I tried sign language, thinking he might be dumb; I pointed in various directions queryingly. He made no gesture of reply; simply continued to look me over, with a slow, snakelike motion of the head. Apparently he was satisfied by the time I grew utterly disgusted, for as I turned my back on him he shut the door. I was, for some indefinite reason, on my guard; and I stopped and listened after the door was shut. I heard no voices, but I thought I caught a faint, senile cackle. If there had been whispering, I could not have heard it, for, though it was a warm night, the windows were all shut. I stumbled over a rusted woodchuck trap, and found myself in the road again.

Then the rain came on in earnest—great sheets of it torn from the skies and flung broadcast through the valley. I was tempted to climb through a pasture to the shelter of trees, but the thunder and lightning had now reached the Hollow, peal simultaneous with flash, and I pushed on, with my rubber cape over my shoulders. The violence of the shower took half an hour to spend itself, and in that half-hour—though, to be sure, I walked very slowly, impeded at every step by the gurgling mud of the road—I passed no inhabited dwelling. One ruined house I saw, and I thought of climbing in through one of the paneless windows and taking such shelter as I could; but some fastidiousness of the imagination restrained me. In that hour, I dare say, the trash I spent my life in scorning told upon me. I preferred encountering any of the detrimentals of Martin's Hollow to spending the night in a hole those detrimentals had forsaken. I do not think, at the moment, I would have accepted the shelter of the noblest castle if I had had to sleep in the haunted room. I leaned against the house wall for a few moments—porch or other outside shelter there was none—but went on.

The thunder and lightning had pretty well stopped by the time I reached the cross-road. The rain still fell and the wind churned up and down the gorge, so that I had reason to expect another shower would presently cross the ridge of Silvernail. I quickened my pace as well as I could for the mud, for I saw lights ahead on the other side of the valley. The six miles to the village—five, by this time—were not to be thought of. At that house I would stop, until the rain was over, at least, come what might.

It was about nine o'clock, I fancy, when I reached the house with the lights—just beyond the cross-road, a little way up the valley on the other side. I lit a match on the door-step before I knocked. It was an ancient stone house, low and small, but at least not ruinous. One of the lights I had seen must have been a lantern carried between house and barn, for at present only one window was illumined. My knock was answered at last by the sliding of a bolt, and an uncouth young fellow stood in the door before me. He was heavily built and strong, but looked stupid. Behind him two fraternal faces appeared. One of the youths behind carried a gun.

"He ain't here." The man spoke briefly.

I protested. "I don't know whom you mean. I don't belong in this place. I've been on a walking trip, and have got caught in the rain and want some place to spend the night. If you know of a haymow anywhere in this valley—" I stopped. By this time I did not in the least wish to spend the night in his haymow.

The three men had closed in around the door. There was no consulting among them, but presently the second one—the one with the gun—spoke in exactly the tone of his brother.

"We ain't got no haymow. We gin up keepin' cattle. You better go on to Foster's. They got thirty cows."

"Where is Foster's? And how far is it?"

The third one spoke. "It's on a piece, up the road. A white house with two red barns. Them's the only painted barns in the Hollow. You better hustle. It's gittin' late."

"Could you give me a glass of water?"

The first one answered. "We ain't got no glass." The door was shut in my face.

I stepped down the bank into the road again and turned—but not in the direction of "Foster's." It was foolish of me, I dare say, but my chief desire was to get

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nearer the entrance to the Hollow, nearer the village, nearer the world. "Foster's" was the only suggestion of hospitality, apparently, that the inhabitants of Martin's Hollow could make. But "Foster's" was up the valley, nearer that unfinished loop where the woods came down. I wanted every step I took to lead me out of the Hollow, not deeper in. And "Foster's" was problematical, in any case. The painted barns sounded promising, as if they held whatever prosperity the valley had to offer; yet the recurring suggestion might as easily be sinister as helpful. At all events, I would not go up the gorge instead of down. I was alone, by night, between two storms, in a valley where I trusted no one. I would go down the road. There would be comfort in seeing it—or, rather, feeling it—gradually widen to the outer world. So I plodded on, away from the stone house, away from "Foster's."

The thing was becoming dreamlike: my clogged steps taking me, with decreasing speed, nowhere; and each human encounter more sinister than the last. The wind rose and fell, the trees swayed, and now and then dark forms wavered in a hillside pasture. The atmosphere, too, was not without that electrical suspense which is the very breath of thunderous weather. The Hollow seemed to be keyed up, waiting for something. The drunken singing, the foolish ancient's curiosity, the malicious cackle behind the closed door, the surly speech of the armed brothers, the way in which I was flung to "Foster's" at every turn—all made me feel an imperilled outsider in some crazy tragedy. The very winds seemed to be in the business: every one in that abominable valley was in it except me. Whatever it was—if it was only a human mood—I did not wish to be in it. I only desired, with a direct childlike passion, a roof over my head, a chance to change into dry socks and shoes, and a stiff drink of Scotch out of my flask against the chill. The very road seemed to catch at my feet as I walked; the unbroken darkness ahead of me defied my efforts to emerge from the detestable gorge, or to make connections with anything, any one, of my own kind. I had lost all sense of time: I no longer took out my watch, even for irony's sake. I walked on and on, wet, tired, footsore, fatalistically oppressed, dreading every rod of the valley road that stretched on before me in the illimitable dark of a nightmare. Only dawn could rescue me, I suspected; and dawn was far away. But rest I would find; and shelter, even though I could not sleep and a chill was unescapable. I would not, I felt with blind wrath, be beaten by a few fools in a God-forsaken valley not ten miles from a railway.

Finally, I came to another house, set far back from the road. The shutters were closed, but between the slats I could see scattered lights within. No flame could live in that wind, so this time I groped to the bottom of my *Rücksack* and found my little electric flashlight. This enabled me to get a good look at the place before I undertook the flagged path. The house was large and ill-kept, but I could see by the proportions and the general hint of detail that it had once had dignity. Though it was in sad need of paint and, I suspected from my brief survey, of repairs, it looked water-tight—which was all I cared for. The same could hardly be said of the barns. Great gaps between the boards, and a crazy inclination of the walls, showed that they had long been unused to shelter anything. The roof of that house should cover my head until morning, or I would know why. The perfectly responsible pedestrian is by no means unknown in these hills, and I flattered myself that, if I was disreputable, it was at all events not after the fashion of a tramp. I knocked authoritatively on the front door with my stick—making it rattle and flaking off, I regret to say, a little more of its scanty paint.

I saw a light passing from room to room within the house, then saw it extinguished. Presently I heard footsteps. The door was neither locked nor bolted, evidently, for it opened easily.

The figure that stood before me on the threshold struck me dumb. I could not get out my prepared speech, with its cunning combination of pathos, simplicity, and graceful firmness. The room behind the woman was lighted faintly by four candles set in a row on a central table. They did not flicker in the draft from the open door. I dare say there was no draft; that the wind was, at the mo-

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ment, hurrying round the other corners of the house, and that the exceeding stillness of the flames in all that hurly-burly was natural enough. But, at the instant, it did not seem natural; and I wondered, somewhere at the back of my brain, "Why four? Why four?"

The woman who surveyed me in silence was enough, as I think any one would have admitted, to put a curse on the candles for any traveller to whom she stood suddenly revealed. She was well above middle height, but her shoulders were fearfully bowed; and her thick white hair, cropped short, stood out like a wild mane. The candles were behind her, so that I could not see her eyes, but I could make out the thinness of the face, and the nose and chin that approached each other over the toothless mouth. I knew at once that all the stage crones I had ever seen were mere mockeries of make-up. Still I was absolutely silent, and still she did not ask me my business. Over her misshapen shoulder, behind the table, I saw four chairs precisely placed, and, behind those, four ill-assorted mirrors hung askew on the wall from which the paper was peeling. And still we stared at each other with no word.

Finally she stood aside, obviously meaning for me to come in.

Then I stammered out the ruins of my speech—hypnotized, simply, by the situation; for as soon as I saw her and the room in which she stood, my intention to stop there had slipped quite away. She paid no attention to my words, but put her hand on my arm and drew me inside the door. I hardly realized what I was doing. Not a muscle opposed her touch. Only when I found myself standing in the room itself I wondered why I had gone in. I put my hand on the knob, intending to pass back at once across the threshold, but she shook her head. I waited, simulating patience, to see what she would do, for one look at her eyes and one quick comprehensive glance about the room had explained everything. There were four spoons on the table and four shovels carefully stacked in the corner against one of the doors. Otherwise—except for a heap of red woollen cloth, evidently an old curtain, on the floor beside me—the room was empty. The careful art of madness had arranged the room, and the hand that had done it was the hand that, a moment since, had been laid on my arm. The eyes and the room together told me everything.

Then she spoke. "Have you seen them?"

I shook my head. "I haven't seen any one." And I started to go out, but she twisted herself behind me and shut the door.

She seemed disappointed. "You haven't seen *her*, have you?" The dreadful brown eyes came an inch nearer my face.

"No—no one."

She nodded satisfied. "He isn't here."

"No, I am sure he isn't. There isn't any one here except you, is there?" I spoke conversationally, edging my way to the door, pushing her slightly before me. My hand was on the knob again.

"Oh, yes, the house is full. But he isn't here. I wouldn't let him in. You know I wouldn't."

Her voice was very deep, and her speech, though ordinary enough, was not the slipshod idiom of the other inhabitants of the Hollow whom I had encountered.

I opened the door an inch or two—open it farther I could not, she was so close to it. A big moth flew into one of the nearly burned-out candles, sizzling loudly. She started toward it, and I opened the door wider. I did not wish to make any sudden dash, for somewhere back in my head was book-wisdom to the effect that one must be intensely quiet with the insane. She pulled the moth out with her long fingers and came back. Her movements were exceedingly quick, but before she reached me I had time to open the door wide, and to pick up the red curtain and drop it on the floor again between her and me. It parted and fell in four pieces. She did not tread on it; she got down on her knees to push it aside. But by that time I was on the flagging in front of the house.

"Good-night," I said, as I turned—still forcing myself to move slowly.

"He isn't here. Come in, come in." The wind blew the white mop of hair wildly as she craned her neck out into the darkness.

"I know he isn't. But I have to go, you see." I was half-way down the path, walking very slowly, though every muscle

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cried haste, and I was dripping with sweat.

"You're going to find him," the voice boomed after me. But, thank heaven, she did not stir.

"Not I." I was still walking on, but looking back at her over my shoulder as I went. A coquettish, prancing effect it must have given me! At the gate I turned squarely and looked up at the house. One of the candles guttered out, and she must have heard the faint sputter of it, for she turned from the wind and the night and rushed back into the room, slamming the door. Mingled with the crash of the closing door I heard an angry scream—not like other screams. The singular volume of her voice, quite uncontrolled by mind or sense, lent it a quality that I can never describe. Evidently her mad logic saw in the four candle-flames some desperate symbol. I stepped down into the road, and almost immediately I heard a clatter of breaking glass, as if she had mistaken a window for the door. I did not wait to hear more, but broke across the road into the orchard opposite, where I could neither be seen nor divined. Behind a twisted apple-tree, long past bearing, I listened; but at the end of five minutes all was still silent, except for the steady choral chanting of the wind.

I reconnoitred carefully with my flashlight, taking good care to interpose my body constantly between the little spot of illumination and the road. I had no desire to make any further attempt at demanding shelter, though my watch, which I drew out gingerly, showed me it was scarcely past ten o'clock. I asked only to live out the hours between then and daylight with no human interruption. My cautious search revealed to me a little cave ahead of me in the hillside—the entrance shored up with stones, after the troglodyte fashion of the countryside. Very slowly I made my way to it. A vegetable cellar was not the retreat I should have chosen, but the broken and gaping door suggested that it was no longer used—that at least it was not likely to be occupied. It was a loathsome hole, I found, when I got in. My battery ran down at that moment, and I was reduced to striking more matches. Their little flicker made almost no impression on the stenchy blackness of the place, but by dint of feeling the entire circumference of the walls with a firm hand I assured myself of its proportions and its emptiness. A rough trough was half-filled with rotten sacking, and across the hard earth floor something brilliant and green writhed in a hundred convolutions. I started—it was so rankly serpentine in that wavering match-flare—but it was only a potato-vine grossly intent on surviving. My chief comfort in being reduced to this shelter was that it had obviously long been out of use. "If she wants potatoes in the middle of the night, she won't come here for them," I found myself gravely whispering. I pulled to the rotten door—there was, of course, no inside fastening, and I could only wedge it with sacking, in a makeshift fashion, against the wind. The gaps in the boards were many, however, and I withdrew into a corner of the cellar to light my pipe, calculating angles of vision as best I could. I did not care to have the tiniest spot of light visible from the road.

With a great deal of meticulous labor I got out socks and shoes and flask from my *Rücksack*. It really took two hands on that windy night to keep a match going. Finally I managed it, and sitting in the dark on the edge of the trough, I changed into dry footgear and took the most solitary drink I have ever had. There was no hope of a restful position, but by sitting cross-legged in the trough I could lean against the cold stones of the wall behind. I hoped that somnolence would come, if not sleep.

In a measure, I suppose, it did; for though I heard—hours later, as it seemed—the baying of hounds, the sound had some fantastic context that must have belonged in part to a dream. A pistol-shot followed the dogs' baying, but it, too, wove itself into some vision that I was sufficiently awake to know was partly sleep-induced. The rest of the night was silent except for the sudden gusts of wind and the patter of milder rains. Now and then I relieved my cramped discomfort by pacing the narrow floor of the cellar, but, luckily for me, I was too tired to keep, through the endless hours, unbrokenly alert. My nervousness dropped: I did not feel alarmed. I was in a kind of trance,

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and my only hold on waking sanity was to say to myself occasionally in a whisper: "Morning will come." I was to that extent safe on the outer edge of nightmare, and I spurred myself with the assurance now and then to keep myself on that outer edge. But Martin's Hollow was very nearly impregnable to common sense.

Dawn finally came. I have had, ever since that night, an absurd consideration for the solar system. Quite honestly, it seemed to me in the hour before sunrise as if nothing less fundamental and august than the central mechanism of the spheres could release me. If anything in magic or human science could have perpetuated that night, I should have felt sure that dawn would never break. If I had not known beyond a doubt that Martin's Hollow was ultimately subject to the laws of the planet, I should have imagined suns rising over other valleys of earth and leaving this free in its own Stygian aberration. But against that doubt the muscles of my mind contrived to array themselves. Otherwise I should probably long since have been myself qualified for residence in Martin's Hollow.

When the light came, in a blessed irresistible flow, I shook myself together and prepared to start on my way. I was cold to the marrow, and stiff in every joint. Somewhere inside me an insistent little pain protested that I needed food. I was hungry, in no ravenous way, but with a factitious exhaustion, as if I had been fasting for forty hours. And, reassured though I was by the first streaks of light on the orchard outside, I was loath to break my flimsy barricade. I had no wish to look at the house across the road, though it was morning of a perfect summer day. But the desire to have done with Martin's Hollow overbore all else, and about five o'clock I stepped into the worn-out orchard (not without bravado) like a free man. I kept to the fields for a time, for even in the light I did not care to be hailed from the house opposite. I was not more than three-quarters of a mile above the entrance—or the outlet, rather, as my mood put it—of the Hollow, and I made my way at a good pace to the main road. I passed a few houses, but did not stop. Even if I should have luck, I preferred to eat elsewhere.

In half an hour I was clear of the gorge and on a road that, as my map showed, would take me to Hebron—the "village" of my overnight colloquies. I had turned for one view of the Hollow as I stepped into the main road, and was constrained to admit that it was very lovely. Far up the right-hand side I saw some red barns—undoubtedly "Foster's."

Presently a buckboard overtook me. The driver half pulled up as he passed and nodded mechanically. He was a cheerful, shrewd-looking farmer, and I decided to ask him for a lift. The man stopped and looked me over.

"Get in," he said abruptly.

I thanked him politely, and described my general situation. Instinct warned me not, at the moment, to mention how I had spent the night. Some careful references to the countryside at large, the mention of a certain judge I knew in a small town down the railway, and probably my obvious cockneyism, seemed to reassure him. He broke through one or two of the outer walls of his reserve.

"Got caught in the rain on Silvernail, did you? Well, them showers will come up, this time o' year. Seems as if we'd had more'n our fair share this season, though. Been awful bad for the hayin'."

I made a few remarks well calculated to show that I was familiar with the problems of the farmer. I also put a few questions as to crops. My English was as careful as I could make it. A few more outlying bastions crumbled silently. Finally he turned to me.

"Pretty early start I got this mornin'."

"It *is* early for any one who didn't get caught on Silvernail in a shower."

"Yes—had to take the constable over to Curtis. He come to my place about half-past three. 'Go 'way, John,' says I, 'chickens ain't up yet.' 'You harness up your team an' take me over to Curtis,' says he. 'County business.' An' county business it was, but I ain't had my breakfast yet, 'count of his county business." He laughed. "They had the hounds out all night, but the rain come an' spoiled the scent, an' he went over to Curtis to get the sheriff an' a posse, an' they'll be back some time along. I won't be drivin' 'em, though. I'm goin' to have my breakfast."

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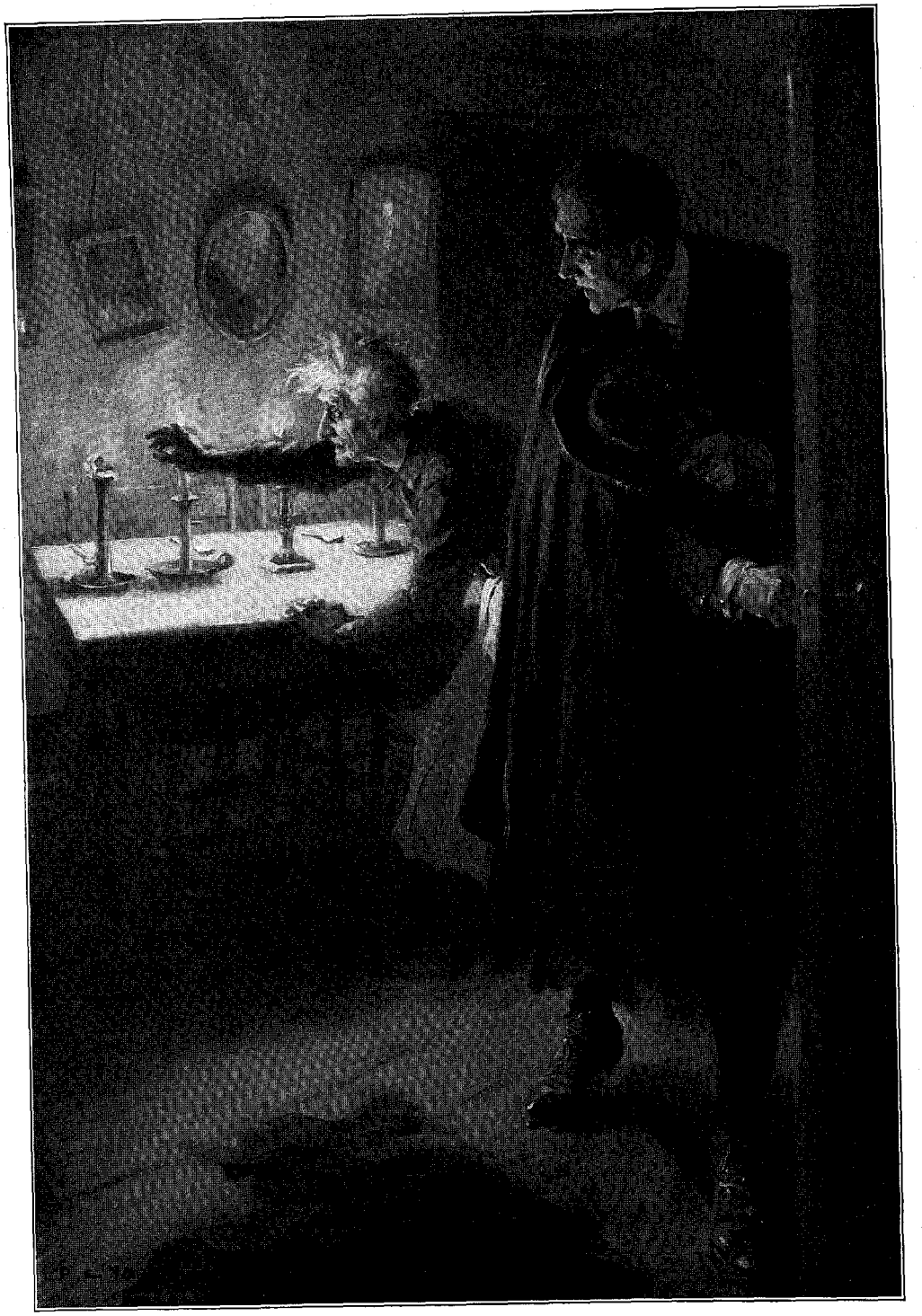

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

She started toward it, and I opened the door wider.—Page 686.

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At this moment I happened to remember a college acquaintance of mine who had been born most respectably in Hebron. The man slewed his horses skilfully round a bad break in the road and settled down to comfortable narrative.

"I knew there was trouble up in Martin's Hollow weeks ago, but I didn't know when I went to bed last night as how it had broke out again. One of the Teeder boys shot up his cousin yesterday, an' made for the woods. His three brothers helpin' him, of course."

"What was the trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, the trouble goes back a piece, I guess. You can't keep track o' things over in Martin's Hollow. We don't see them over our side much, except the Fosters. They've got a fine farm up there, but they're down sick with typhoid now. They're about the only folks in the Hollow that amounts to anything. It's kind o' gone to seed. If Jim Foster didn't have a hankerin' after his father's old place, he'd move away, too. Guess he'd sell, but people ain't buyin' much in Martin's Hollow. It's too discouragin'. Used to be some good places up there, too."

We went over a dangerous grade crossing with due solemnity.

"I never want to see the place again," I ventured. And I told him of my vain hunt for a lodging, without going into details. I was sure that the brothers in the old stone house were Teeders, and I had no desire to be detained as a witness in a clumsy country trial.

"Sho!" He laughed. "Excuse *me*, but the idea of your goin' round from one of those houses to the other for a Christian lodgin' is a little too much. How come you didn't go to Foster's? 'Twouldn't have done any good, for they're down sick, but you could have slept in the barn, maybe. The hired man's all right. 'Less they took you for Sam Teeder in the dark!" He chuckled over his mild joke. "It was a bad night to be in Martin's Hollow. Constable had the dogs all over the place. Between you an' me, I don't think they'll find Sam. He might be in most any house over there."

"Are they all such desperate characters?"

"Well, I wouldn't say desperate. Most of 'em ain't up to that." He laughed again. "But they're all connected up over there—Teeders an' Rowells an' Skeeles—an' I guess they've got sense enough to stick by each other. The man that was shot was a Skeele, but he an' his family quarrelled, an' I guess the whole crowd would stick by Sam Teeder. Andy Skeele didn't have anybody much left but his old father, an' he's half cracked."

"Is there also an old woman in the Hollow who's more than half cracked?"

"Old Mrs. Rowell, the Teeder boys' aunt? She's crazy as a loon. You didn't go *there?*"

"I did." Again I gave no details.

The man slapped his thigh. "Well, of all the— Guess you didn't want to stop after you see *her*, did you? I drove a patent-medicine fellow over to Martin's Hollow last spring. Hebron's dry as a bone, an' all those folks can get is some kind of tonic with a big per cent of alcohol in it. Well, he wanted to stop there—the house is kind of imposin', you know—an' I thought I'd let him. I don't care about agents much. I stayed with the horses. Old Mrs. Rowell come to the door, an' he lit out with one whoop. I had to laugh. I don't know what she said to him, but he wouldn't go anywheres else except Foster's, an' of course they didn't want his stuff. Excuse *me*, but you certainly did get the worst of the bunch. My father's told me she used to be a real pretty woman, too, before anythin' happened to her. There was plenty of good stock up in Martin's Hollow once, but —well, you know how 'tis." He looked a little shamefaced and lowered his voice. "Fact is, they've intermarried and intermarried over there, till you don't know what relation any of them is to each other. Guess they don't know themselves. Now and then they have a row. Them Teeder boys won't last long. They ain't worth the stones in their own pasture."

"What was the Teeder-Skeele quarrel about?"

"Oh, it began with a girl. She died last winter, but there's been bad blood ever since."

"Was she from Martin's Hollow?"

He did not answer my question directly. "Her name was Rowell."

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Though I had known Pete Manning at college, I was still an outsider, and Martin's Hollow was in the township. I quite understood the psychology of it, and did not press him further. We drove into the peaceful village of Hebron, and I went to the hotel for breakfast.

I did not go on with my walking journey. I was afraid that my tone was past recovering. I took the afternoon train, very glad to escape from hotel-porch and corner-store gossip. The talk was all of Martin's Hollow, and I was so bursting with the knowledge of how I could have interested the inhabitants of Hebron, had I chosen, that I was afraid I should proceed to interest them in spite of myself.

Towards noon I met the man who had driven me into Hebron. He waved his hand. "'Spose you're goin' up Silvernail to-night?" he inquired jocosely as he passed. The question was purely rhetorical. My answer also was purely rhetorical.

I went back to town where there were a dozen thrillers on my desk, and I reviewed them with a pen dipped in vitriol. With a Martin's Hollow in the world there really seemed no excuse for people's not doing better.

MADRIGAL

By Edith Ives Woodworth

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

I

SHE came across the shining hill
Adown a golden lea.
Love lightened in her dewy eyes,
Love piped a melody.

Love led her to a silver space,
Beneath a gray-leaved tree;
Dear Heaven! the wind tossed in her hair,
The sunlight touched her knee.

Ah, unforgotten morn of gold,
O river running free,
I thrilled to see her foam-white foot,
When my love came to me.

II

Night broods upon the gray-leaved bough
Around the shadowed door,
O dark is yon unlighted hill
And dull the reedy shore.

Nor will she pass upon the plain
As once she passed before,
Nor evermore her foam-white foot,
My starry love of yore.

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

"There! How natural it looks!" and seizing the thread, the old lady kissed it.—Page 695.

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THE LAST FLASH

By Sarah Barnwell Elliott

ILLUSTRATION BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

ALONG a road a little procession was moving, headed by a clergyman in a white surplice and carrying a service-book in his hands. Behind the priest came a four-wheeled wagon; the wheels had been freshly washed, and the horses had been curried, and the driver was very careful how he drove, for in the wagon there was a large coffin wrapped in an old Confederate flag and surrounded by wreaths and crosses, all of red or white flowers. Each side of the wagon marched six men, the guard of honor—all gray-haired, some bent, some limping; behind the wagon came a boy who wore on his little sleeve a broad black band, and in his arms he carried an old-fashioned sword. His round, pink face was very serious and he held the old sword close to his breast as if it were very precious, not moving a hand even to brush away his hair which sometimes the wind blew into his eyes. Behind him came eight young men, the pall-bearers. A few vehicles followed, all that the town could boast, public and private. On the path that ran along the roadside a long procession of people moved, old and young, rich and poor, walking two and two. The procession of people was longer than the procession that marched in the road, some people being ahead of the priest.

It was very quiet, only the creaking of the vehicles and a low murmur that might have been the talk of the people who marched, or that might have been the wind in the tops of the big trees of the wood, for the wind was blowing—not very hard as yet but it was rising—and the people said to each other that they thought it would rain before night. It always rained after a good person died, many of them believed, though they did not say it, so that the footsteps of the righteous might be washed away and not be desecrated. And the old general had been a good man. Yes, they thought it would rain before night.

In the depths of the wood was the graveyard where the negro grave-diggers, resting on their spades, stood each side of the grave. A white man was there, too, the town carpenter, who also took charge of funerals. Across the grave were two beams of wood and by each beam stretched a stout rope. The crowd flowed in and around the grave; the vehicles drove as close as possible, and the big coffin was laid on the two beams. The family stood closest, mostly women, with their arms about each other and their black veils hiding them. The little boy with the sword stood at the foot of the grave; the priest at the head. The coffin was lowered, the service was read, the prayers repeated with bowed heads. A hymn was sung while the grave was filled in—an Easter hymn:

"Alleluia! Alleluia!
The strife is o'er, the battle is done!"

quaveringly at first, until all the people joined in. The grave was "shaped"; the flowers were laid on it by all the friends until it was quite covered. The priest lifted his hand and gave the blessing; then from out the crowd there stepped a thin old man carrying a bugle. In his buttonhole there was a bit of red ribbon, on his breast a bronze Cross of Honor. He was one of those who had walked beside the coffin. He laid his old, gray, campaign hat on the ground, then stood up very straight. He put the bugle to his lips and lifted his head a little, and his eyes were fixed on the tops of the tall trees. He was so old, could he blow his bugle the people wondered? He had asked to blow "taps" for his old commander; could he do it?

How clear it rang out—how far it seemed to go—to echo—to come back

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from the solemn woods! And the old bugler stood there, still looking up, still listening!

There was a sudden movement in the crowd; it had begun to rain. But nobody hurried until they were out of the graveyard.

The war in Europe had killed the old general, they said; he had got so excited about it and his heart was so weak. A heated argument between him and a strange man he had met in the post-office, a travelling man; before the end of the argument the general had fallen dead. His old wife had been with the general at the post-office, and she had tried to catch that big man! Others had done it, fortunately, else the little old lady would have been killed; but she sat on the floor and held his head in her lap until the wagon had come that would bring him to his home; but the travelling man, without so much as speaking to a merchant about what he had come to sell, left on the next train. The village children watched him so, and followed him so closely, he was glad to get away. "A German," the children whispered, "and the Germans are trying to kill all the people in the world, and he killed the old general!" and they threw stones at the train as it moved away.

But the general's old wife sat by the little fire that, winter or summer, burned always in her room, and did not speak. When people came to see her she only looked at them; even her children and grandchildren could not rouse her. "His voice was so loud," she would whisper, "so loud and so angry—a wicked man!"

She did not go to the funeral; she did not seem to know about what was taking place. Day after day she sat over the fire silent. The family was in despair. One day her daughter, called out of the room, dropped the newspaper she had been reading and the head-lines caught the eyes of the old lady.

"Terrible Battle Raging!" she read. "Latest from the Front! Awful Carnage!"

She grasped the paper and began hurrying about the room. Her granddaughter came in.

"They are fighting!" the old lady cried, "and I must meet Arthur! Come, help me get my things!"

The granddaughter ran out to her mother and together they came into the old lady's room. "Arthur's things must go into that trunk," she said, pointing to a small, old trunk in the bottom of the closet.

"Yes," her daughter said, fearing to contradict her, while the granddaughter thought it strange that such an old man as her grandfather should have such a beautiful young name.

"His socks!" the old lady cried; "I darned them yesterday, but there are so few!"

The daughter turned quickly. "Every one is knitting socks for the soldiers," she said; "why not you? You told me that in the war you knit a pair a day."

The old lady paused. "I did," she said, and with a half-folded garment in her hands she stood a moment as if thinking. Then—"I will!" and she dropped the half-folded garment on the floor. She went to an old-fashioned wardrobe and pulled open a drawer. "My needles are here," she said, her little old fingers busy among small bags and bundles all laid away in camphor. "Here, two sets; I can keep one going with wool and one with cotton." Then to the granddaughter, who stood watching in wonder: "Run and get me some thread; I shall try to bring a dozen pairs to Arthur."

The granddaughter ran to the shops to get the thread and the daughter wiped her eyes. "Poor, poor soldiers," she said; "they'll be so glad to get the socks."

"Yes," the old lady answered proudly; "and the way I turn the heels they never wrinkle; no man has ever a blistered heel from the stockings I knit. And when I'm tired knitting socks I can scrape lint! Hunt up some old linen for lint; and we can tear and roll bandages, too! And gloves! Not knitted gloves, but out of chamois-skin, I will make those, too. Strange that I should have thought the war all over and my work all done, and the 'Terrible Battles' still raging—still raging—how awful—how awful! The fatherless children, the desolate widows! Raging battles—the dead and the wounded all piled together in the burning sun, in the rain, in the snow—and I thought it was over."

The granddaughter came running in

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with the wool thread in hanks, the cotton in balls.

"There! How natural it looks!" and, seizing the thread, the old lady kissed it. "I thought it was all over and my work all done. I'll knit and knit!" Swiftly she knitted, sharply the glittering needles clicked and the stockings grew beneath her skilful fingers, while sometimes she quavered "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and sometimes an old love-song, "Lorena."

One day the old bugler came to sell some eggs. "Did you think the war was done?" she asked. "I did, but now the war is still raging; still there are terrific battles, and I am knitting—knitting for the soldiers. The general has joined his command. Are you going, too, with your bugle?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm going, too."

"And again you'll be band-leader?"

"I hope so, ma'am," and as he went away he drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

BASEBALL—THE IDEAL COLLEGE GAME

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM A PAINTING BY H. HOWLAND

WHEN the score of a Commencement game stands one to nothing in favor of the home team, with the young men of a rival university at bat in the first half of the ninth inning, intercollegiate baseball, in point of thrill, color, and general spectacular environment, may be regarded as having reached its apotheosis.

In the distance the hills and woods sleep in the purple haze of a placid June afternoon. Over the baseball field silence hangs heavily and tensely, where formerly the air had vibrated with organized uproar, breaking occasionally into that unordered upheaval of sound which one knows at the Polo Grounds or at Shibe Park. Myriads of red, blue, white, pink, mauve parasols, gay costumes, and flags have become so motionless that each color-note stands out distinctly.

The antics of the reunited classes, who just before the game paraded into the field, dominating it completely, are forgotten. Scotch Highlanders, Dutch peasants, Indian Parsees, Arabs, sailors, and red Indians long ago melted from the centre of the arena and now form merely a segment in a vast, towering bank of color.

The bands and drum corps have disappeared; floats laden with apt, timely symbolical groups are out of sight behind the stands. A great part of the game, it may be supposed, had passed before the jovial graduates and those watching them had been able to disassociate this struggle on the diamond from the scenes of merry abandon which had marked its opening stages. But now, in this first half of the ninth, the game holds full sway.

A sharp crack of a bat against an inshoot smites the ears like the splitting of a giant oak. A deep murmur drowns the little clattering volley of cheers, from the devoted group of supporters of the alien nine, as the white sphere describes a perfect parabola. But an agile outfielder keeps pace with it—a race always as beautiful as anything in the realm of sport—and the ball finally settles into his hand. A roar of relief and applause acclaims the play, as a similar outburst does a moment later when a stinging grounder whizzes to the short-stop and is deftly handled, making two out. Alumnus, undergraduate, and mere spectator rise in their seats eager for the celebration of victory which will make anything that has gone before—even the game itself—seem dull and colorless in retrospect.

Not just yet, though. The pitcher, upon whom the issue now depends, unnerved by his responsibility or by the rising tumult, or both, misses the plate four times. The batter moves blithely to

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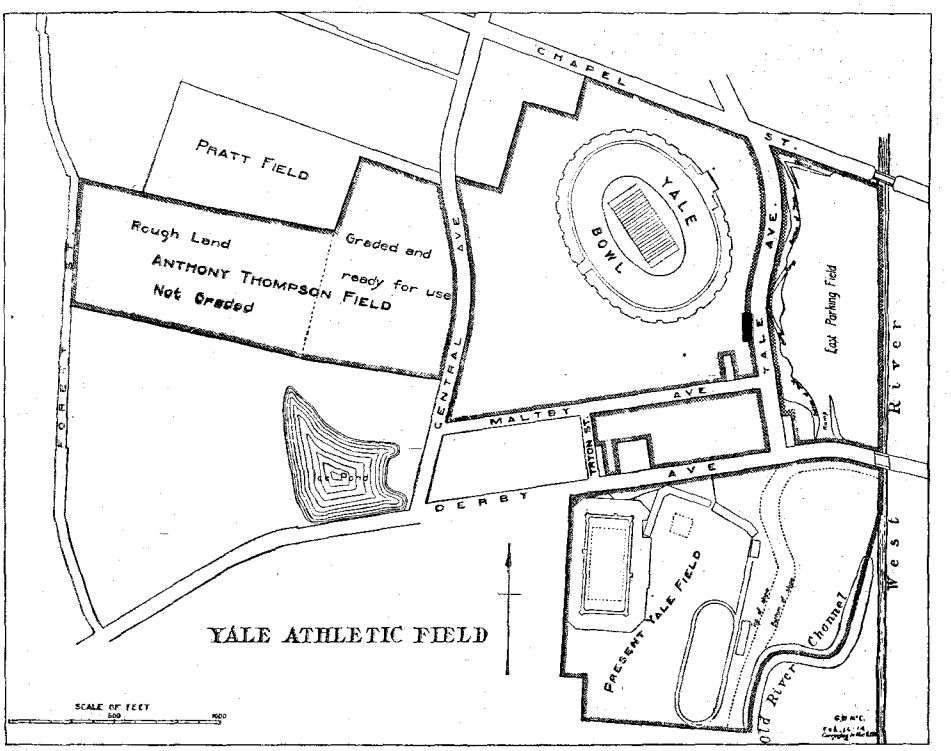
first, while the coaches chatter with new life and batters next in order swing their two and three bats viciously in the air in process of warming up for the attack.

On stand and bleacher silence falls heavily. There is an instinctive surging backward, a deprecatory indrawing of breath, lest the gods of battle be moved to fickle ends. This seems entirely possible, if only for the reason that the most potent slugger on either nine is advancing to the plate. If he were considerate, he might strike out and, as the saying is, end the agony. But he won't do that—not if he can help it, that is. If his manifest duty of attempting to put a damper upon the joyous afternoon—to interpose, as it were, the skeleton at the feast—is a disagreeable one, he gives no indication of this. His mien, indeed, is one of determination. He is there to knock the cover off the ball, if he can. This, metaphorically speaking, he does. From his bat the spheroid flies far into the hinterlands, on a line past all recovery, and with the consequent home run the fortunes of the contest are diametrically reversed.

There are calls to the home team, cheers of encouragement, appeals. But all to no avail; while the university anthem rises and swells the home team languishes and supinely dies, and a Roman holiday has gone aglimmering. The crowd which would have filled the playing area with joyful carnival silently flows down from the stands, pondering perhaps the saving thought that, after all, a university depends upon many deeper things than a baseball game for her prestige.

But, even so, the feeling in the mind of most observers, partisan or non-partisan, of an anticlimax of the sort at New Haven; Princeton; Franklin Field; Ferry Field, Michigan; or Morningside Heights —for the picture in the foregoing is a composite—must be that things might have been better ordered, and that baseball is too uncertain to lend itself inevitably to alumni exuberance. For that matter, the alumni of one important university are



Plan of development of the athletic area at Yale.

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Drawn by H. Howland.

"Warming up" for the Commencement Week game.

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talking of a movement to eliminate a certain powerful rival as a Commencement attraction and to substitute therefor a team less liable to mar the complete pleasure of the occasion.

Yet even this promises nothing inevitable; for, to the lasting credit of baseball, be it said that the small-college team is as likely as not to humiliate its rival of greater prestige—as see the record of Williams against Princeton and Yale. On the other hand, there would be this advantage: such a game would be more likely to be decided on the merits of play. For no sport demands such co-ordination of team play and individual exactitude as baseball, and contests are won and lost upon the ability with which muscular effort is adjusted to eye and instinct. One cannot count upon preliminary form when traditional intercollegiate rivals struggle for supremacy in crucial contests; where this condition is accentuated by the presence of crowds of alumni with their costumes and horse-play anything unusual is likely to happen.

Once Timothy Hurst, famous in his day as a National League umpire, was assigned to Princeton to umpire his first intercollegiate game, Yale being the opponent. In the ninth inning a great, husky player, a football linesman of renown, struck out and retired to the bench, tears streaming from his eyes.

"Say," said Timothy, solemnly doffing his mask and walking out to the field umpire, who was better versed in intercollegiate rivalry, "what's that guy crying about?"

"Why, he wanted to lick Yale," was the reply.

But Hurst walked away shaking his head dazedly.

Later, as his experience in games of the sort increased, he came to realize some of the spirit which animates these university players. But he never did quite understand it.

"It's a great game these college boys play," he said not many years ago. "You could knock over any man of either team by coming up from behind and laying your finger upon his shoulder."

Withal, intercollegiate baseball contests may be followed approvingly whatever the environment, because they encourage

Game between the Colleges of Agriculture and Civil Engineering on the Alumni Field, Cornell.

So great is the interest in these intramural contests that fear has been expressed that they may interfere with the university athletic spirit.

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Interclass games on Brokaw Field, Princeton.

healthy competition and rivalry. The game is better played without the attachment of an alumni circus, to be sure; but at bottom every one recognizes this and, generally speaking, is well content that upon at least one day in the year it shall hold place less as a sport than as an amusement. The sporting aspect is sufficiently taken care of, for that matter, in the long schedules of thirty-odd games which the university nines play, as well as in the various problems which have grown out of the extreme popularity of the game with the general public, such as the temptation to play summer baseball for money and other infringements against the spirit of pure amateurism.

Aside from all this, however, the great fact about college baseball which stands out clear from all the glitter and excitement of momentous contests is the significance which the sport has come to assume in relation to the health and physical growth, not of a small group of experts but of the great body of students generally. No game is so adaptable to so many degrees of proficiency, and no game, to the vast majority of young men, is more enjoyable to play.

Yet, only a short time ago, the number of students who took systematic exercise on the diamond or elsewhere was confined largely to members of the various university teams. In point of fact, it is only within the past five years that there has been a general effort on the part of university and college authorities to make capital of the attraction which baseball holds for any normal boy. This is in line with the development of the idea of intramural sport as a duty to the students hardly less significant than the work of the curriculum.

Last year an effort to obtain a comparison of the number of students engaged as regular or substitute members of "'varsity" teams, as compared to the total number of students, brought replies from one hundred and fifty seats of learning. Compilation of figures submitted showed that 18,000 students were represented in intercollegiate competition as against a total enrolment of 111,000. This leaves 93,000 students open to participation in

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This field is set apart for non-'varsity players.

the scheme of intracollegiate athletics. All of which gives some suggestion of the timeliness of the movement which has already become national in its scope.

From the University of Washington and other colleges on the West coast, through the Middle West, clear across the country, north and south to the Atlantic seaboard, efforts are now making to enlarge playgrounds and not alone to enlist, but to compel the interest of the boy-in-the-bleachers, the boy who can't play 'varsity ball but can play ball of some sort. Purdue, for example, with her fifteen-acre stretch of turf adjoining Stuart Field—the regular athletic grounds—gives the students every facility for intramural sports, stipulating only that baseball and other games shall be of such a nature that the recreative element shall dominate, and that the strength and interest of the students be not taken away from the work of the curriculum.

The addition to the old Regents Field at the University of Michigan, which was made possible through the generosity of Dexter M. Ferry, gives this university a domain of thirty-five acres, only a few minutes' walk from the campus, on which several hundred students may be seen playing ball at the same hour any afternoon in the spring term. Lincoln Field at Brown is similarly devoted, Andrew Field being used by the regular university athletic organizations.

The aim of every college, in fact, is to secure enlarged facilities for the new cause of out-of-doors, not with any idea that the curve of student attendance corresponds in direct or indirect proportion to athletic prestige, or lack of it, but because its value as to the health and physical and mental development of the scholastic body has become so patent. As to the effect of success in competitive sports on university enrolment, it has been demonstrated at several universities, notably at Columbia and Michigan, that results are negligible. Hence the present trend may certainly be regarded as disinterested on the part of the collegiate authorities. The colleges whose position is now fortunate are those who long ago foresaw the present need and provided against it. Play areas

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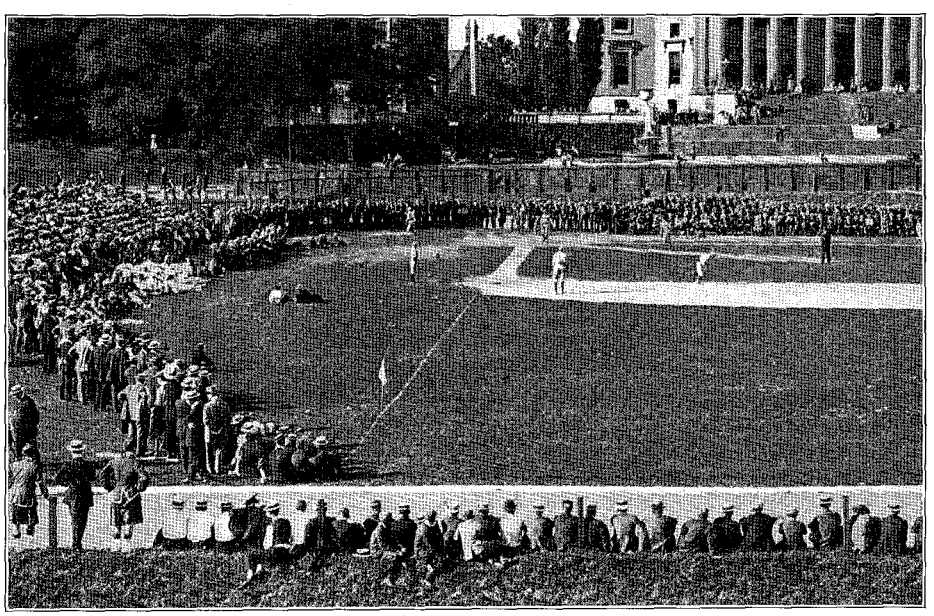
are not to be picked up for a song, and in the case of urban universities, such as Columbia, Chicago University, and the like, there is scant ground to be picked up at whatever price.

But visit Soldiers' Field at Cambridge a bit after three o'clock some sparkling June afternoon, when the students are free from recitations for the day, and you will see what baseball is doing for Harvard, or what Harvard is doing for baseball, as you will. Walking down Boylston Street to the bridge, there come to the ear sounds of activity and excitement quite at variance with quiet Cambridge, the Charles slumbering among its meadow-grasses, and the silent walls of the stadium smouldering in lambent light. The sharp clack of ash on horsehide punctuates a chorus of sharp, staccato cries, and constantly there rises that steady barking and confused murmur of voices without which no scrub game of baseball—wherein play is essentially for the sport and fun thereof—can be conducted.

As you cross the river and enter upon that broad, level domain of sixty-odd acres which Harvard has dedicated to the gods of out-of-doors, the mind is confused by the color and animation of the spectacle. Organized games are in progress on six fields—one hundred and eight ardent young athletes involved in the thrill of spirited competition. It is a vibrant atmosphere into which to step. Besides, there are odd corners occupied by games of one-o'-cat and fungo batting and catch-and-toss. The danger of contact with some flying sphere, approaching unseen from any number of directions, is not in any sense negligible. A ball rolls gently to your feet and stops. A distant "Thank you!" comes to your ears and you pick up the grass-stained object and hurl it toward an outfielder with the elated sense of participation in the picture.

To the southward the 'varsity and substitutes are practising; indulging, no doubt, in star plays, as becomes men of the university nine; but the things they do with beautiful ease and proficiency are witnessed by an inconsiderable band of spectators—inconsiderable, that is, when compared to the crowd attending a momentous contest on a diamond near the tennis-courts. It is a game, say, between the "Grass-Eaters" and the "Prickly Heats," two nines whose ambition is to enter the final matches which will determine the season's ownership of the Leiter cup. This is a scrub series in which twenty-five teams compete, over two hun-



South Field, Columbia University, New York City.
Commencement Day game with University of Pennsylvania.

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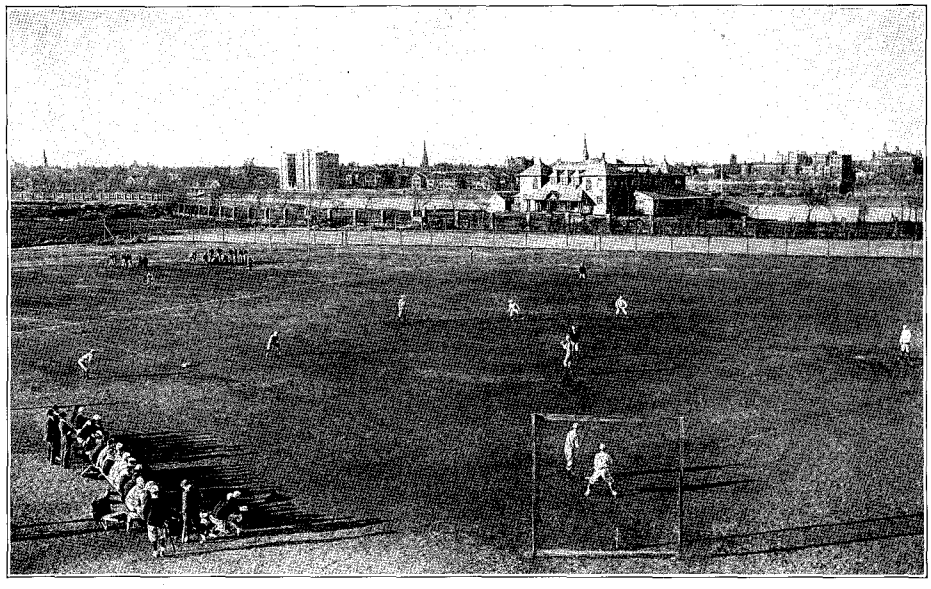

Harvard students in action on Soldiers' Field.

It contains adequate room for men who love to play ball but cannot make the 'varsity.

dred and twenty-five men drawn from all departments of the university. Some of the players have never been members of an organized nine; others have been cut from other squads. But wherever they have come from, and whatever the components of the various nines—the "Neversweats," "Airwhackers," "Skyscrapers," "Knights of Leisure," what not?—they are all very much concerned. The spirit, if not the skill and team work, is that of a 'varsity intercollegiate struggle. Teams likely as not are grotesquely unbalanced. There may be found at second base a former Yale or Princeton 'varsity player, who is in the law school at Cambridge, and ineligible for any regular team of the university, or a big league star, taking some graduate course, while at the other extreme there are infielders on the same nine who decline to play the infield without the protection of a mitt, who drop their bats and run when a "bean ball" looms upon their startled vision.

There are star plays, ludicrous errors, disputes with the umpire—incident after incident thrilling or side-splitting, all of which accounts for the drawing powers of this contest over and above the appeal which the practice of the 'varsity exerts.

Elsewhere, class teams are struggling for supremacy, while on another diamond two of the three freshman dormitory nines are engaged. Harvard, it will be grasped, believes in baseball, the more of it the better. All students who are not engaged in other forms of athletics are urged to come out for the various series as arranged by the athletic authorities, who undertake to supply all masks, protectors, bats, and balls that are required. Any boy, whatever his ability, who cares to play baseball gets an opportunity. It is not by any means an overestimate to say that between 500 and 600 Harvard students avail themselves of the privileges offered, of which 317 are members of regularly organized teams. This compares favorably with the total of 606 students who rowed last season, and exceeds the number of students who played football —202.

Not all boys are star players, or even fair performers with bat and ball, but it is indeed a rare case where you find a student who has never played the game in one form or another. Beneath the two levels of brilliant stars and men whose proficiency is sufficiently great to make them members of 'varsity or second or class teams, there is a standard of proficiency so broad as to include hundreds and hun-

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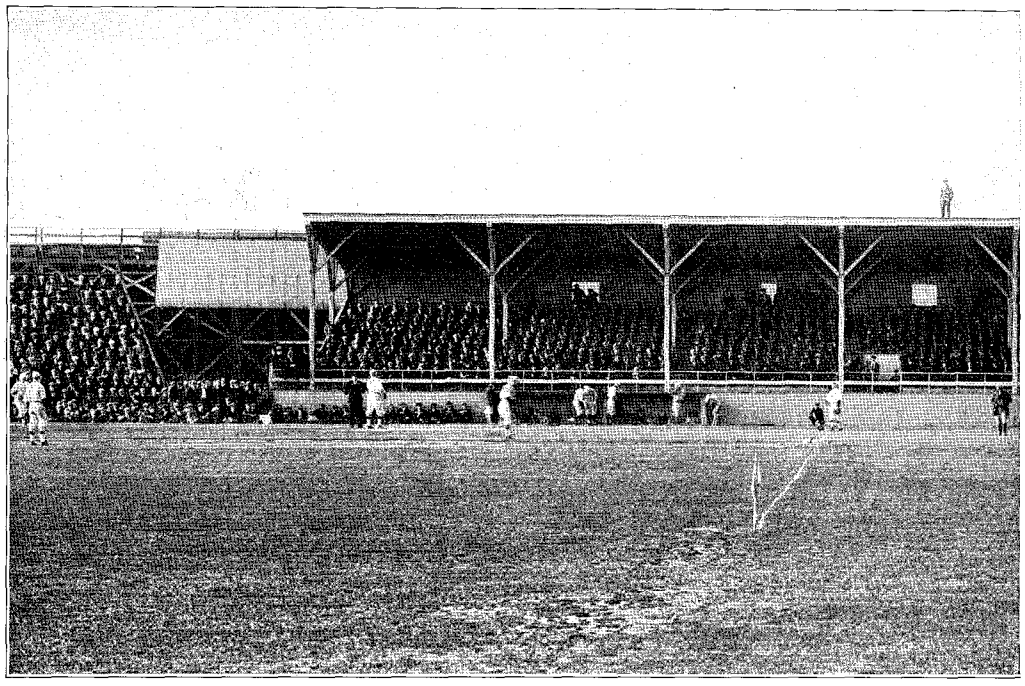

Annual commencement game on Ferry
Besides this diamond, the field has

dreds of students in any great seat of learning. These are players who are neither very good nor very bad, who love baseball and need but the encouragement to bring them forth in games against their kind. And such is the nature of the sport that contests can be as thrilling, as prolific of excitement, as the healthy young American animal can ask.

Pennsylvania is an example of a city university which has felt the vital need of increased space for baseball and other outdoor sports without being able to meet the demand of the students. At the present time the university is in litigation over an extensive plot of ground which it desires to employ in large part in extending facilities for baseball and games generally among the undergraduates. Now, with this matter in abeyance in the courts, all teams, aside from the 'varsity, second, and freshman nines, must play their games without opportunity for practice, a fact recognized as a disadvantage by the trustees and faculty as well as by the students. A similar condition exists at the University of California.

The great thing about the scholars at Pennsylvania, as elsewhere, is the increasing aversion they evince to taking their exercise vicariously. One sees no longer the crowds of pipe-smoking students lounging in the stands, watching the 'varsity nine at practice. When one considers that at Harvard, Yale, Brown, Illinois, Princeton, Dartmouth, Cornell, Purdue, North Carolina, Missouri, Michigan, and elsewhere, from three to six hundred students, who formerly had nothing better to do than watch the 'varsity, are now vitally concerned in contests of their own, the advancement which has been made in behalf of definite outdoor exercise will be appreciated.

It is a fine thing that this is so, for no game in all the calendar of sports is so valuable a factor in the health and general physical development of young men. George Huff, director of athletics at the University of Illinois—a man whose knowledge and judgment of all matters pertaining to physical exercise are scientific and exact—says that the exercise which the game affords is almost pre-

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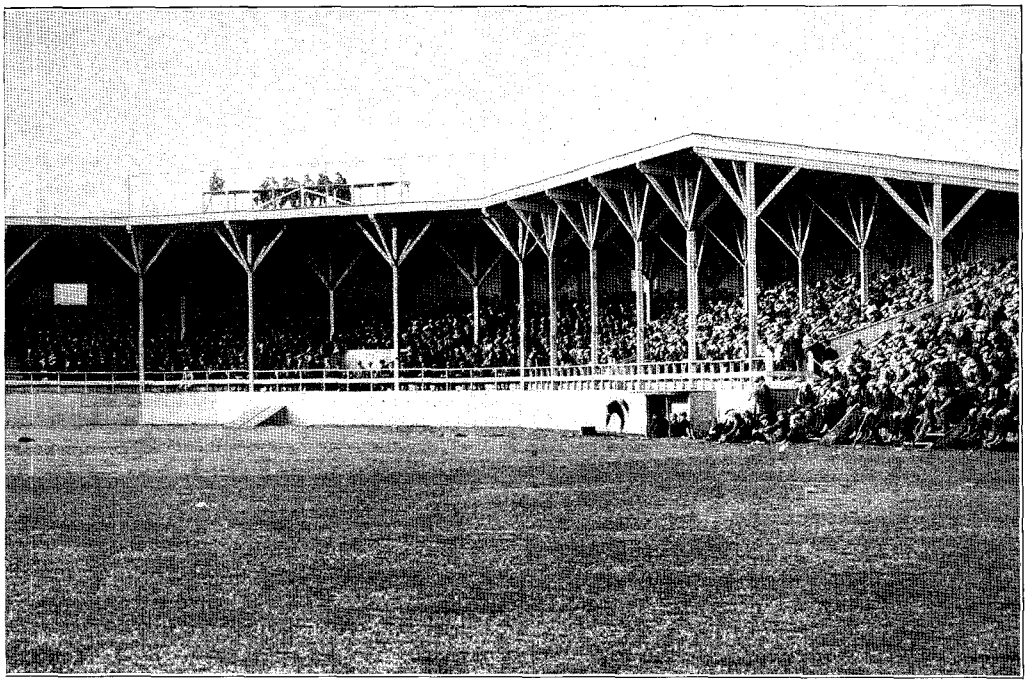

Field, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.
several devoted to intracollegiate games.

cisely the amount that every college student should have, and that football, track, crew work, and the like suffer in comparison "because of the lesser fun which participants in these sports have." Mr. Huff thus voices what all competent physical directors recognize, that the utmost benefit is derived from that sport which, while it exercises the muscles and organs, also exhilarates the mind. Herein is the happy combination; baseball effects it.

One of the first things Mr. Huff did when he came to Urbana was to develop interest in the national game. To-day may be seen strolling about the campus of the University of Illinois many young men wearing intricate monograms of various colors. They signify that the wearers have made some class nine. Intramural baseball thrives here. Besides the 'varsity, second 'varsity, and freshman nines, there is an interclass team composed of from twelve to twenty teams, a fraternity league of some twenty-two teams, and a club league of eight teams. The university now has about thirty acres devoted to scrub baseball, and when the new recreation field is completed this area will be greatly enlarged.

"My own belief is," says Dean LeBaron R. Briggs, chairman of Harvard's Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports, "that there is scarcely anything like baseball to interest young men in out-of-door exercise, and that the only practical difficulty is in getting room enough for those who wish to play it. One year, when we hastily prepared an additional diamond on Soldiers' Field, we had within a week twenty-five scrub teams formed for a set of games."

These facts as set forth are vital, hence should be interesting. When one sees the campus of Dartmouth covered with baseball players any fair afternoon in the spring, he will receive an impression which holds something of significance aside from the sheer sporting aspect of the scene. It takes one down to the heart of things, things which lie beneath all the shouting and tumult and glory of intercollegiate contest, with its few participants and the many looking on. Thinking in this way, Dartmouth's 200 fraternity league play-

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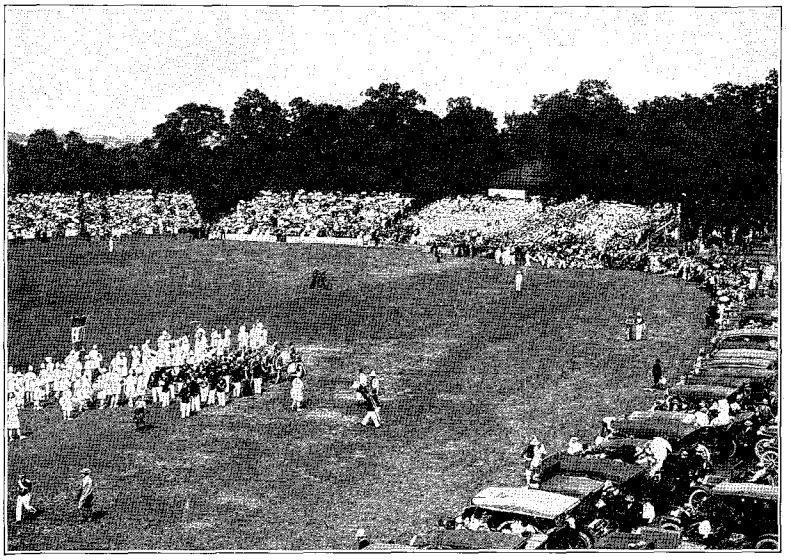
ers, her 140 members of class and dormitory nines, her 120 men who play on scratch teams, create an impression of clean, healthful activity and honest, if sometimes crude, competition, which make the activities of the vaunted 'varsity players seem gilt and tinsel.

The value of baseball as a form of exercise for students is nowhere recognized more adequately than at Princeton, where, indeed, freshmen are permitted to elect the sport under the Princeton system of compulsory exercise. Instruction and coaching are given these students, and results have impressed Professor Joseph E. Raycroft, of the Department of Hygiene and Physical Education, with the conviction that the game is one of the most valuable forms of exercise in which students indulge. It develops, he says, a body control, a co-ordination of eye and hand, a quickness of reaction and initiative, which are very valuable. Its shortcomings as a means of symmetrical muscular development, and a means of gaining good body posture, are to a very large extent, he believes, compensated for by the advantages mentioned and the further one represented by a training in team play.

Every encouragement and facility possible are given by Princeton for the promotion of intramural contests. There are lower-class and upper-class championship series scheduled, and the number of teams so engaged in regularly organized contests is about forty each year. Then there are club teams, teams representing various undergraduate publications, and scrub nines, so that, altogether, Princeton sees nearly five hundred of her one thousand six hundred-odd students playing ball regularly in the fall, spring, and early summer.

The plan followed by the university athletic authorities in conducting these various schedules of games is designed to insure the playing of many contests in each series. The number of class teams contesting in a given series for class or club championships will vary from eight to twelve or fourteen teams in each of the two lower classes, and from sixteen to twenty nines in the two upper classes. These are divided into groups of four and five and a round robin, or sometimes a double round robin, is played among the teams of each group. The winners in each group play an elimination series for the class, or club, championship, as the case may be. A little figuring will show that this plan involves the organization of a considerable number of teams, all of which have opportunity of playing out a comprehensive schedule.

Yale goes on the assumption that players who are fair may, under proper tuition, develop into valuable 'varsity mate-



Just before Yale's annual Commencement-Day game with Harvard at Yale Field.

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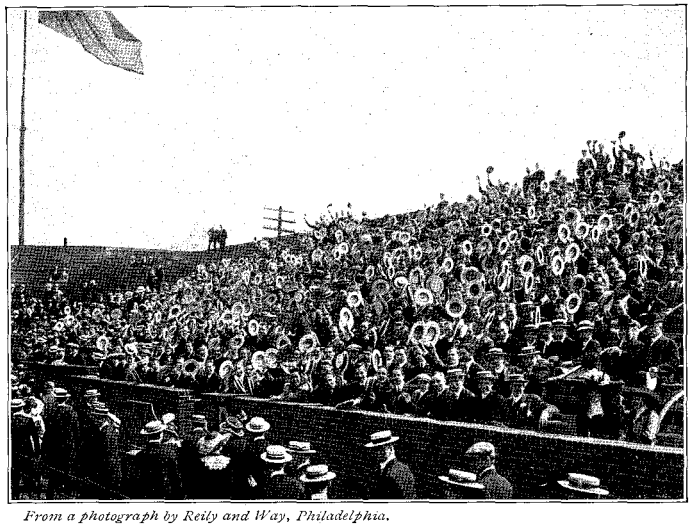
rial. Under the system established by Frank Quinby, Yale's efficient graduate coach, no player, however mediocre, is overlooked. Aside from the 'varsity squad of some thirty men, which is divided into a 'varsity and second team, there is a freshman squad under a coach of its own, and a class league squad which also has a coach. All men not able to play on the freshman team proper have opportunity of playing on a second freshman nine, which is one of the class league teams. This league is composed of five teams: the Academic-Sheffield Senior Team, the Academic Juniors, Sheffield Juniors, Academic Sophomores, and the Second Freshman Nine, accounting in all for over seventy men.



From a photograph by Reily and Way, Philadelphia.

Straw-Hat Day, Franklin Field, University of Pennsylvania.

This game between Pennsylvania and Princeton in early May marks the advent of summer headgear at the university.

The regular 'varsity and freshman squads comprise as many more players, so that Yale has more than one hundred and forty men any one of whom—aside from freshmen—has a chance to prove his fitness for the university nine. The class-league coach develops his men with this idea in mind and not infrequently players are thus promoted upon recommendation to the head coach. The class teams play a long schedule against one another, and rivalry is keen, as the champions receive their numerals, sweaters, numeral hats and cups, and are, in addition, sent out to play various preparatory-school teams in the vicinity of New Haven.

Alumni "Pee-rade" on University Field, Princeton.

Yale occasionally dims Commencement joy upon this occasion.

All these contests are watched by the coach or his assistants, and rewards of improved play are so swift and unerring as to stimulate great interest among the men. Yale, therefore, conducts nine regular teams. In addition, the university

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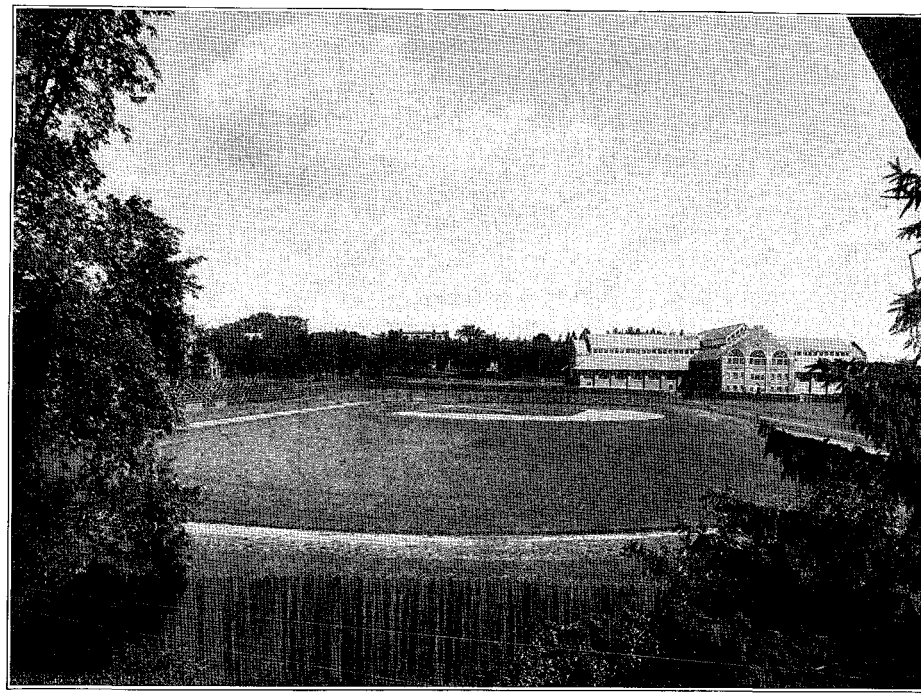

Dartmouth's baseball field, Hanover, New Hampshire.

encourages organization of teams among groups of individuals—scrub, fraternity, and other intracollegiate outfits—who play matches among themselves and against the smaller preparatory institutions. The demand of students wishing to play baseball already taxes Yale's extensive facilities and the future will see the necessity of an even larger area.

The plan on page 696 shows the present holdings of Yale University and the "Yale Committee of Twenty-one, Incorporated," all of which constitutes area to be devoted—where not already devoted—to the cause of baseball, football, and track. Ideas for the full development of the property are at present only tentative, but the drawing will show the possibilities that lie in these immense tracts comprising some eighty-seven acres in all. In the area south of Derby Avenue is Yale Field, a domain of about thirty-two acres, of which only about twenty-three acres are at present available for playing-fields. This section was purchased and developed about thirty years ago. The remaining ten acres are not at present usable for baseball or other sport, as they lie in marsh-land or upon a steep bluff which separates the West River marsh from the upland.

About four years ago the corporation of the university, recognizing the desirability of increasing the facilities for students who wished to indulge in athletic sports, appointed a committee of graduates to investigate the subject and report to the corporation ways and means for accomplishing the object sought. This committee recommended an extensive athletic development, and a committee of graduates was appointed to carry it out. This committee entered upon its duties by purchasing the land lying northerly of Derby Avenue, shown by the cross-hatched lines in its plans. The total area now standing in the name of the committee is about eighty-seven acres. Of this area about eleven acres were, at the time of purchase, marsh-land unsuitable for playing-fields, but, in connection with the grading necessitated by the building of the Bowl, along lines suggested by Charles A. Ferry, of New Haven, this area was filled in, and as soon as turf can be grown upon it, it will be admirably suited for the use of the teams. The remainder

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of the tract, except a small area of steep slope between Yale Avenue and the filled section, is all upland, and, with a small amount of grading, can be cheaply put into condition for use.

As soon as the land came into possession of the committee, a section of about twelve acres, on the westerly side of Central Avenue, was graded and fitted for playing-fields for the class teams. This area provided ample space for four diamonds, and the field was in constant use during the past season either for baseball or football. The approximately level area northerly of Maltby Avenue has been put into condition so that it can be used, temporarily, for two playing-fields: soccer football in the fall, and baseball in the spring. Thus, with facilities already developed, it is estimated that an average of about five hundred students daily enjoyed the facilities for athletic sport which these fields offered during the past season.

Further development of this area, as said, is tentative, but in general, however, it is proposed to erect a large club-house provided with lockers, showers, rubbing-tables, and all other necessary requirements for a first-class athletic training-house for all students using the fields. At present the only facility for the players at the field is a small house for the track team, the members of the other teams being obliged to use the gymnasium for dressing-rooms and the like. It is proposed to have the club-house large enough to accommodate a relay of twelve hundred students at one time. As all of the students do not use the same hours for recreation, it is thought this will be ample to accommodate those who will wish to use it.

At Cornell, in the spring, baseball is played by hundreds of students. Besides the 'varsity and freshman teams, there is a team in every one of the eight colleges of the university. These college teams are organized in a league, and they have a regular series of championship games extending through April and May every year. At the same time a series of interfraternity games is going on and the number of fraternity teams in the field is usually thirty to forty.

There is on the campus an open playground of thirty-five acres—a part of the new Alumni Field—where these collegiate and fraternity games are played. On this broad field there is room for about ten diamonds. They are numbered, and, when the college and fraternity schedules are arranged, each game is assigned to a cer-

Stuart Field, Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.
A close decision in a championship game.

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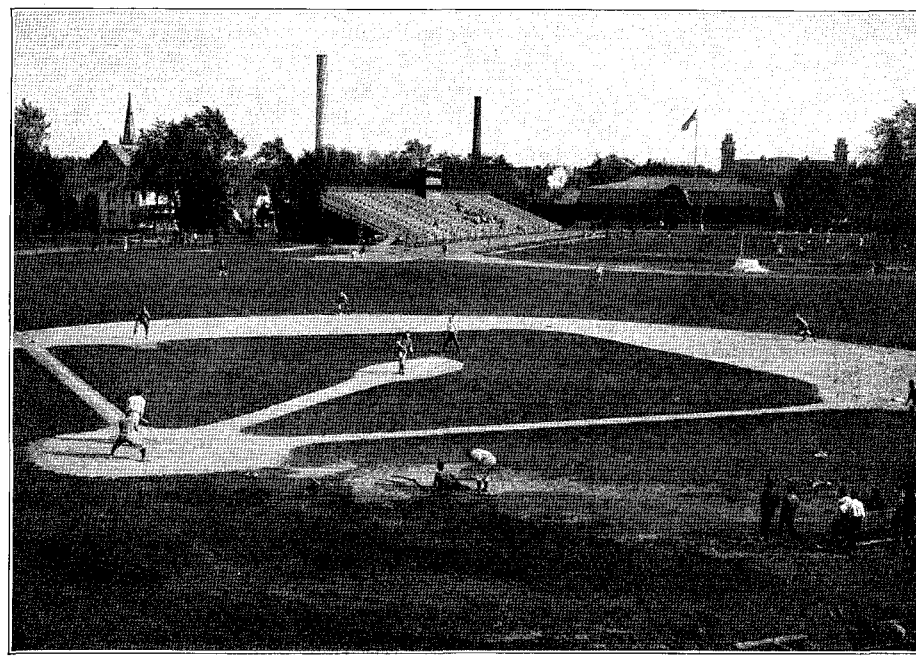
tain diamond for a certain hour on a certain day. It is by no means an uncommon thing for all ten diamonds to be in use all the afternoon. The total number of men engaging in more or less organized games of baseball at Cornell is not far short of five hundred, a fact in which the university takes pride.

More students of the University of Missouri at Columbia, Mo., participate in baseball than in all other outdoor activities combined. There are playing this year, for instance, aside from the 'varsity squad, an all-freshman squad, a pan-Hellenic League with twelve teams, a regimental league with eight teams, interclass and interdepartment series, with several departments having interclass series within the departments. In addition to these there are more informal series such as Inter-Hall, and "the Hash House League," as it is called.

The four complete fields which the university maintains have proved so inadequate to meet the present demands that an addition has been made to the present area which will provide two more baseball fields by next summer. Every Saturday in the current season the fields are in use all day, four and five games being played on every one of the four fields between eight o'clock and sunset.

Even the co-eds play regularly, and C. L. Brewer, director of athletics at Missouri, has found baseball a fine sport for them. The various classes of the university girls have their representative teams and play a regular series on the Girls' Athletic Field, where only girls of the university are admitted. At no seat of learning in the country, indeed, is the baseball spirit so rampant as here.

So one might go on extending examples of the growth of our national game as an extremely valuable medium of healthful student life throughout the universities of the United States, did not the limitations of space forbid aught but citation of these comparatively limited number of typical instances. Curiously enough, it is found as a result of a study of conditions at our seats of learning, that intracollege sports have been the outgrowth of spirit engendered by intercollegiate competition. One might have fancied the condition to be the other way round. The old idea that 'varsity baseball and a wide-spread participation in the sport for the sheer fun and exercise of it are incompatible has gone by the board, and in the fact that we now see the two phases of the game flourishing side by side may be read much of significance.



University of Illinois baseball field at Urbana, Illinois.

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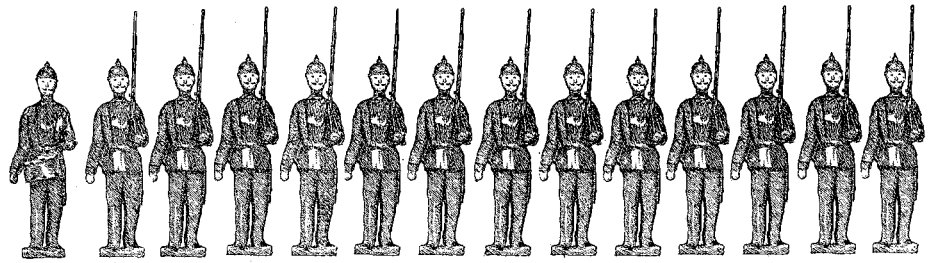
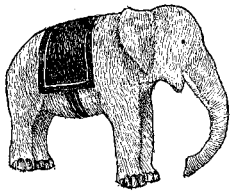


MADE IN GERMANY

By Temple Bailey

Illustrations by Kerr Eby



DOROTHEA'S little shop was at the very edge of the residence district, on the boundary line, as it were, of business. At first she had sold only needles and pins and thread and collar bones and embroidery silks and ruching and ink and paper and post-cards. Then one Christmas she had added a few toys, and since then her small place had been known quite prominently as the Toy Shop.

For Dorothea was a genius at discovering toys that the youngsters wanted. She was so much of a child herself, in spite of the silver threads which shone faintly through her fair hair, and in spite of the tiny wrinkles which encroached on the pink-and-white of her complexion.

The needles and pins and ink and collar bones were side issues now, for the little shop overflowed with lead soldiers and woolly sheep and furry cats and things that had to be wound up, and things that barked when you pulled a string, or mewed when you tipped them upside down, or ran on wheels when you put them on the floor. And all the cases were crowded with dolls that talked and dolls that walked, and dolls that went to sleep, and dolls that simply smiled and did nothing. And there were little china dishes heaped with such natural-looking food that you really couldn't believe that the spinach and the eggs and the puddings and the pies and the sausages and the salads weren't ready to eat on the spot! There were little iron cook-stoves, and houses with all the furniture in them to the very last footstool, and with bathtubs and electric lights; and there were railroads that led up to the most wonderful tin mountains, with tin trains that stopped at tin stations, and with tin signals and bridges.

And every one of these wonderful toys was "made in Germany."

Dorothea, coming in one dull September morning, surveyed her stock for the first time without a smile on her face.

In her hand she held a newspaper. She had read it on the trolley, and what she read had sickened her. For the paper told of the things which Germany was doing on the other side of the water, and which had nothing to do with dolls or tin tracks or lead soldiers. But they had to do with real soldiers and with big guns and with death and destruction. For Germany, it seemed, was at war with all the world, and Germany was to blame.

At least, it looked that way to Dorothea.

It had always seemed to her before that the toys had welcomed her. To people without imagination, toys are inanimate things, but to Dorothea they were as alive as the people who bought them. She never sold a pussy-cat without hoping that it would get a good home; she never parted with a wistful bisque baby without some anxiety as to the kind of mother it was to acquire. And as for her white ele-

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phants, she always saw them go with a heavy heart, fearing that their almost pathetic mildness might place them at the mercy of some boyish tyrant.

There was only one white elephant left and there would be no others. Making toys was one of the arts of peace, and Germany was at war!

Dorothea pulled up the shades of the big window. Every morning she set forth in that window the toys which were to act as a lure for the public eye. Even in these early fall days there were those who, passing through on their way from north-shore resorts, patronized the little place which was noted for its uniqueness.

It was quite the usual thing for Dorothea to give her white elephant the place of honor in the window. But this morning she would have none of him. The lead soldiers seemed to offer themselves obtrusively. The Prussian troops positively swaggered as Dorothea turned a stern eye upon them. For a moment she surveyed them, then she shut the cover of the box tightly, hiding the spectacle of their triumphant insolence.

Since then her place had been known quite prominently as the Toy Shop.
—Page 711.

She put some books in the window, and a row of Kewpie post-cards. These, with a few boxes of letter-paper and some half-dozen tubes of library paste, made a strictly American and neutral display. The books were published in Boston, the paper and paste were Middle West, and the Kewpies were irreproachably United States.

It was while she was giving the last touches to this somewhat sombre display that a man opened the door and entered. He was a small man with an upstanding halo of gray hair. But he was not old. Like Dorothea, his hair was older than his face, and his face was older than his heart. He limped a little, and in his hand he, too, carried a newspaper.

"Dear lady," he said, "good morning."

Dorothea turned and faced him. "It is not good morning, Herr von Puttkamer, it is bad morning. What do you think of your country now?"

"It is my country."

"And you still defend it?"

"It needs no defense."

"Not for this last awful thing?"

"War always brings awful things."

"But not such things as this—the shooting of non-combatants—of women and of children——"

He was very pale. "These things are not proved." Then, softly: "Dear lady, are we to quarrel over this?"

She had been all ready to quarrel with him. Yet he was her friend. He had a little studio over the Toy Shop. He gave lessons in German and he did some translating. Their friendship had begun when she had carried up to him a letter from a firm in Nuremberg. He had helped her with that, and had since helped her with others. Now and then, on dull days when customers were few, he would come down and sit in her little shop and talk to her. It was then that she learned of his younger brother, Franz. Franz was in the German army, and was big and blond and beautiful. When Otto spoke of him, it was as one speaks of one's beloved.

As their friendship had progressed, they

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"Dear lady, are we to quarrel over this?"—Page 712.

had walked together in the summer evenings, in the Public Gardens and across the Common. They had even taken a few adventuring rides in the swan-boats. They had come back to the shop quite late after one of these rides, and Dorothea had made coffee in her little electric percolator. At another time they had gone down to Marblehead, and had had lobster sandwiches at the Pirate House, and had looked at the sea by moonlight.

The memory of these things stopped the words which cried for expression. Dorothea was of New England, and prone to say the things which were on her mind. But the soft voice of the little man was again protesting: "Dear lady, surely we are not to quarrel."

"I don't want to quarrel," Dorothea told him, "but how can I help it when you defend this dreadful unnecessary thing? Why, every time I look at my toys I think: 'There won't be any more. There won't be any more lead soldiers or lovely dolls or white elephants.'"

Otto laid his hand on the head of the meek white beast. "So, my friend," he said quietly, "it is you and I who are to blame, because we are of the—Fatherland, and presently she will sell you, and quarrel with me, and then——?"

"I shall never sell him," Dorothea flared. "I shall keep him always as a monument to the folly of your country."

And now the fire in her seemed to light some fire in him. "It is not folly, but a woman cannot understand these things."

He could have said nothing worse. As I have said, Dorothea Dwight was of New England. In spite of the modishness of her blue-serge frock, in spite of the French twist to her hair and the silk-stockinged slenderness of her feet, she was the product of a civilization which sets women side by side with men mentally. The point of view of Otto von Puttkamer seemed to her as mediæval as the war which his country was waging.

"I understand this," she flung back at him, "that a few weeks ago you said that the women of England because they destroyed a few pictures and threw a few bombs were too hysterical to rule; yet your Kaiser, your generals, the *men* of your country, have burned libraries, and this morning there's the cathedral——"

"There were signalmen in the towers——"

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"It is useless to argue"—her cheeks were flaming—"the whole thing is of the Middle Ages. It is cruel, cowardly. I'm sorry to say it, but I must, because I believe it, and there isn't any use in being hypocritical about it, is there?"

"No," he said, "no. But there is tragedy in this—that you should say these things—to me."

He turned toward the door, and it was not until he had crossed the threshold that Dorothea called him back. "Please," she said, "I'm sorry——"

But her apology came too late. He stood quite stiffly and formally beyond the door, and said: "Good-by."

At another time they had gone down to Marblehead.—Page 713.

II

Mary Barnes, who helped in the shop, arriving late and breathless, was swept by Dorothea into a perfect vortex of housecleaning.

"We might as well do it this morning, Mary," Dorothea said. "I can't get my mind down to anything else."

It was noon before Dorothea finished her housewifely task. Everything glittered and shone. The dolls in the cases smiled through the clear, clean glass. A row of pussy-cats on the counter seemed positively to purr with contentment.

But Dorothea did not partake of the general effulgence. She was nervous and tired. It was raining, and as she stood by the window looking out on the sodden streets, she was conscious of her deep depression. She knew that she had hurt and offended Otto von Puttkamer, and he was the very best friend that she had in the whole wide world. To be sure, she had other friends, nice staid people whom she had always known, and whose mothers and fathers had known her mother and father, and whose grandfathers and grandmothers had known her grandfathers and grandmothers, and so on, down to the early days of the Massachusetts colony when everybody had known everybody else.

It was these friends who conceded to her, her proper place as a competent business woman and as a brainy one, and who invited her to dine with them on Thanksgiving, and to sup with them on Sundays, and who sent her tickets to the play, and who took her to ride in their limousines, and who were altogether considerate and kind in a pleasant, middle-aged manner. But it was Otto who gave to friendship the effect of youth and romance. It was Otto who left flowers for her in the most unexpected places—a rose fresh and nodding from a keyhole, a bunch of violets on the bayonet of a tin soldier, the cart of the little gray donkey heaped

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high with crocuses, a spray of hyacinths adorning the brow of the white elephant.

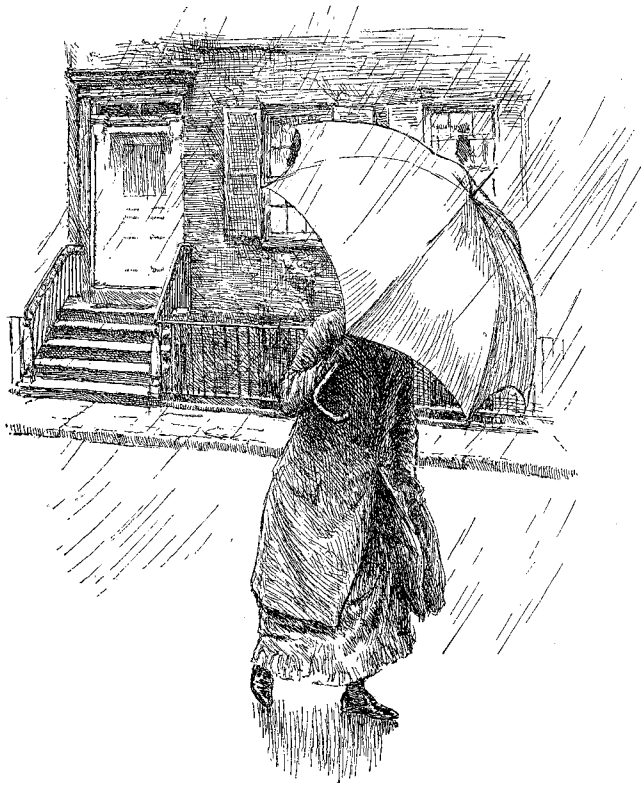
And no one but Otto took her adventuring. No one but Otto knew how to play.

And she should miss her playmate!

the umbrella, shut the door, turned, and peered through the ground glass.

Baffled by its opaqueness, she darted to the window.

"There," she said triumphantly, "I did not let myself meet him. He was coming down the stairs, and if I had met him,



The umbrella turned toward the shop.

In the midst of her doleful reflections, she was aware that there had come suddenly within the line of her vision a big umbrella. Beneath the umbrella she could see little feet and a held-up black skirt. The umbrella turned toward the shop, and was lost in the outer entrance-hall. The door of Dorothea's shop opened into this hall, and a stairway led above.

But it was not up the stairway that the umbrella was going, for suddenly the door of the shop opened and the umbrella came in, precipitately. It was revealed in that moment that the little feet belonged to a little old lady, who, dropping

Mees Dwight, I might have been rude. I did not want to speak to him, for one should not be rude—if one can avoid! So when I saw him, I quite rushed in here quickly!"

She had rushed in so quickly that she was breathless. Dorothea was conscious that Otto von Puttkamer was passing the window. He glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but went on.

The little old lady was very small and very fragile. Her little lovely feet were matched by little lovely hands. She was in simple and almost severe black. But the lace scarf which protected her throat, the little flat black hat which framed the

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oval of her high-bred face, were worn with the air which belongs only to the women of France.

"I should not care to quarrel with him," she said, with a catch of her breath, "but this morning I have on my heart the great cathedral—" Her voice faltered and stopped.

"I know," Dorothea said. "Dear Madame Papin, I have just quarrelled with him myself."

Madame Papin sat down in the low chair which Dorothea had placed for her, and folded her little hands. "That is more serious," she said; "he loves you, *chêrie*."

Dorothea flushed. "Please," she protested.

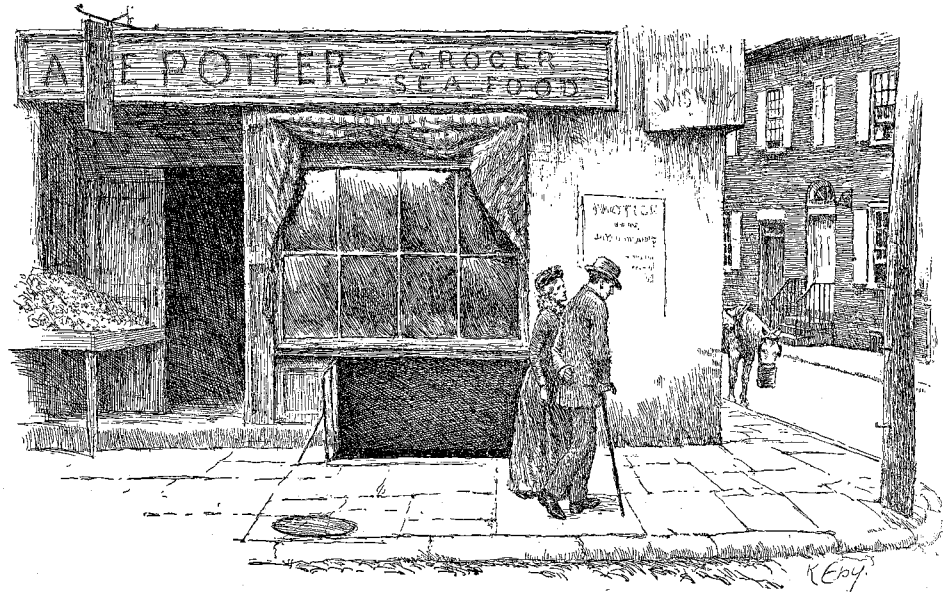
Madame Papin leaned forward. "I know you do not talk of these things, as we talk of them. You are waiting for him to tell you—when his eyes are telling it, and his voice, and there's no need for words——"

"Oh, *please!*" Dorothea protested again. To her Puritan self-consciousness Madame Papin's Gallic frankness was appalling.

Madame Papin laughed. Her laugh was the trill of a bird. "We will not talk of it, then," she said; "but I shall think of it, deep in my heart, and I shall think how you can make up your quarrel."

"If we make this up, we shall quarrel again," Dorothea said. "Oh, Madame Papin, I would never have believed that I could hate any one as I hate the Germans."

The little lady shrugged. "They are beasts," she said calmly. Then she leaned



"Yes, our hearts weep.'"—Page 717.

forward and looked straight into the eyes of the meek white elephant, upon whose dangling tag was blazoned forth the damning device—"Made in Germany."

"I hate you!" said little Madame Papin to the white elephant.

III

"All the things in my window this morning were made in America," Dorothea said. "It may seem silly, but I couldn't help it."

"And now you will have my little boxes to show," cried Madame Papin, "and the dinner-cards with the little roses."

Everything that Madame Papin painted had little roses, blushing on little china dishes, budding on little china boxes, wreathed on dinner-cards, rioting on bowls and vases and perfume bottles.

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"I've lots of orders for you," Dorothea said as Madame Papin opened her bag and brought forth her rosy treasures; "it will keep you busy until Christmas, madame."

"I want to be busy," said the little lady. "It is hard work which keeps the heart from aching. Dear Mees Dwight, there are four nephews fighting in France. I am afraid to look at the papers—I am —I am afraid."

And this was war which made women afraid! Dorothea's hand went across the counter to clasp that of the little old lady. And presently she said: "Dear Madame Papin, stay and have a cup of tea with me in my little office. Mary shall get us something to eat with it, and then I'll send her home and we can have a visit together."

This was no triumphant enemy, but an enemy agonized and pale.—Page 718.

And thus it happened that the window display was changed that afternoon, and it was changed by Madame Papin.

And now who so gay as the little French soldiers in the window! Line upon line, with flags flying, they seemed to march toward victory. And back of them were Madame Papin's rosy boxes, and rose-wreathed cards, with the Kewpies pushed quite into a corner, and the tubes of paste totally obscured!

With this accomplished, madame sat down to knit on gray wool scarfs for the Belgians, and again to discuss the sins of Dorothea's neighbor.

"It was a week ago," she related with a sort of quivering indignation, "a week ago I met him, Mees Dwight, when I was coming in here with the dinner-cards, and we spoke of the war. I did not want to speak of the war. But he said, most politely: 'Ah, madame, it grieves me that your country and mine should be at war.' And I said: 'Monsieur, my heart weeps for France, as yours weeps for Germany.' And he said: 'Yes, our hearts weep,' and then, as we walked on together, I said, quite with innocence: 'And my heart weeps for the poor Belgians.' Then he spoke with such sharpness, Mees Dwight: 'But, madame, the Belgians were so obstinate.' I gave him just one little look and I left him, and since then I have not cared to speak to him. Would you call it obstinate, Mees Dwight, if some one came to you and said: 'Give me your white elephant and your lead soldiers and your little pussy-cats'? You would say: 'They are mine—you are a robber.' And now it is Germany that robs. If I had met Herr von Puttkamer this morning I might have told him—that——"

Outside, the wet pavements, illumined by the street lamps, glimmered in a golden mist. Dorothea had not lighted the little shop. On an afternoon of rain there would be no customers. The toys were shadow shapes in the dusk. Dorothea dropped down on the stool which she had placed for Madame Papin's little feet.

"Madame," she said, "there was Waterloo, you know, and you hated the English——"

"They were our enemies."

"And now you hate the Germans."

"They are our enemies."

The little lady's needles clicked in the ensuing silence. Dorothea's brain was busy. She had been nourished, as it were, in childhood on stories of the tea which had been tumbled into Boston harbor; on

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the midnight ride, the lights in the old North Church, and the embattled farmers. She had been saturated with pride at the part which Massachusetts had played in the struggle for independence.

In that struggle England had been wrong, dead wrong. And as for France, had there ever been any war-madness to equal the war-madness of Napoleon! Should Germany stand alone among the nations in the scarlet of military sins?

And of Herr von Puttkamer was there not this to be said: that he would have been less of a man if he had not loved his country?

She rose and moved restlessly about the shop, and presently she set a music-box playing. It tinkled out, quite consistently, a little tune from "The Magic Flute."

"There," said Madame Papin, "even the music is their music——"

"Herr von Puttkamer says," Dorothea stated, "that the music of his country, the literature, should show us that they would not fight for an unjust cause. He says that for this if for nothing else we should love Germany."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the little lady from among the shadows. "*Mon Dieu!* Herr von Puttkamer is like the little lead soldiers, he was *made in Germany*. And when he speaks of love, he is thinking of you."

Dorothea, flushing, turned on the light, and went to the door to answer the postman's knock. Outside on the hall table a letter had been left for Otto von Puttkamer. It was a big letter with a foreign postmark and with an official look.

As Dorothea shut the door, Madame Papin cried: "Come quickly—Herr von Puttkamer this minute passed the window."

And now they heard his step in the hall.

"If he comes in here," said the sparkling little lady, "if he comes in here, Mees Dwight, my little French soldiers shall shoot him!"

They heard his slow steps going up the stairs, and presently they heard him coming down again. The door opened!

Their enemy was upon them!

This was no triumphant enemy, but an enemy agonized and pale. In his hand he held the letter with the official stamp.

He did not seem to see Madame Papin. His eyes were seeking Dorothea's. "I could not bear it alone," he said brokenly. "Dear lady, my brother—*mein Brüderchen!*"

O little lead soldiers, be glad that you have no hearts to break! O meek white elephant, be glad that your head is stuffed with sawdust, so that you have no mind to meditate on this monstrous murderous thing: War!

The hands of Madame Papin were very still. Her eyes were deep wells of tears. But Dorothea felt suddenly that here was something too deep for tears.

"Dear lady," Otto was saying, "surely you cannot hate me—now."

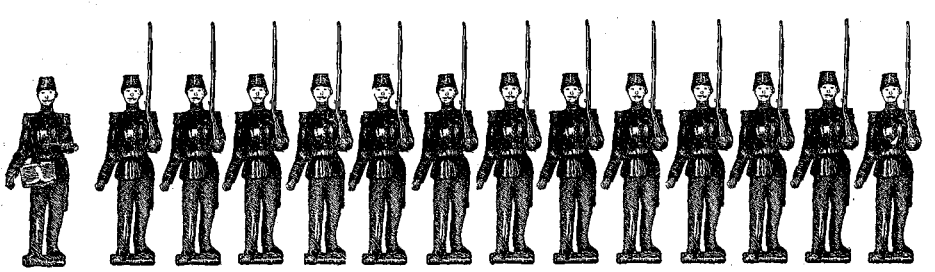
She went toward him swiftly, her hand outheld.

"It is—your country," she said softly. "*Right or wrong—it is your country.*"

He took her hands in his and bent his face upon them, while all the little things which had been made in Germany stared at the man who had given to Germany the thing that, next to this woman who stood with her hands in his, he loved more than anything else in the whole wide world.

And now it was Madame Papin who broke the silence. She rose from her chair and touched Otto on the arm. He raised his head and looked down at her.

"Listen," she said with great earnestness; "listen, my friend. She will comfort you. She loves you. And where death is—there are no—enemies."



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LOVE CALLED ME NOT AWAY

By Solomon Solis Cohen

I

Love called me not away. She came
  Straight to the field where I was plowing
And laid her hand by mine, the while
  She whispered low her sweet avowing:
  "Thy path I'll choose, that I may fill
  With joy the day laborious, whether
On rich-loamed plain or stony hill
  We guide the furrowing share together."

Shapely the hand I bent to kiss,
  White, as a lily long and slender;
And all my soul was aflood with bliss—
But I laughed in my heart: "Shall a hand like this
  Hold the staff of a plow in its grasp so tender?"

Yet days there came, when that hand held true
  The plow wherefrom my grasp had faltered,
Whilst glance and call gave courage new,
  Though frowning skies the world had altered.

And thus are toil and joy made one
  Through Love's high magic, day by day,
Who walks beside me in the field,
  Nor called me from the plow away.

II

Love walked beside me in the field
  When as the time had come for sowing;
Or whiles, danced merrily before,
  Right, left, her lavish handfuls throwing.

Like song of bird her laughter rang;
  Like laughter of the brook, her chanting:
"In gladness sow, for who may know,"
  She sang, "The harvest of his planting!
If empty prove the garnered ears—
  If bursting sheaves the wains o'erburden—
Alike through lean and plenteous years,
  Shall bloom the flowers Love hath for guerdon."

Bright smiled the eyes that I bent to kiss,
  Through tears with sad, sweet memories laden;
And I thrilled in my heart: "But a fool would miss
The workday world with its pain-won bliss,
  For the dull delights of a toilless Aiden!"

And thus it comes to pass that life
  Is full and rich, whate'er the yield
Of acres plowed and sown; for still,
  Love walks beside me in the field!

[A companion to "When Love Passed By," by the same author, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1888.]

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THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL*

IV.—THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN ADMINISTRATION

BY GEORGE W. GOETHALS, U. S. A.
Governor of the Panama Canal

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE general impression prevailed from the beginning that the building of the Panama Canal comprised one of the world's greatest engineering feats, and the tremendous scope of the work as it developed during the construction period served to mould this impression into a fixed belief; yet Mr. Stevens, who, for nearly two years had control on the Isthmus, not only of all construction, but of those various co-ordinate branches which were essential adjuncts to the building of the Canal, expressed the opinion that the engineering features were the least difficult, describing them as "of magnitude and not of intricacy." On the other hand, his experience convinced him that the administrative problems were the greater, presenting as they did many unusual features, involving an immense amount of detail and extending into every branch of business, with ramifications touching many phases of social and domestic economy.

In every undertaking of an engineering character there must necessarily be a greater or less amount of administrative detail resulting from problems of supply, labor, policy, and considerations arising out of them. In the case of the Panama Canal, not only were these problems present, but, as compared with those of engineering, they made the latter appear relatively small.

The very magnitude of the work imposed difficulties which would have existed even had it been undertaken in any portion of the United States, but these difficulties were increased materially by reason of having to carry on the work in a tropical country, sparsely populated, nonproductive, affording no skilled and very little efficient common labor, with customs and modes of living as different as the civilizations of North and Central America have been since the settlement of these portions of the western hemisphere, with a heavy rainfall during the greater portion of the year, and with a reputation for unhealthfulness which placed Panama in the category of one of the worst pest-holes of the earth.

It would seem that these circumstances and conditions imposed sufficient burdens, but they must needs be increased. As in the earliest days of our Civil War there arose the popular but ill-advised cry of "On to Richmond!" so, with the acquisition of the territory and the organization of the directing force on the Isthmus, came a clamor to "make the dirt fly," without heed or regard for the existing conditions under which the work had to be done; and when the results attained did not appear to be adequate there followed criticisms which were unjust and disheartening, considering that those on the ground, though handicapped on all sides, were doing their very best to secure results. The beginning of the Canal work coincided with the most flourishing period of the "muck-raking" magazine writers and unscrupulous free-lances contributing to the daily press; and this popular clamor and criticism were fed and inflamed by a number of articles which misstated facts, misrepresented conditions, and attempted to convict the organization of utter in-

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competency. It happened, as it often happens in the lives of individuals, that when the Canal organization most needed support it received harsh criticism instead, while later, when success was assured, there was a superabundance of praise.

The amount of preparatory work that had been accomplished prior to the advent of the third commission in 1907 was enormous, and it never will be appreciated, nor will proper credit be given to those who planned and executed it, for relatively few are thoroughly familiar with the details of the difficulties encountered. In the subsequent apparently smooth working of the vast machine that had been created there was no evidence of the trials, worries, and vexations that were overcome in order to "make the dirt fly" and to secure "yardage"—which, even to the end of the construction period, seemed to the popular eye to be the only desideratum.

Much that was of inestimable value had been learned from the French and from their experience, and that they builded well so far as they went is the consensus of opinion of all those who know. Their failure was due, not to faulty engineering, for their engineering was above criticism; not to the lack of proper sanitation, which appears to be the popular belief—for they worked on through the various epidemics that occurred, new men undauntedly taking the places of those who fell—but purely and simply to poor and maladministration. They were handicapped also in that they constituted merely a private corporation working under a concession, without absolute control over the territory—a situation which brought difficulties and delays. These were removed entirely when the United States acquired its rights through treaty provisions.

The forces of the United States were fortunate in other respects, for before the transfer of the work to them preventive medicine had made such advances as to make possible the conversion of the pesthole into a habitat where most white men could live and work. The diseases which sapped the energy and vitality of the men and struck terror to their souls were malaria and yellow fever. The cause of the former had been discovered by Sir Ronald Ross, of the British army, who formulated rules by which an infected locality could be rid of its influences. Not only were his theory and practises known, but we had the benefit of his advice and experience, for he visited the Isthmus on invitation of the commission at the instigation of the health authorities in order that we might have his assistance. After Sir Ronald Ross's discovery, Doctors Reed, Lazear, and Carroll, in Cuba, with Aristides Agramonte, a Cuban immune, proved the correctness of the theory advanced by Doctor Carlos Finlay, of Havana, that yellow fever was transmitted only by the mosquito, and prescribed the methods that resulted in ridding Cuba of that dread disease; it naturally followed that the Isthmus could be freed in the same way. Finally, great advances had been made in construction machinery of all kinds, making the equipment used by the French obsolete, though this was continued in use by the Americans until it could be replaced by the more modern and up-to-date appliances that experience had shown would accomplish the results.

Because of the reputation of Panama, difficulty was experienced in securing the necessary skilled and unskilled labor, but systems of recruiting had been worked out and were in satisfactory operation in 1907, when the force aggregated about 5,500 "gold" employees and 24,000 "silver," or common, laborers. Notwithstanding the fact that at this time the Isthmus had been freed from yellow fever, the dread of the tropics was still extant, making it difficult to secure American workmen. Even when I came to the Isthmus the bad name still clung to the locality, so that many of my friends took leave of me in a way to create the impression that they never expected to see me return. This condition was aggravated somewhat by a professional paper that was given wide publicity, to the effect that blondes do not get on well in the tropics. Though I had seen it, one of my colleagues, calling my attention to it, expressed the hope that I might hold out against this handicap—and when this hope was reiterated there came to mind the possible vacancy that the average service man is always anticipating!

The assembled force had to be housed

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and fed. Many houses were acquired from the French, but not sufficient for the needs, nor were they always accessible to the work in progress. Extensive building operations were undertaken, including the erection of offices, storehouses of various kinds, quarters, hotels, messes, kitchens, hospitals, and schools. (The arbitrary nomenclature that became current on the Isthmus is of interest. The terms "gold" and "silver," the former designating the high-grade employee, usually American, and the latter the lower grades, usually West Indian or European, are well known. A "hotel" in the Zone, excepting the Tivoli and the Washington, is not a hotel at all in the ordinary sense of the word, but is merely a mess-house, which may or may not have quarters attached, for serving meals to "gold" employees. "Mess," on the other hand, as used on the Isthmus, always means a mess for Europeans, and "kitchen" a mess for West Indians.)

New settlements were located and constructed with a view of accessibility to the work. The terminal cities of Panama and Colon were without pavements, sewers, or running water, and under the treaty these were to be provided by the United States, reimbursement to be accomplished at the end of the fifty-year period. This work was in progress as well as similar improvements in the various settlements that were building or completed. Machine-shops were rehabilitated or added to, and new ones constructed for assembling the machinery purchased in the United States, for manufacturing parts in order to avoid the delay incident to securing them from the manufacturers, and for making repairs.

The commissary of the Panama Railroad was enlarged and an adequate cold-storage plant for the proper care of meats and the manufacture of ice was in course of construction; local commissaries were established at the various settlements; and a system of supply was in operation between the main commissary and those at the different localities, as well as with the hotels, messes, and kitchens.

Probably the most difficult problem was the feeding of the force. Boarding-houses and restaurants thrived, but not so the men, and the stories told, exaggerated no doubt with the passage of time, are of conditions which, to say the least, were decidedly unpleasant. A local contract was made for running a hotel at Culebra, and the subsistence privilege for the entire force was advertised and bids were received. No doubt the controversy over the Markel contract is still fresh in the memory of many. Mr. Stevens protested so vigorously that this proposed method of furnishing meals was abandoned and the commission undertook the work itself. To Mr. Jackson Smith is due the credit for the system that was introduced and made effective for feeding the "gold" force in hotels at an expense to the men of thirty cents per meal, the European labor in messes at forty cents per day, and the West Indian labor at thirty cents per day.

Thought and attention were given to the storage and distribution of construction supplies. A system was instituted for shipping material and equipment direct from the dock to the places where needed, preventing congestion and saving double handling. A large storehouse was erected for reserve supplies of all kinds that might be needed and without which delays to the work would result. The great distance from the source of production and supply, and the necessity for keeping the work going, made the supply of material a very important feature.

The Panama Railroad, constructed in 1850–5 by Americans with American capital, constituted a part of one of the through routes between the east and west; its commercial interests had to be continued, and, in addition, it must assist in the construction of the Canal. The roadbed, equipment, and facilities were scarcely adequate for the former alone, and, with the immense quantities of supplies required for the Canal, they became totally inadequate. The road was double-tracked and rebuilt to suit the heavier equipment that had been ordered, round-houses were constructed, docks erected, and yards built at the terminals and at various places along the line for the handling of freight of all kinds and spoil from the Canal.

All of these various branches of the work came directly under the control of the chief engineer, and it was necessary

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to co-ordinate them with the construction of the Canal. Under these circumstances, it can readily be seen that Mr. Stevens's conclusions, that the administrative problems were greater than those of engineering, were correct.

In addition to the various questions that arose in the work under the control of the chief engineer, there were other administrative problems which were handled directly by the chairman of the commission, Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, who occupied the position from April 1, 1905, to March 4, 1907. They included the purchase of supplies, which were bought on requisitions and specifications prepared on the Isthmus, the employment of skilled labor of all kinds, the accounting for moneys and property, legal matters affecting the Canal and its adjuncts, general supervision of the various departments on the Isthmus, keeping the President, Secretary of War, and other interested parties informed as to the progress of the work, and the settlement, after conference with the President, the Secretary of War, and the commission, of all questions of policy.

One of the departments on the Isthmus not yet touched upon, and a very important one, was that of government. Under the treaty, the United States obtained from Panama the control and jurisdiction of a strip of land across the Isthmus ten miles wide, five miles on either side of the centre line of the Canal to be constructed, so that there were required, as soon as the transfer of the strip was effected, a code of laws, a fiscal system, and the other machinery necessary for the establishment of a form of government. While the Spooner Act gave the President authority to make such regulations and establish such tribunals as might be required to exercise the control under the treaty, Congress, by specific enactment, delegated to the President the exercise of civic, judicial, and military functions in the Zone, to be exercised through such person or persons as he might determine, but such delegation of authority was to cease with the expiration of the Fifty-eighth Congress (March 4, 1905). The President exercised this authority through the Isthmian Canal Commission, which became the legislative body, announced that the laws of the land would continue in force until changed by competent authority, and appointed a member of the commission as governor of the Canal Zone—Major-General George W. Davis, U. S. A., who brought to the task valuable experience gained in Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. At that time the Zone was divided into municipalities, each with its mayor, secretary, treasurer, and municipal council, so that a political organization was established for the government of the strip, but without the elective franchise. Laws were prescribed, courts established, police, fire force, postal system, customs service, and schools were organized as the needs of the situation demanded. This department also had charge of all questions that arose between the republic of Panama and the Canal Zone. The governor was given the power of reprieve, pardon, and deportation. The Fifty-eighth Congress adjourned without legislating for the Canal or continuing the authority it had vested in the President, so that the commission lost its legislative functions. A *de facto* government had been established, however; the work had to proceed; new conditions as they arose had to be met; so that President Roosevelt continued the government but legislated through the medium of Executive Orders. Attention was called in a previous article to the abolition of the old municipalities, with their organizations, and the substitution of administrative districts; the political form of government disappeared and was replaced by one of Executive Order. There resulted from this a unique autocracy which continued in force throughout the construction period.

With the concentration of the functions of the chairman and chief engineer under Mr. Stevens on March 4, 1907, his administrative duties were enlarged, so that his conclusions were still further justified. When the third commission assumed charge, a vast amount of preparatory work had been completed or was well advanced toward completion. In fact, at the time that he submitted his resignation, Mr. Shonts was credited with saying "there only remained the construction of the Canal." Notwithstanding this, sufficient administrative work remained to

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make me agree with Mr. Stevens's conclusions.

The engineering side of the enterprise was necessarily of very great importance, for the success of the undertaking was dependent upon the proper solutions of the problems involved, both theoretically and practically. The construction of the locks presented no new problems, though some novel features were introduced in the operating machinery for the locks and spillways; neither did the dams, dredging, or dry excavation; the methods adopted had been in use elsewhere. The difficulties were due to size and were sufficiently great in themselves; there is no desire or intent to detract from them or to belittle their importance. There were also questions concerning the plans of the Canal and methods of construction that required administrative action, and to these were added the problems or questions which arose in all the other departments and divisions, so that on the whole the administrative side of the work, including the co-ordination of its various parts, was the greater. This is more especially true if there be embraced under administration, where it properly belongs, the problem caused by the "human element."

In any line of endeavor this is always the uncertain factor. It can be told with a great degree of accuracy what a particular piece of machinery will do under specified conditions, or, knowing a man, what that man will do under normal circumstances, but take 40,000 men gathered from all parts of the world, place them in a tropical country, many miles from home and away from the ties and associations which have more or less guided and restrained them, and the "human element" straightway becomes a problem heavily charged with uncertainties and difficulties. I have been asked frequently what part of the work I considered the most difficult, and the reply was, invariably, the human problem; it extended from the highest to the lowest.

That contentment leads to efficiency was fully recognized at the beginning of the enterprise, and had resulted in the adoption of a broad, generous, and what seemed to me a very wise policy in regard to the force. Steps were taken to provide comfortable quarters, the men were encouraged to bring their families to the Isthmus when the quarters available permitted, and, as an additional inducement, reduced rates of transportation on Panama Railroad steamers were established, sufficient only to pay subsistence and service. The necessary furniture for the quarters was provided at the expense of the commission, with the exception of linen, table and kitchen ware, which could be brought from the United States at reduced freight rates or purchased from the commissary at practically cost price. About one-third of our "gold" employees were married men occupying family quarters. Taking into consideration the plant expenditure, water, fuel, light, medical attendance, and other privileges which were granted free, it was estimated that the families cost us $40 and the bachelors $14 per month. This was only a rough calculation, but the ratio of cost as between the married employee and the bachelor which it gives is no doubt nearly correct, and affords an idea of the large expense that was incurred in making our settlements semi-permanent communities rather than mere construction camps. The size of the job, the length of time required for its execution, and the results attained in increased efficiency and stability of the force fully justified the cost. Furthermore, the presence of women was necessary, not only for their influence in their respective home lives, but, in a larger way, for their influence on the social fabric as a whole. I do not believe, as has been claimed by some, that a body of American men would, during a few years, become absolute savages if left without the influence of good women, but I do believe, for so experience has shown, that there would be a marked social and moral deterioration.

Notwithstanding the large percentage of "gold" employees in family quarters, there was always demand for more family quarters than could be supplied. On October 1, 1907, the number of applications for family quarters in excess of those completed, under construction, or authorized, was three hundred and nine, and it was estimated that the construction of quarters to accommodate these applicants, including furniture, light, water, and sewer-system extensions, would entail an

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expenditure of upward of a million dollars, with no assurance, because of the constant changing of the force, that this amount would be sufficient. It was this estimated expenditure and the uncertainties of the future which led to the change in the existing policy noted in a previous article, whereby employees would be provided with bachelor quarters, but there would be no obligation to supply family quarters to an employee who entered the service after January 1, 1908. With this change in policy, it was decided to carry two lists of applicants for family quarters—list No. 1 for men who entered the service prior to January 1, 1908, and list No. 2 for men who were employed subsequent to that date and therefore, according to the conditions of their employment, not entitled to family quarters, but who might be supplied after all applicants on the No. 1 list had been assigned. These lists of applicants for quarters and the interest taken in them formed one of the prominent features of domestic life on the Isthmus. They were kept at the several stations by the district quartermasters and were required to be posted so that they might be inspected at any time. And they were inspected; they were watched with hawklike attention, and if through any error the name of an applicant did not occupy its proper place no time was lost by the person concerned in bringing the circumstance to the attention of the authorities.

Ministers of various denominations were employed by the commission, and suitable buildings erected in the settlements for religious services and Sunday-schools. These buildings were of two stories; the lower was used for church purposes and assigned to the different denominations by the district quartermaster, while the upper stories were lodge halls assigned to the use of different lodges, also by the district quartermaster.

The policy outlined was not confined to American, or "gold," employees, but was extended so far as possible to the so-called "silver" class, though some discrimination was made because the latter were not so thoroughly among strangers as the whites and their needs, consequently their demands, were fewer.

Americans were recruited from all parts of the United States. On arrival, they were met by a representative of the department having charge of such matters, sent to the localities where their services were needed, and housed in a community where, as a general rule, they were among total strangers. There were no traditions other than the stories of the earlier days on the Isthmus, which time magnified and enlarged, so that what little ground for truth might have existed for them originally could scarcely be discerned; no social coteries of any kind; no so-called public sentiment to form rules of living; on one, outside of the natives, had grown up in any of the communities; and though the grown-ups found themselves brought together for one common purpose, yet each one's particular interest in that purpose differed in a great measure from that of most of the others. They found that everything was determined in accordance with the rules of the commission and their interpretation; that their status as to the selection of quarters, as well as other privileges, was determined by the wage they earned, so that money became rather the dominant factor in determining a man's position, and necessarily his family's, in the community in which he lived, causing rivalries, with attendant jealousies and heartburnings.

The efforts to make the Zone a more comfortable and attractive place in which to live, and thus secure greater stability of the force, were not entirely successful. After the Isthmus had been put in a healthful condition and the danger of a yellow-fever or other epidemic had been entirely eliminated, there was a constant stream of employees leaving the Isthmus, compelling the employment of other men to take their places. In the year 1907, for instance, referring to the "gold" force, 5,804 men were employed and there were 4,367 separations from the service for all causes; or, stating the matter another way, in order to increase the force by 1,437 men during that year, it was necessary to employ four times as many.

The climate and the distance from home were not conducive to contentment; on the whole, a general clearing-house became an important factor in the common desire to secure harmony, and the "Sun-

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day court," which seems to have attracted attention, was established more for this purpose than with the idea of meting out justice. All employees, irrespective of color, were accorded a hearing; but soon the demand on available time became so great that I was obliged to have the assistance of Mr. McIlvaine, chief clerk of my office, and Mr. May, my secretary, confining my attention to the "gold" employees and those negroes whose cases could be settled by no one else. The troubles were generally due to some misinterpretation of the rules, misunderstanding of the regulations, complaints concerning the behavior of neighbors, the treatment received from officials, or the lack of proper appreciation of the services of the caller as indicated by the pay he was receiving.

The quarters question gave the greatest trouble, and the difficulties increased when, in 1908, family quarters were no longer promised. The houses acquired from the French were of various sizes and types, and the new buildings erected were built in accordance with type plans that had been adopted. Trouble arose from the fact that certain employees had a greater amount of room than others doing the same class of work. Mr. Jackson Smith evolved the method of determining the assignment of quarters on the basis of the wage earned. Rules were formulated governing their assignment and occupation which, while they worked hardships in certain individual cases, covered the situation very satisfactorily on the whole, notwithstanding that bickerings and grumblings continued. Early in my career on the Isthmus I made an exception to the rules in a case which appealed to the sympathies—contrary to the recommendation of Mr. Smith, who predicted trouble—and I learned to regret it. Since then the rules governing quarters have been like the laws of the Medes and Persians.

The large majority of the quarters were of the four-family type, two families below and two above, those on each floor separated by vertical partitions. With the floors and partitions of single planks, with sounds penetrating to all parts of the building, with water flowing through from the floors above on the neighbors below, with Mrs. Jones's company disturbing Mr. Smith's sleep (he being on night work), or the latter's children mistreating or abusing the former's, these quarters became prolific sources of trouble and complaint.

The furniture allotments gave trouble, for, though rules were formulated prescribing the allowance of furniture, it is certain that additional pieces were given to some employees and denied others. It was alleged that favoritism was shown by the local quartermasters, and the situation became so acute that an allowance was fixed for the various types of quarters, inspections were made, and furniture removed or added as the particular case might require. Similarly, stringent regulations had to be adopted governing the number of electric lights and the use of electrical appliances, such as irons, toasters, etc., because of the complaints of special privileges enjoyed by others. There was a letter written by a woman in Gorgona complaining that her neighbor had two oil student-lamps while she had only electric lights. Oil-lamps were in use prior to the installation of the electric plants, and these two had not been collected when electricity was substituted. The pay of this woman's husband was greater than the pay received by the possessor of the student-lamps, therefore there was favoritism and discrimination.

The commissaries came in for a large share of complaint, due to the quality of supplies and the treatment of patrons by employees. Quarrels with the neighbors because of the children, domestic differences, debts that were long due and could not be collected, treatment of patients by doctors and attendants, treatment meted out by foremen and others to their subordinates—questions of all kinds were brought up. I became the father confessor, and was called on to settle all sorts of questions raised by all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children.

Though it was necessary for us to have the women, and their influence has been beneficent and of great value to the work, it is a fact that their presence introduced many new perplexities. That Mrs. Jones had a more desirable house than Mrs. Smith, or that Mrs. Smith had three mission rockers while Mrs. Jones had only

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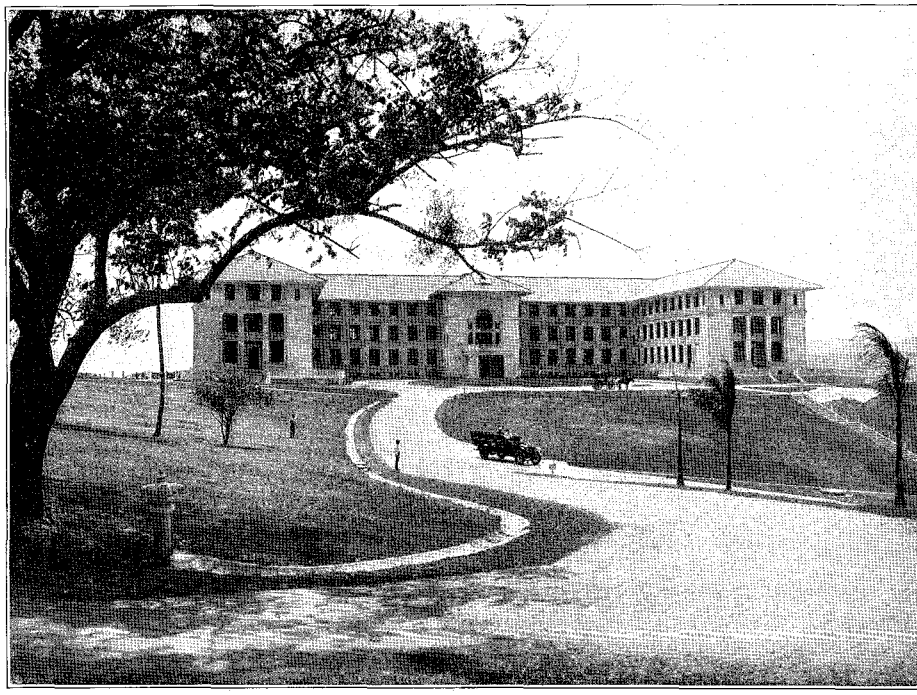
two, would not appear to any one who has not lived on the Isthmus as having much to do with the construction of a canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. However, one who had to listen to Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith as they narrated their grievances at length and with insistent demand for immediate redress might be forced to conclude that these matters were of vital importance. And they were of importance. If Mrs. Smith were dissatisfied, Mr. Smith was apt to be dissatisfied also, with a consequent loss of interest in his work and lack of efficiency; and if these little grievances and dissatisfactions had been allowed to smoulder they would have spread and become general throughout the force, seriously affecting the whole human machine. In building the Canal it was just as necessary to see that Mrs. Smith had a good stove, that her commissaries were delivered promptly, and that, in general, she received all the rights and privileges to which she was entitled, as it was to decide the location of the Pacific flight of locks—and the former was the more difficult task of the two.

Next to the questions of quarters and furniture, the wage scale was the source of more complaint than anything else. A table prepared by direction of Mr. Shonts in 1906, comparing the wages paid in the various trades with the average wages paid in the United States in similar employments, showed that the increases were not uniform in amounts. The same was true also in regard to positions not belonging to the trades. Under the organization in effect prior to January 8, 1908, the heads of departments were largely responsible for the wages in their respective departments, and men were induced to transfer from one to another on promise of an increase, which not only caused dissatisfaction but tended to disrupt the organization. Much thought was given to the wages for the trades; and while some minor changes were made where increases were possible, on the



New Administration Building, on Balboa Heights, in which all Canal officials and clerical forces are concentrated.
The Van Ingen paintings are placed in the rotunda in the centre of the building. The structure is of reinforced white concrete with roof of red tiles.

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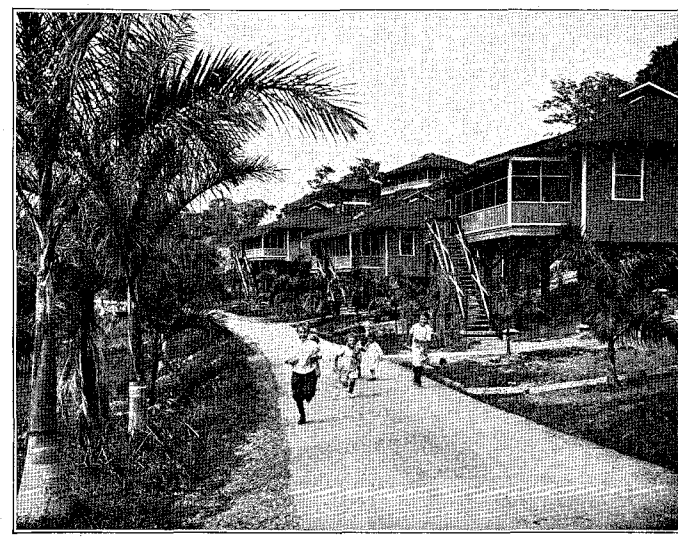
whole the wage scale was maintained, for to have decreased the pay of any craft would have caused trouble. It was deemed better policy to bear with the complaints and hold the wages undisturbed until the end of the construction period.

So far as the salaries attaching to other positions were concerned, a uniform wage scale was established on January 1, 1910; an attempt was made at that time to fix the pay to conform to the position and the responsibilities attached to it. Under a resolution of the commission dated September 5, 1904, officers of the army, navy, and Marine Hospital corps, while serving on duty with the commission, were to receive an increase of fifty per cent of their service pay. This was not fair to the civilians and was resented. Effective September 15, 1908, I had this resolution revoked, and officers from the various services received the pay attached to the positions filled by them; if this were greater than the service pay the incumbents received the difference, otherwise they served without extra compensation. When the law for the permanent organization was under consideration this question of the unbalanced wage scale was discussed with the committees of Congress. I believed that service on the Isthmus merited an increase over the pay for similar employment in the United States, suggested that provision be made for this, and the law provides for an increase of twenty-five per cent. The result will be that as wages increase in the United States there will be a corresponding increase on the Canal, and *vice versa*.

A number of the tangles that needed unravelling were due to nothing more or less than the braggadocio of some of the men who claimed to be receiving greater pay or more privileges than they actually were and which others felt they should also enjoy. An instance in point occurred as I was moving my belongings from Ancon to Culebra the Sunday morning after I had assumed charge. The train was crowded and the vacant place beside me was taken by a man I didn't know, who regaled me with the fact that there were to be "great doings" the following week, for a party of New York capitalists was coming down en route to South America, where the construction of a continental railroad was to be undertaken, and engineers were to be taken from the Canal. He had received an offer of $400 per month, but as this was no better than the pay he was receiving, and as he had six weeks' leave with pay due him, he was holding out for $500 and expected to get it. I had met, I thought, all the men drawing such salaries, and he certainly was not among them. We parted at Culebra. The following morning I again met this companion of mine at the site of the Sosa-Corozal Dam, carrying an instrument. We passed the time of day and met again at the Corozal Station. There was time, before the train left, for me to go to the hotel for some ice-water,



A street of one-family houses on Balboa Heights.

These are wooden houses of the Canal-construction period, removed from abandoned villages and reconstructed.

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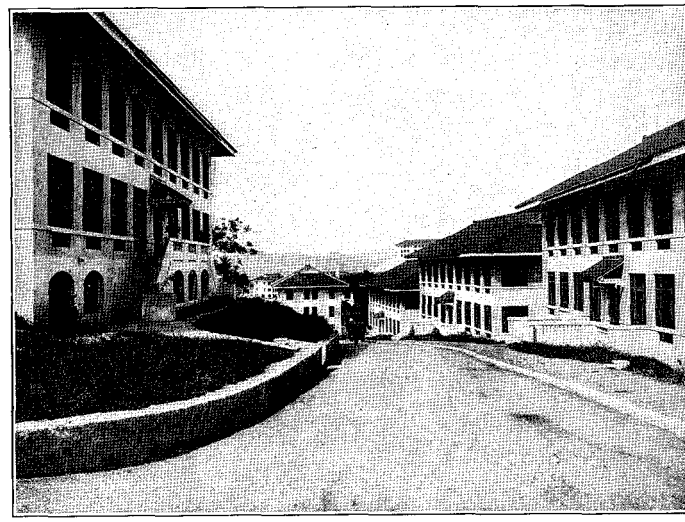
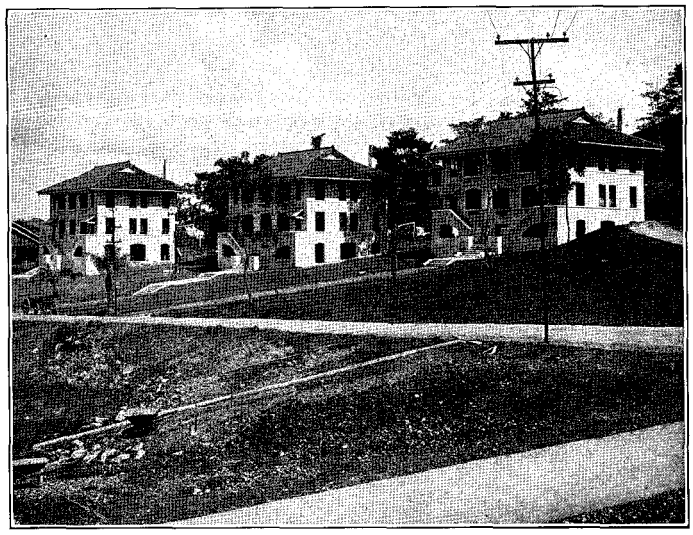
and he joined me after inquiring where I was going. At the hotel I found that the steward was a man who had served at West Point while I was there; the recognition was mutual, and he inquired what he could do for the colonel. My companion stared at me somewhat dazed, asked who I was, and, on learning, exclaimed: "My God! And I was talking with you yesterday!" It appeared that he didn't want a drink, after all, as he left abruptly. I found that he was employed as a rodman at $1,000 a year. He left the service later to accept a more lucrative position in the States, and we parted good friends. That type of man is found everywhere and his "yarns" furnish cause for discontent. Of course we also had with us the men whose services were not appreciated at the value placed by themselves; this class was hopeless, and the only advice that could be given was to try some other locality where such talents were in greater demand.



Street in the permanent town of Balboa, below the village of Balboa Heights. The houses are of reinforced concrete with red-tiled roofs and are quarters for employees.



Street in the permanent town of Balboa, with two-family houses of reinforced concrete with red-tiled roofs.

In the endeavor to make the Isthmus attractive and to secure a contented force, club-houses were built by the government and turned over to the Young Men's Christian Association management for operation. These club-houses were constructed in the larger settlements and did much to accomplish the desired end. They were in course of construction when the third commission assumed control, but the Young Men's Christian Association had appointed a superintendent to have charge of their operation and management, and he was on the Isthmus.

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The first one, which was at Culebra, was opened for activities in May, 1907, followed by those at Empire, Gorgona, and Cristobal.

Each of these clubs was furnished with a library, supplied with a graphophone, billiard and pool tables, bowling-alleys, checkers, chess, card-tables, a lecture-room with piano, and a general lounging-room where were magazines and daily and weekly papers from different sections of the United States. It had been decided, prior to my arrival, that dancing would be permitted, and clubs were formed for this purpose. This, I believe, was an innovation in Y. M. C. A. establishments, and it was an excellent one, for there seemed to be a greater desire for dancing in the tropics than in the temperate zone, certainly so before the introduction of the modern dances. Each club-house was in charge of a secretary, and later on to each one an assistant secretary was added to look after the athletic features. Various teams were organized to advance and encourage sports, such as bowling and basket-ball, and competition between the various club-houses became very keen. Prior to the opening of the first club-house, I found that considerable feeling existed among the men against the institution, for there was a large Catholic element in the force, and there was an idea extant that those of this faith would be excluded from membership through the exercise of religious ceremonies to which they could not conform. The affairs of the clubs were to be in charge of an advisory board to be appointed by the chairman of the commission, and I appointed on this board a Catholic for the very purpose of overcoming this feeling. It was also arranged that Bible classes and other religious services usually held in the Y. M. C. A.'s in the United States would not be organized by the management, leaving such activities, should any develop, entirely to the membership. There were other wrinkles that required smoothing out, but they were only such incidents as are liable to occur whenever there is a lack of tact on the part of the local management, and they were soon removed. The expense of these clubs was a greater drain on our appropriations than we anticipated originally, yet they were fully justified by the results secured.

The women and children were admitted, and the children between certain ages had the privileges of the clubs during hours which would not interfere with the men. The women liked to lounge in the lobbies of these buildings in the evenings. This proved attractive to the class sometimes scornfully designated as "pen-pushers," but I fear deterred numbers of the men who, in Isthmian nomenclature, were known as "rough-necks" from taking advantage of the attractions offered by the clubs.

With all the good that the clubs accomplished, I didn't feel that they went far enough. Sunday was one of the days when some sort of amusement was required. The club-houses on Sundays afforded diversion and recreation through their libraries, magazines, and newspapers to those classes of employees who were given to reading, but the construction men—those in the ditch and on the locks and dams—found little enjoyment in that way, and could not take advantage of the games which were provided, for they were prohibited on Sundays. Their only recourse, therefore, was to seek their pleasures in the terminal cities, Panama and Colon, where the saloons, shooting-galleries, billiard and pool rooms, and bowling-alleys were open. I strongly favored the use of all the facilities of the club-houses on Sunday, but I found a strong opposition to this on the part of the management, though a canvass of the force showed that a majority preferred such a course.

When the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. visited the Isthmus we discussed the situation, but I could make no headway with him; he felt that such a radical change in their policy would be the cause of just criticism and censure, and announced that the Y. M. C. A. would withdraw from the management of our club-houses should such a course be adopted. Conditions on the Isthmus were so entirely different from those in any locality in the United States that I argued in favor of an exception; men at home had no such cities as those at the terminals of the Canal; the temptations were greater and the restraining influences less. While admitting this, he contended that others would not understand,

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and he even doubted if there would be so very many who would forsake the fleshpots and the devil, as offered in Panama and Colon, for the benefits of the club-houses. It is true that there might not have been many, but, having seen a number of men go to the bad, I felt that if one were saved it would offset the criticism that would follow. He was obdurate, and, realizing that I would be unable to effect a change of policy because of the influence that would be exerted against me, I gave up the idea for a time. When the reorganization of the force was arranged the largest Canal settlement was in such close proximity to Panama that I again took up the question, and through the influence of Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge and Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, both of whom, fortunately, visited the Isthmus at an opportune time, Sunday opening was secured, with the proviso, to which I gladly consented, that games would not be allowed during the hours set aside for the church services.

Arrangements are made to bring to the Isthmus some of the travelling companies of entertainers which make the circuit of the Y. M. C. A.'s in the United States, and, in addition, motion-picture films are rented, thus giving the members, their families, and friends many pleasant evenings at these club-houses.

Every encouragement was and is given to tennis and baseball. For the latter an Isthmian league was formed, and employees organized stock companies, laid out grounds, and built grand stands. There was great rivalry among the teams in their efforts for the championship; professionalism crept in, finally, and practically ruined the game. With the changed conditions due to the closing down of construction work, the abandonment of old settlements, and the building of new ones, the old baseball fields disappeared as well as the league, but recently a new league was organized, lands were assigned for the fields, grand stands were built by the Panama Railroad, and good games of amateur ball are played on Sundays and holidays. The ministers on the Isthmus entered a protest against these Sunday games, but they are played at a time of day when they do not interfere with religious services. It is a form of wholesome amusement and recreation which the men can have at no other time because of the work hours, and it keeps them away from other and possibly more hurtful desecration of the Sabbath.

The tropical climate is more apt to prove injurious to a woman from the temperate zone than to a man, and, while the children thrived, the women often suffered in health. The men had their work, and therefore had only the evenings to dispose of, but the women, their household duties finished—and these were necessarily simple—had the days as well as the evenings, and with them time often dragged heavily. Those who stayed in the Zone willingly and cheerfully and proved genuine helpmeets to their husbands were also strong influences for good in the places where they lived; and they deserve high praise.

In September, 1907, Miss Helen Varick Boswell, of the Federation of Women's Clubs in the United States, came to the Isthmus to look over the field with a view to making suggestions which would encourage the women of the Zone to form organizations to be affiliated with the General Federation of Women's Clubs. As the result of this visit meetings were held in the club-houses at various places along the line, interest was stimulated, and women's clubs were finally formed in all of the principal settlements. These clubs, no doubt, did considerable good in bringing the women together, getting them acquainted, and in other ways; but with a population that shifted as ours did, not only from the Isthmus to the United States, but also from one station to another along the line of the Canal, it was difficult for any formal organization of considerable membership to retain its solidarity.

With our employees drawn from all classes and every place—from every State in the Union and from the large cities as well as the rural communities—it is not surprising that there was some discord and instances in which husband and wife failed to pull together in double harness. In the United States such cases would be carried to a law court, but this was rarely done on the Isthmus; instead, the complaining person came to my office, and, after I had heard his or her (more fre-

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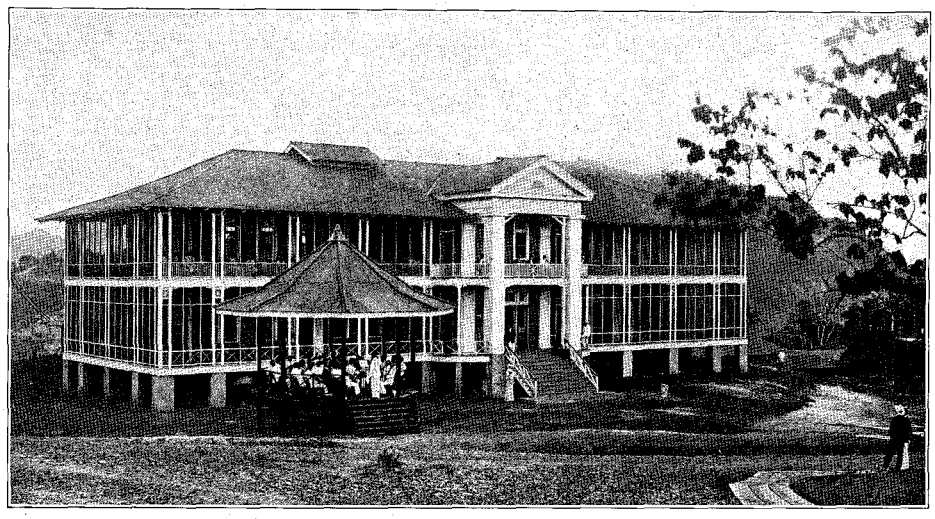
quently her) side, a formal investigation would ensue, with statements from those directly interested, and from others who might know whether Mr. Smith was really abusive and cruel toward Mrs. Smith, had refused to purchase for her a proper amount of clothing, had come home intoxicated the previous Saturday night and broken the dishes, had been unduly attentive to Mrs. Jones—or whatever might be the moving cause of the complaint. In some cases we were able to pour oil on the troubled waters so that the domestic ship sailed on smoothly thereafter. If this could not be done, the arrangement was made that was considered fair and best for all concerned. A lot of what amounted to alimony—an agreed sum of money given monthly—has been paid in the Zone without the intervention of a court of law. I fear that my decisions have not been uniformly wise, but the procedure has had advantages to the principals—they were not kept in suspense, but were given a quick decision, and they had to pay no court costs or attorney's fees.



Typical commission club-house with band-stand.

Formerly concerts were given here by the Canal commission band composed of employees.

Gambling became a serious source of complaint from the wives of employees who suffered the consequences, for rather large stakes were involved. It was difficult to break this up, but finally, by using the information obtained at these Sunday morning sessions, and appealing to the players themselves, most of the games were stopped. From information received, the games in Panama City were apparently not "straight." Whether these reports were founded on facts or resulted from the losses sustained I was not able to determine; the stakes were high and the losses were the cause of much distress. Through President Taft pressure was brought to bear on the officials of the republic, but the apparent attempt to stop the games was not effectual.

The greatest part of the force did not belong to the teetotaler class, nor did the prohibition movement have many supporters outside of the clergy. When the United States assumed control there were saloons in all the settlements that existed, and these were continued, but when new settlements were established saloon licenses were not extended to them. Consequently, we had some "wet" and some "dry" towns. The license fee was a high one, one thousand two hundred dollars a year, and an analysis of the liquor sold within the Zone was made from time to time, with the penalty of the revocation of the license in cases where adulteration was found. Licenses were limited at first to a certain number of saloons in each locality, but, as this caused charges of fa-

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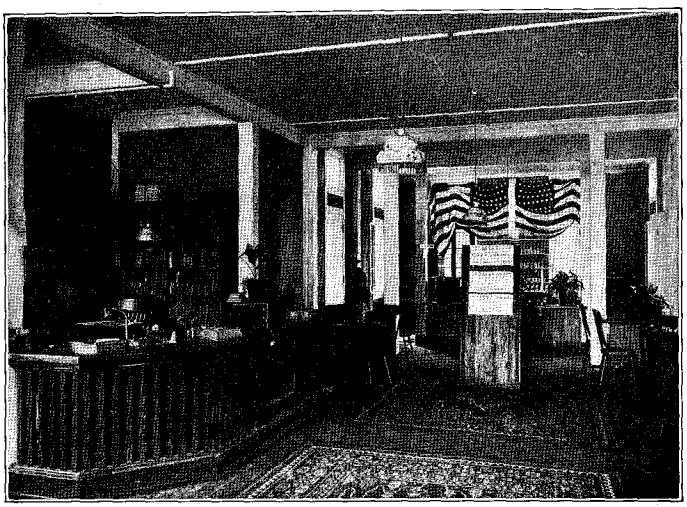
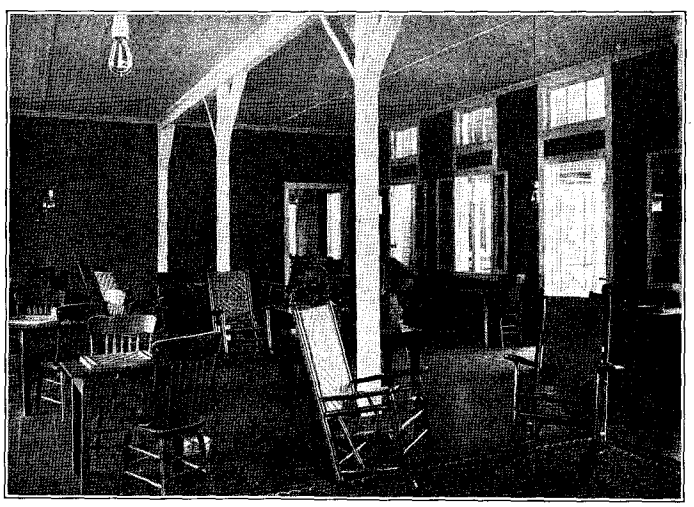
voritism and required discrimination, the number was unlimited, though care was exercised in their issue.

The saloons were segregated, kept under the constant surveillance of the police, and the hours for business prescribed and strictly enforced. Later regulations prohibited the use of chairs and tables in the barrooms, thus removing those comforts which might tend to loitering or conviviality. Giving of credit by the saloons to their patrons was discouraged through refusal by the authorities to render any assistance in the collection of bills. Again, all cases of alcoholism treated in the hospitals were reported and noted on the personal records, the men understanding that alcoholism was a cause for discharge from the service. It is a curious fact, but the police records showed that there were more arrests for disorderly conduct due to liquor in the towns where liquor was not sold than in the others, and this was for the reason that in the former places the men would bring the liquor out from the terminal cities by the bottle and drink until the supply was exhausted, while in the latter, being obliged to stand as they drank, there was not so much temptation to overindulgence, and the men, after they had satisfied their thirst, went to their homes or about their business.



Lobby of a commission club-house.



Social hall in a commission club-house.

The ministers employed by the commission, and others, protested against the granting of licenses within the Zone, and occasionally letters on the subject reached us from the United States. The work was of the earth earthy, and the men engaged on it were more of the sinning class than saints. We employed the ministers to look after the spiritual welfare of our people, and I suggested to them that if they would make the men more saintly through their

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teachings and labors among them the saloons would disappear without the necessity of administrative action. So long as liquor was so easily purchasable in the terminal cities, I much preferred that the saloons be kept in the Zone, where our men could remain under the observation of our own people and where unadulterated liquor could be bought.

When Las Cascadas was turned over for occupation to the Tenth Infantry, the saloons in that community were closed, and later, after discussing the question with the Secretary of War, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, I agreed that at the expiration of the term of the licenses for 1913 the saloons at Empire, the nearest settlement, would be closed also, for they were too accessible to the enlisted men. I was very anxious to start a canteen for the benefit of the employees and the soldiers, but the necessary authority could not be obtained. When the closing of the saloons at Empire was discussed at the commission meeting in April, 1913, it was decided to close those at Culebra and Gatun at the same time, those being the only remaining towns in the Zone where liquor was sold. By this time the construction work was drawing to a close, making it necessary to reduce the force employed, and many of the drinkers were selected for discharge, so that the drinking element was reduced materially though it did not disappear entirely.

Sunday mornings were not the only times devoted to the human problems, nor were those presented then the only problems in connection with the human element that received attention. I was accessible to any one desiring to see me whenever I was in the office; my mornings were spent going around from one place to another inspecting the various phases of the enterprise and gathering information, not so much from the officials as from the men. These were consulted about their particular tasks and encouraged to express their views freely as to the methods employed and the manner of doing. Not only did the individual take greater interest in consequence, but I obtained a knowledge of details which could have been acquired in no other way. This knowledge of details was described by one writer as "uncanny," and was responsible for the report in circulation that "gum-shoe" men were employed and scattered over the Isthmus for the purpose of keeping me informed about everything that went on. I was amused to learn from the chairman of the labor commission which visited the Isthmus in 1908, some time after its arrival, that he had employed and brought with him a Russian, who had experience in the secret service, to ascertain if there were any foundation for the charge relative to the "gum-shoe" men.

The Executive Order governing accounting provided for time inspectors, who were engaged in checking up the men employed on various parts of the work with the time reported in the time books, and they were obliged to report any irregularities; there was also a man connected with my office who investigated complaints that had been made in order that all parties concerned might have an opportunity to present their side of the story. There was, however, no "secret service," nor was there need of any. The Isthmus was forty-seven miles of gossip; information and misinformation circulated rapidly, and through the complaints that resulted everything of the kind reached me sooner or later; furthermore, I could always get any information desired through my visitors, who, in fact, were the real and only "gum shoes."

Of the various administrative problems that had to be taken up and solved, those outlined herein were the most difficult, constituting the most tiresome and exhausting of my duties. They were assumed voluntarily and for a purpose. I had learned by experience, both in the army and on civil works, that the best results are secured through the co-operation of men who are contented and who have respect for and confidence in their leader. At the "smoker" which was given at Corozal on March 17, 1907, I realized fully that the advent of the army was by no means popular; on the contrary, that there was a strong feeling of resentment against it. The force had to be won over or the new régime would end in failure. At that gathering I made certain promises, and I kept the faith; the labor and time expended have been more than repaid by the results accomplished.

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THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

XXIII

ON their way back to Becket, after the visit to Tryst, Felix and Nedda dropped Derek half-way on the road to Joyfields. They found that the Becket household already knew of the arrest. Woven into a dirge on the subject of 'the Land,' the last town doings, and adventures on golf courses, it formed the genial topic of the dinner-table; for the Bulgarian and his carbohydrates was already a wonder of the past. The Bigwigs of this week-end were quite a different lot from those of three weeks ago, and comparatively homogeneous, having only three different plans for settling the land question, none of which, fortunately, involved any more real disturbance of the existing state of things than the potato, brown-bread plan, for all were based on the belief held by the respectable press, and constructive portions of the community, that omelets can be made without breaking eggs. On one thing alone, of course, the whole house party was agreed—the importance of the question. Indeed, a sincere conviction on this point was like the card one produces before one is admitted to certain functions. No one came to Becket without it; or, if he did, he begged, borrowed, or stole it the moment he smelled Clara's special pot-pourri in the hall; and, though he sometimes threw it out of the railway-carriage window in returning to town, there was nothing remarkable about that. The conversational debauch of the first night's dinner—and, alas! there were only two even at Becket during a week-end—had undoubtedly revealed the feeling which had set in of late that there was nothing really wrong with the condition of the agricultural laborer, the only trouble being that the unreasonable fellow did not stay on the land. It was believed that Henry Wiltram, in conjunction with Colonel Martlett, was on the point of promoting a policy for imposing penalties on those who attempted to leave it without good reason, such reason to be left to the discretion of impartial district boards, composed each of one laborer, one farmer, and one landowner, decision going by favor of majority. And though opinion was rather freely expressed that, since the voting would always be two to one against, this might trench on the liberty of the subject, many thought that the interests of the country were so much above this consideration that something of the sort would be found, after all, to be the best arrangement. The cruder early notions of resettling the land by fostering peasant proprietorship, with habitable houses and security of tenure, were already under a cloud, since it was more than suspected that they would interfere unduly with the game laws and other soundly vested interests. Mere penalization of those who (or whose fathers before them) had at great pains planted so much covert, enclosed so much common, and laid so much country down in grass was hardly a policy for statesmen. A section of the guests, and that perhaps strongest because most silent, distinctly favored this new departure of Henry Wiltram's. Coupled with his swinging corn tax, it was indubitably a stout platform.

A second section of the guests spoke openly in favor of Lord Settleham's policy of good-will. The whole thing, they thought, must be voluntary, and they did not see any reason why, if it were left to the kindness and good intentions of the landowner, there should be any land question at all. Boards would be formed in every county on which such model landowners as Sir Gerald Malloring, or Lord Settleham himself, would sit, to apply the principles of good-will. Against this policy the only criticism was levelled by Felix.

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He could have agreed, he said, if he had not noticed that Lord Settleham, and nearly all landowners, were thoroughly satisfied with their existing good-will and averse to any changes in their education that might foster an increase of it. If landowners were so full of good-will, and so satisfied that they could not be improved in that matter, why had they not already done what they now proposed to do, and settled the land question? He himself believed that the land question, like any other, was only capable of settlement through improvement in the spirit of all concerned, but he found it a little difficult to credit Lord Settleham and the rest of the landowners with sincerity in the matter so long as they were unconscious of any need for their own improvement. According to him, they wanted it both ways, and, so far as he could see, they meant to have it!

His use of the word sincere, in connection with Lord Settleham, was at once pounced on. He could not know Lord Settleham—one of the most sincere of men. Felix freely admitted that he did not, and hastened to explain that he did not question the—er—parliamentary sincerity of Lord Settleham and his followers. He only ventured to doubt whether they realized the hold that human nature had on them. His experience, he said, of the houses where they had been bred, and the seminaries where they had been trained, had convinced him that there was still a conspiracy on foot to blind Lord Settleham and those others concerning this; and, since they were themselves part of the conspiracy, there was very little danger of their unmasking it. At this juncture Felix was felt to have exceeded the limit of fair criticism, and only that toleration toward literary men of a certain reputation, in country houses, as persons brought there to say smart and irresponsible things, prevented people from taking him seriously.

The third section of the guests, unquestionably more static than the others, confined themselves to pointing out that, though the land question was undoubtedly serious, nothing whatever would result from placing any further impositions upon landowners. For, after all, what was land? Simply capital invested in a certain way, and very poorly at that. And what was capital? Simply a means of causing wages to be paid. And whether they were paid to men who looked after birds and dogs, loaded your guns, beat your coverts, or drove you to the shoot, or paid to men who ploughed and fertilized the land, what did it matter? To dictate to a man to whom he was to pay wages was, in the last degree, un-English. Everybody knew the fate which had come, or was coming, upon capital. It was being driven out of the country by leaps and bounds—though, to be sure, it still perversely persisted in yielding every year a larger revenue by way of income tax. And it would be dastardly to take advantage of land just because it was the only sort of capital which could not fly the country in times of need. Stanley himself, though, as became a host, he spoke little and argued not at all, was distinctly of this faction; and Clara sometimes felt uneasy lest her efforts to focus at Becket all interest in the land question should not quite succeed in outweighing the passivity of her husband's attitude. But, knowing that it is bad policy to raise the whip too soon, she trusted to her genius to bring him 'with one run at the finish,' as they say, and was content to wait.

There was universal sympathy with the Mallorings. If a model landlord like Malloring had trouble with his people, who—who should be immune? Arson! It was the last word! Felix, who secretly shared Nedda's horror of the insensate cruelty of flames, listened, nevertheless, to the jubilation that they had caught the fellow, with profound disturbance. For the memory of the big laborer seated against the wall, his eyes haunting round his cell, quarrelled fiercely with his natural abhorrence of any kind of violence, and his natural dislike of anything that brought anxiety into his own life—and the life, almost as precious, of his little daughter. Scarcely a word of the evening's conversation but gave him in high degree the feeling: How glib all this is, how far from reality! How fatted up with shell after shell of comfort and security! What do these people know, what do they realize, of the pressure and beat of raw life that lies behind—what do even I, who have seen this prisoner, know? For us it's as simple as killing a rat that eats our corn, or a flea that sucks our blood. Arson!

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Destructive brute—lock him up! And something in Felix said: For order, for security, this may be necessary. But something also said: Our smug attitude is odious!

He watched his little daughter closely, and several times marked the color rush up in her face, and once could have sworn he saw tears in her eyes. If the temper of this talk were trying to him, hardened at a hundred dinner-tables, what must it be to a young and ardent creature! And he was relieved to find, on getting to the drawing-room, that she had slipped behind the piano and was chatting quietly with her Uncle John. . . .

As to whether men liked her or not, Nedda perhaps was not more ignorant than other women; and she had noted a certain warmth and twinkle in Uncle John's eyes the other evening, a certain rather jolly tendency to look at her when he should have been looking at the person to whom he was talking; so that she felt toward him a trustful kindliness not altogether unmingled with a sense that he was in that Office which controls the destinies of those who 'get into trouble.' The motives even of statesmen, they say, are mixed; how much more so, then, of girls in love! Tucked away behind a Steinway, which instinct told her was not for use, she looked up under her lashes at her uncle's still military figure and said softly:

"It was awfully good of you to come, too, Uncle John."

And John, gazing down at that round, dark head, and those slim, pretty, white shoulders, answered:

"Not at all—very glad to get a breath of fresh air."

And he stealthily tightened his white waistcoat—a rite neglected of late; the garment seemed to him at the moment unnecessarily loose.

"You have so much experience, uncle. Do you think violent rebellion is never justifiable?"

"Never."

Nedda sighed. "I'm glad you think that," she murmured, "because I don't, either. But some people do. I do so want you to like Derek, Uncle John, because—because—it's a secret from nearly every one—he and I are engaged."

John jerked his head up a little, as though he had received a slight blow. The news was not palatable. He kept his form, however, and answered:

"Oh! Really! Ah!"

Nedda said still more softly: "Please don't judge him by the other night; he wasn't very nice then, I know."

John cleared his throat.

Instinct warned her that he agreed, and she said rather sadly:

"You see, we're both awfully young. It must be splendid to have experience."

Over John's face, with its double line between the brows, its double line in the thin cheeks, its single firm line of mouth beneath a gray moustache, there passed a little grimace.

"As to being young," he said, "that'll change for the—er—better only too fast."

What was it in this girl that reminded him of that one with whom he had lived but two years, and mourned fifteen? Was it her youth? Was it that quick way of lifting her eyes, and looking at him with such clear directness? Or the way her hair grew? Or what?

"Do you like the people here, Uncle John?"

The question caught John, as it were, between wind and water. Indeed, all her queries seemed to be trying to incite him to those wide efforts of mind which bring into use the philosophic nerve; and it was long since he had generalized afresh about either things or people, having fallen for many years past into the habit of reaching his opinions down out of some pigeonhole or other. To generalize was a youthful practice that one took off as one took certain garments off babies when they came to years of discretion. But since he seemed to be in for it, he answered rather shortly: "Not at all."

Nedda sighed again.

"Nor do I. They make me ashamed of myself."

John, whose dislike of the Bigwigs was that of the dogged worker of this life for the dogged talkers, wrinkled his brows:

"How's that?"

"They make me feel as if I were part of something heavy sitting on something else, and all the time talking about how to make things lighter for the thing it's sitting on."

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A vague recollection of somebody—some writer, a dangerous one—having said something of this sort flitted through John.

"Do *you* think England is done for, uncle—I mean about 'the Land'?"

In spite of his conviction that 'the country was in a bad way,' John was deeply, intimately shocked by that simple little question. Done for! Never! Whatever might be happening underneath, there must be no confession of that. No! the country would keep its form. The country would breathe through its nose, even if it did lose the race. It must never know, or let others know, even if it were beaten. And he said:

"What on earth put that into your head?"

"Only that it seems funny, if we're getting richer and richer, and yet all the time farther and farther away from the life that every one agrees is the best for health and happiness. Father put it into my head, making me look at the little, towny people in Transham this afternoon. I know I mean to begin at once to learn about farm work."

"You?" This pretty young thing with the dark head and the pale, slim shoulders! Farm work! Women were certainly getting queer. In his department he had almost daily evidence of that!

"I should have thought art was more in your line!"

Nedda looked up at him; he always afterward remembered that look, so straight and young.

"It's this. I don't believe Derek will be able to stay in England. When you feel very strongly about things it must be awfully difficult to."

In bewilderment John answered:

"Why! I should have said this was the country of all others for movements, and social work, and—and—cranks—" he paused.

"Yes; but those are all for curing the skin, and I suppose we're really dying of heart disease, aren't we? Derek feels that, anyway, and, you see, he's not a bit wise, not even patient—so I expect he'll have to go. I mean to be ready, anyway."

And Nedda got up. "Only, if he does something rash, don't let them hurt him, Uncle John, if you can help it."

John felt her soft fingers squeezing his, almost desperately, as if her emotions had for the moment got out of hand. And he was touched, though he knew that the squeeze expressed feeling for his nephew, not for himself. When she slid away out of the big room all friendliness seemed to go out with her, and very soon after he himself slipped away to the smoking-room. There he was alone, and, lighting a cigar, because he still had on his long-tailed coat which did not go with that pipe he would so much have preferred, he stepped out of the French window into the warm, dark night. He walked slowly in his evening pumps up a thin path between columbines and peonies, late tulips, forget-me-nots, and pansies peering up at him in the dark with queer, monkey faces. He had a love for flowers, rather starved for a long time past, and, strangely, liked to see them, not in the set and orderly masses that should seemingly have gone with his character, but in wilder beds, where one never knew what flower was coming next. Once or twice he stopped and bent down, ascertaining which kind it was, living its little life down there, then passed on in that mood of stammering thought which besets men of middle age who walk at night—a mood caught between memory of aspirations spun and over, and vision of aspirations that refuse to take shape. Why should they, any more—what was the use? And turning down another path he came on something rather taller than himself, that glowed in the darkness as though a great moon, or some white round body, had floated to within a few feet of the earth. Approaching, he saw it for what it was—a little magnolia-tree in the full of its white blossoms. Those clustering flower-stars, printed before him on the dark coat of the night, produced in John more feeling than should have been caused by a mere magnolia-tree; and he smoked steadily. Beauty, seeking whom it should upset, seemed, like a girl, to stretch out arms and say: "I am here!" And with a pang at heart, and a long ash on his cigar, between lips that quivered oddly, John turned on his heel and retraced his footsteps to the smoking-room. It was still deserted. Taking up a review, he opened it at an article on 'the Land,' and, fixing his eyes on the first page,

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did not read it, but thought: 'That child! What folly! Engaged! H'm! To that young—! Why, they're babes! And what is it about her that reminds me—reminds me— What is it? Lucky devil, Felix—to have her for daughter! Engaged! The little thing's got her troubles before her. Wish *I* had! By George, yes—wish I had!' And with careful fingers he brushed off the ash that had fallen on his lapel. . . .

The little thing who had her troubles before her, sitting in her bedroom window, had watched his white front and the glowing point of his cigar passing down there in the dark, and, though she did not know that they belonged to him, had thought: 'There's some one nice, anyway, who likes being out instead of in that stuffy drawing-room, playing bridge, and talking, talking.' Then she felt ashamed of her uncharitableness. After all, it was wrong to think of them like that. They did it for rest after all their hard work; and she—she did not work at all! If only Aunt Kirsteen would let her stay at Joyfields, and teach her all that Sheila knew! And lighting her candles, she opened her diary to write.

"Life," she wrote, "is like looking at the night. One never knows what's coming, only suspects, as in the darkness you suspect which trees are what, and try to see whether you are coming to the edge of anything. . . . A moth has just flown into my candle before I could stop it! Has it gone quite out of the world? If so, why should it be different for us? The same great Something makes all life and death, all light and dark, all love and hate—then why one fate for one living thing, and the opposite for another? But suppose there *is* nothing after death—would it make me say: 'I'd rather not live!' It would make me delight more in life of every kind. Only human beings brood and are discontented, and trouble about future life. While Derek and I were sitting in that field this morning, a bumblebee flew to the bank and tucked its head into the grass and went to sleep, just tired out with flying and working at its flowers; it simply snoozed its head down and went off. We ought to live every minute to the utmost, and when we're tired out, tuck in our heads and sleep. . . . If only Derek is not brooding over that poor man! Poor man—all alone in the dark, with months of misery before him! Poor soul! Oh! I am sorry for all the unhappiness of people! I can't bear to think of it. I can't." And dropping her pen, Nedda went again to her window and leaned out. So sweet the air smelled that it made her ache with delight to breathe it in. Each leaf that lived out there, each flower, each blade of grass, were sworn to conspiracy of living perfume. And she thought: 'They *must* all love each other, they simply must; it all goes together so beautifully!' Then, mingled with the simple incense of the night, she caught the savor of woodsmoke. It seemed to make the whole scent even more delicious, but she thought, bewildered: 'Smoke! Cruel fire—burning the wood that once grew leaves like those. Oh! it *is* so mixed!' It was a thought others have had before her.

XXIV

To see for himself how it fared with the big laborer at the hands of Preliminary Justice, Felix went into Transham with Stanley the following morning. John having departed early for town, the brothers had not further exchanged sentiments on the subject of what Stanley called 'the kick-up at Joyfields.' And just as night will sometimes disperse the brooding moods of Nature, so it had brought to all three the feeling: 'Haven't we made too much of this? Haven't we been a little extravagant, and aren't we rather bored with the whole subject?' Arson was arson; a man in prison more or less was a man in prison more or less! This was especially Stanley's view, and he took the opportunity to say to Felix: "Look here, old man, the thing is, of course, to see it in proportion."

It was with this intention, therefore, that Felix entered the building where the justice of that neighborhood was customarily dispensed. It was a species of small hall, somewhat resembling a chapel, with distempered walls, a platform, and benches for the public, rather well filled that morning—testimony to the stir the little affair had made. Felix, familiar with the appearance of London police

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courts, noted the efforts that had been made to create resemblance to those models of administration. The justices of the peace, hastily convoked and four in number, sat on the platform, with a semicircular backing of high gray screens and a green baize barrier in front of them, so that their legs and feet were quite invisible. In this way had been preserved the really essential feature of all human justice—at whose feet it is well known one must not look! Their faces, on the contrary, were entirely exposed to view, and presented that pleasing variety of type and unanimity of expression peculiar to men keeping an open mind. Below them, with his face toward the public, was placed a gray-bearded man at a table also covered with green baize, that emblem of authority. And to the side, at right angles, raised into the air, sat a little terrier of a man, with gingery, wired hair, obviously the more articulate soul of these proceedings. As Felix sat down to worship, he noticed Mr. Pogram at the green baize table, and received from the little man a nod and the faintest whiff of lavender and gutta-percha. The next moment he caught sight of Derek and Sheila, screwed sideways against one of the distempered walls, looking, with their frowning faces, for all the world like two young devils just turned out of hell. They did not greet him, and Felix set to work to study the visages of Justice. They impressed him, perhaps, more favorably than he had expected. The one to his extreme left, with a gray-whiskered face, was like a large and sleepy cat of mature age, who moved not, except to write a word now and then on the paper before him, or to hand back a document. Next to him, a man of middle age with bald forehead and dark, intelligent eyes seemed conscious now and again of the body of the court, and Felix thought: 'You have not been a magistrate long.' The chairman, who sat next, with the moustache of a heavy dragoon and gray hair parted in the middle, seemed, on the other hand, oblivious of the public, never once looking at them, and speaking so that they could not hear him, and Felix thought: 'You have been a magistrate too long.' Between him and the terrier man, the last of the four wrote diligently, below a clean, red face with clipped white moustache and little peaked beard. And Felix thought: 'Retired naval!' Then he saw that they were bringing in Tryst. The big laborer advanced between two constables, his broad, unshaven face held high, and his lowering eyes, through which his strange and tragical soul seemed looking, turned this way and that. And Felix, who, no more than any one else, could keep his gaze off the trapped creature, felt again all the sensations of the previous afternoon.

"Guilty? or Not guilty?" As if repeating something learned by heart, Tryst answered: "Not guilty, sir." And his big hands, at his sides, kept clenching and unclenching. The witnesses, four in number, began now to give their testimony. A sergeant of police recounted how he was first summoned to the scene of burning, and afterward arrested Tryst; Sir Gerald's agent described the eviction and threats uttered by the evicted man; two persons, a stone-breaker and a tramp, narrated that they had seen him going in the direction of the rick and barn at five o'clock, and coming away therefrom at five-fifteen. Punctuated by the barking of the terrier clerk, all this took time, during which there passed through Felix many thoughts. Here was a man who had done a wicked, because an antisocial, act; the sort of act no sane person could defend; an act so barbarous, stupid, and unnatural that the very beasts of the field would turn their noses away from it! How was it, then, that he himself could not feel incensed? Was it that in habitually delving into the motives of men's actions he had lost the power of dissociating what a man did from what he was; had come to see him, with his thoughts, deeds, and omissions, as a coherent growth? And he looked at Tryst. The big laborer was staring with all his soul at Derek. And, suddenly, he saw his nephew stand up—his dark head thrown back against the wall—and open his mouth to speak. In sheer alarm Felix touched Mr. Pogram on the arm. The little square man had already turned; he looked at that moment extremely like a frog.

"Gentlemen, I wish to say——"

"Who are you? Sit down!" It was the chairman, speaking for the first time in a voice that could be heard.

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"I wish to say that he is not responsible. I——"

"Silence! Silence, sir! Sit down!"

Felix saw his nephew waver, and Sheila pulling at his sleeve; then, to his infinite relief, the boy sat down. His sallow face was red; his thin lips compressed to a white line. And slowly under the eyes of the whole court he grew deadly pale.

Distracted by fear that the boy might make another scene, Felix followed the proceedings vaguely. They were over soon enough: Tryst committed, defence reserved, bail refused—all as Mr. Pogram had predicted.

Derek and Sheila had vanished, and in the street outside, idle at this hour of a working-day, were only the cars of the four magistrates; two or three little knots of those who had been in court, talking of the case; and in the very centre of the street, an old, dark-whiskered man, lame, and leaning on a stick.

"Very nearly being awkward," said the voice of Mr. Pogram in his ear. "I say, do you think—no hand himself, surely no real hand himself?"

Felix shook his head violently. If the thought had once or twice occurred to him, he repudiated it with all his force when shaped by another's mouth—and such a mouth, so wide and rubbery!

"No, no! Strange boy! Extravagant sense of honor—too sensitive, that's all!"

"Quite so," murmured Mr. Pogram soothingly. "These young people! We live in a queer age, Mr. Freeland. All sorts of ideas about, nowadays. Young men like that—better in the army—safe in the army. No ideas there!"

"What happens now?" said Felix.

"Wait!" said Mr. Pogram. "Nothing else for it—wait. Three months—twiddle his thumbs. Bad system! Rotten!"

"And suppose in the end he's proved innocent?"

Mr. Pogram shook his little round head, whose ears were very red.

"Ah!" he said, "often say to my wife: 'Wish I weren't a humanitarian!' Heart of india-rubber — excellent thing — the greatest blessing. Well, good-morning! Anything you want to say at any time, let me know!" And exhaling an overpowering whiff of gutta-percha, he grasped Felix's hand and passed into a house on the door of which was printed in brazen letters: "Edward Pogram, James Collet. Solicitors. Agents."

On leaving the little humanitarian, Felix drifted back toward the court. The cars were gone, the groups dispersed; alone, leaning on his stick, the old, dark-whiskered man stood like a jackdaw with a broken wing. Yearning, at that moment, for human intercourse, Felix went up to him.

"Fine day," he said.

"Yes, sir, 'tis fine enough." And they stood silent, side by side. The gulf fixed by class and habit between soul and human soul yawned before Felix as it had never before. Stirred and troubled, he longed to open his heart to this old, ragged, dark-eyed, whiskered creature with the game leg, who looked as if he had passed through all the thorns and thickets of hard and primitive existence; he longed that the old fellow should lay bare to him his heart. And for the life of him he could not think of any mortal words which might bridge the unreal gulf between them. At last he said:

"You a native here?"

"No, sir. From over Malvern way. Livin' here with my darter, owin' to my leg. Her 'usband works in this here factory."

"And I'm from London," Felix said.

"Thart you were. Fine place, London, they say!"

Felix shook his head. "Not so fine as this Worcestershire of yours."

The old man turned his quick, dark gaze. "Aye!" he said, "people'll be a bit nervy-like in towns, nowadays. The country be a good place for a healthy man, too; I don't want no better place than the country—never could abide bein' shut in."

"There aren't so very many like you, judging by the towns."

The old man smiled—that smile was the reverse of a bitter tonic coated with sweet stuff to make it palatable.

"'Tes the want of a life takes 'em," he said. "There's not a many like me. There's not so many as can't do without the smell of the earth. With these 'ere newspapers—'tisn't taught nowadays. The boys and gells they goes to school, and 'tes all in favor of the towns there. I

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can't work no more; I'm 's good as gone meself; but I feel sometimes I'll 'ave to go back. I don't like the streets, an' I guess 'tis worse in London."

"I believe," Felix said, "there are more of us like you than you think."

Again the old man turned his dark, quick glance.

"Well, an' I widden say no to that. I've seen 'em terrible homesick, too. 'Tes certain sure there's lots would never go, ef 'twasn't so mortial hard on the land. 'Tisn't a bare livin', after that. An' they're put upon, right and left they're put upon. 'Tes only a man here and there that 'as something in 'im too strong. I widden never 'ave stayed in the country ef 'twasn't that I couldn't stand the town life. 'Tes like some breeds o' cattle—you take an' put 'em out o' their own country, an' you 'ave to take an' put 'em back. Only some breeds, though. Others they don' mind where they go. Well, I've seen the country pass in my time, as you might say; where you used to see three men you only see one now."

"Are they ever going back onto the land?"

"They tark about it. I read my newspaper reg'lar. In some places I see they're makin' unions. That an't no good."

"Why?"

The old man smiled again.

"Why! Think of it! The land's different to anythin' else—that's why! Different work, different hours, four men's work to-day and one's to-morrow. Work land wi' unions, same as they've got in this 'ere factory, wi' their eight hours an' their do this an' don' do that? No! You've got no weather in factories, an' such-like. On the land 'tes a matter o' weather. On the land a man must be ready for anythin' at any time; you can't work it no other way. 'Tes along o' God's comin' into it; an' no use pullin' this way an' that. Union says to me: You mustn't work after hours. Hoh! I've 'ad to set up all night wi' ship an' cattle hundreds o' times, an' no extra for it. 'Tes not that way they'll do any good to keep people on the land. Oh, no!"

"How, then?"

"Well, you'll want some laws, o' course, to prevent farmers an' landowners takin' their advantage; you want laws to build new cottages; but mainly 'tes a case of hands together; can't be no other—the land's so ticklish. If 'tesn't hands together, 'tes nothing. I 'ad a master once that was never content so long's we wasn't content. That farm was better worked than any in the parish."

"Yes, but the difficulty is to get masters that can see the other side; a man doesn't care much to look at home."

The old man's dark eyes twinkled.

"No; an' when 'e does, 'tes generally to say: 'Lord, an't I right, an' an't they wrong, just?' That's powerful customary!"

"It is," said Felix; "God bless us all!"

"Ah! You may well say that, sir; an' we want it, too. A bit more wages wouldn't come amiss, neither. An' a bit more freedom; 'tes a man's liberty 'e prizes as well as money."

"Did you hear about this arson case?"

The old man cast a glance this way and that before he answered in a lower voice:

"They say 'e was put out of his cottage. I've seen men put out for votin' Liberal; I've seen 'em put out for free-thinkin'; all sorts o' things I seen 'em put out for. 'Tes that makes the bad blood. A man wants to call 'is soul 'is own, when all's said an' done. An' 'e can't, not in th' old country, unless 'e's got the dibs."

"And yet you never thought of emigrating?"

"Thart of it—ah! thart of it hundreds o' times; but some'ow cudden never bring mysel' to the scratch o' not seein' th' Beacon any more. I can just see it from 'ere, you know. But there's not so many like me, an' gettin' fewer every day."

"Yes," murmured Felix, "that I believe."

"'Tes a 'and-made piece o' goods—the land! You has to be fond of it, same as of your missis and yer chillen. These poor pitiful fellows that's workin' in this factory, makin' these here Colonial ploughs—union's all right for them—'tes all mechanical; but a man on the land, 'e's got to put the land first, whether 'tes his own or some one else's, or he'll never do no good; might as well go for a postman, any day. I'm keepin' of you, though, with my tattle!"

In truth, Felix had looked at the old

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man, for the accursed question had begun to worry him: Ought he or not to give the lame old fellow something? Would it hurt his feelings? Why could he not say simply: 'Friend, I'm better off than you; help me not to feel so unfairly favored'? Perhaps he might risk it. And, diving into his trousers pockets, he watched the old man's eyes. If they followed his hand, he would risk it. But they did not. Withdrawing his hand, he said:

"Have a cigar?"

The old fellow's dark face twinkled.

"I don' know," he said, "as I ever smoked one; but I can have a darned good old try!"

"Take the lot," said Felix, and shuffled into the other's pocket the contents of his cigar-case. "If you get through one, you'll want the rest. They're pretty good."

"Ah!" said the old man. "Shuldn' wonder, neither."

"Good-bye. I hope your leg will soon be better."

"Thank'ee, sir. Good-bye, thank'ee!"

Looking back from the turning, Felix saw him still standing there in the middle of the empty street.

Having undertaken to meet his mother, who was returning this afternoon to Becket, he had still two hours to put away, and passing Mr. Pogram's house, he turned into a path across a clover-field and sat down on a stile. He had many thoughts sitting at the foot of this little town, which his great-grandfather had brought about. And chiefly he thought of the old man he had been talking to, sent there, as it seemed to him, by Providence, to afford a prototype for his 'Last of the Laborers.' Wonderful that the old fellow should talk of loving 'the Land,' whereon he must have toiled for sixty years or so, at a number of shillings per week, that would certainly not buy the cigars he had shovelled into that ragged pocket. Wonderful! And yet, a marvellous sweet thing, when all was said—this land! Changing its sheen and texture, the feel of its air, its very scent, from day to day. This land with its billion offspring of flowers and flying folk; its majestic and untiring march of seasons: Spring and its wistful ecstasy of saplings, and its yearning, wild, wind-loosened heart; gleam and song, blossom and cloud, and the swift white rain; each upturned leaf so little and so glad to flutter; each wood and field so full of peeping things. Summer! Ah! summer, when on the solemn old trees the long days shone and lingered, and the glory of the meadows and the murmur of life and the scent of flowers bewildered tranquillity, till surcharge of warmth and beauty brooded into dark passion, and broke. And autumn, in mellow haze down on the fields and woods; smears of gold already on the beeches, smears of crimson on the rowans, the apple-trees still burdened, and a flax-blue sky well-nigh merging with the misty air; the cattle browsing in the lingering golden stillness; not a breath to fan the blue smoke of the weed-fires—and in the fields no one moving—who would disturb such mellow peace? And winter! The long spaces, the long dark; and yet—and yet, what delicate loveliness of twig tracery; what blur of rose and brown and purple caught in the bare boughs and in the early sunset sky! What sharp dark flights of birds in the gray-white firmament! Who cared what season held in its arms this land that had bred them all!

Not so wonderful that into the veins of those who nursed it, tended and watched its perpetual fertility, should be distilled a love so deep and subtle that they could not bear to leave it, to abandon its hills, and greenness, and bird-songs, and all the impress of their forefathers throughout the ages.

Like so many of his fellows—cultured moderns, alien to the larger forms of patriotism, that rich liquor brewed of maps and figures, commercial profit, and high-cockalorum, which served so perfectly to swell smaller heads—Felix had a love of his native land resembling love for a woman, a kind of sensuous chivalry, a passion based on her charm, on her tranquillity, on the power she had to draw him into her embrace, to make him feel that he had come from her, from her alone, and into her alone was going back. And this green parcel of his native land, from which the half of his blood came, and that the dearest half, had a potency over his spirit that he might well be ashamed of in days when the true Briton was a town-

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bred creature with a foot of fancy in all four corners of the globe. There was ever to him a special flavor about the elm-girt fields, the flowery coppices, of this country of the old Moretons, a special fascination in its full, white-clouded skies, its grass-edged roads, its pied and creamy cattle, and the blue-green loom of the Malvern hills. If God walked anywhere for him, it was surely here. Sentiment! Without sentiment, without that love, each for his own corner, 'the Land' was lost indeed! Not if all Becket blew trumpets till kingdom came, would 'the Land' be reformed, if they lost sight of that! To fortify men in love for their motherland, to see that the harsh hands of insecurity, of grinding poverty, of interference and petty tyranny, could no longer tug against that love—this was to be, surely must be, done! Monotony? Was that cry true? What work now performed by humble men was less monotonous than work on the land? What work was even a tenth part as varied? Never quite the same from day to day: Now weeding, now hay, now roots, now hedging; now corn, with sowing, reaping, threshing, stacking, thatching; the care of beasts, and their companionship; shearing, wool-dipping, wood-gathering, apple-picking, cider-making; fashioning and tarring gates; whitewashing walls; carting; trenching—never, never two days quite the same! Monotony! The poor devils in factories, in shops, in mines; poor devils driving 'busses, punching tickets, cleaning roads; baking; cooking; sewing; typing! Stokers; stone-breakers; bricklayers; dockers; clerks! There was the great company from towns that might well cry out: Monotony! True, they got their holidays; true, they had more social life— That was a point that might well be raised at Becket: Holidays and social life for men on the soil!

And suddenly Felix thought of the long, long holiday that was before the laborer Tryst. 'Twiddle his thumbs'—in the words of the little humanitarian—twiddle his thumbs in a space twelve feet by seven! No sky to see, no grass to smell, no beast to bear him company; no anything—for, what resources in himself had this poor creature? No anything, but to sit with tragic eyes fixed on the wall before him for eighty days and eighty nights, before they tried him. And then—not till then—would his punishment for that moment's blind revenge for grievous wrong begin! What on this earth of God's was more disproportioned, and wickedly extravagant, more crassly stupid, than the arrangements of his most perfect creature, man? What a devil was man, who could yet rise to such sublime heights of love and heroism! What a ferocious brute, the most ferocious and cold-blooded brute that lived! Of all creatures most to be stampeded by fear into a callous torturer! 'Fear'—thought Felix—'fear! Not momentary panic, such as makes our brother animals do foolish things; conscious, calculating fear, paralyzing the reason of our minds and the generosity of our hearts. A detestable thing Tryst has done, a hateful act; but his punishment will be twentyfold as hateful!'

And, unable to sit and think of it, Felix rose and walked on through the fields. . . .

XXV

He was duly at Transham station in time for the London train, and, after a minute consecrated to looking in the wrong direction, he saw his mother already on the platform with her bag, an air-cushion, and a beautifully neat roll.

'Travelling third!' he thought. 'Why will she do these things?'

Slightly flushed, she kissed Felix with an air of abstraction.

"How good of you to meet me, darling!"

Felix pointed in silence to the crowded carriage from which she had emerged. Frances Freeland looked a little rueful. "It would have been delightful," she said. "There was a dear baby there, and of course I couldn't have the window down, so it *was* rather hot."

Felix, who could just see the dear baby, said dryly:

"So that's how you go about, is it? Have you had any lunch?"

Frances Freeland put her hand under his arm. "Now, don't fuss, darling! Here's sixpence for the porter. There's only one trunk—it's got a violet label. Do you know them? They're so useful.

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You see them at once. I must get you some."

"Let me take those things. You won't want this cushion. I'll let the air out."

"I'm afraid you won't be able, dear, without a screw-driver. It's quite the best screw I've ever come across—a splendid thing; never lets any air escape."

"Ah!" said Felix. "And now we may as well go out to the car!"

He was conscious of a slight stoppage in his mother's footsteps and rather a convulsive squeeze of her hand on his arm. Looking at her face, he discovered it occupied with a process whose secret he could not penetrate, a kind of disarray of her features, rapidly and severely checked, and capped with a resolute smile. They had already reached the station exit, where Stanley's car was snorting. Frances Freeland looked at it, then, mounting rather hastily, sat, compressing her lips.

When they were off, Felix said:

"Would you like to stop at the church and have a look at the brasses to your grandfather and the rest of them?"

His mother, who had slipped her hand under his arm again, answered:

"No, dear; I've seen them. The church is not at all beautiful. I like the old church at Becket so much better; it is such a pity your great-grandfather was not buried there."

She had never quite got over the lack of 'niceness' about those ploughs.

Going, as was the habit of Stanley's car, at considerable speed, Felix was not at first certain whether the peculiar little squeezes his arm was getting were due to the bounds of the creature under them or to some cause more closely connected with his mother, and it was not till they shaved a cart at the turning of the Becket drive that it suddenly dawned on him that she was in terror. He discovered it in looking round just as she drew her smile over a spasm of her face and throat. And, leaning out of the car, he said:

"Drive very slowly, Batter; I want to look at the trees."

A little sigh rewarded him. Since *she* had said nothing, *he* said nothing, and Clara's words in the hall seemed to him singularly tactless:

"Oh! I meant to have told you, Felix, to send the car back and take a fly. I thought you knew that Mother's terrified of motors." And at his mother's answer:

"Oh! no; I quite enjoyed it, dear," he thought: 'Bless her heart! She *is* a stoic!'

Whether or no to tell her of the 'kick-up at Joyfields' exercised his mind. The question was intricate, for she had not yet been informed that Nedda and Derek were engaged, and Felix did not feel at liberty to forestall the young people. That was their business. On the other hand, she would certainly glean from Clara a garbled understanding of the recent events at Joyfields, if she were not first told of them by himself. And he decided to tell her, with the natural trepidation of one, who, living among principles and theories, never quite knew how those, for whom each fact is unrelated to anything else under the moon, were going to look at anything. Frances Freeland, he knew well, kept facts and theories especially unrelated, or, rather, modified her facts to suit her theories, instead of, like Felix, her theories to suit her facts. For example, her instinctive admiration for church and state, her instinctive theory that they rested on gentility and people who were nice, was never for a moment shaken when she saw a half-starved baby of the slums. Her heart would impel her to pity and feed the poor little baby if she could, but to correlate the creature with millions of other such babies, and those millions with the church and state, would not occur to her. And if Felix made an attempt to correlate them for her she would look at him and think: 'Dear boy! How good he is! I do wish he wouldn't let that line come in his forehead; it does so spoil it!' And she would say: "Yes, darling, I know, it's very sad; only I'm *not* clever." And, if a Liberal government chanced to be in power, would add: "Of course, I do think this Government is dreadful. I *must* show you a sermon of the dear Bishop of Walham. I cut it out of the '*Daily Mystery*.' He puts things so well—he always has such nice ideas."

And Felix, getting up, would walk a little and sit down again too suddenly. Then, as if entreating him to look over her want of 'cleverness,' she would put out a hand that, for all its whiteness, had never been idle and smooth his forehead.

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It had sometimes touched him horribly to see with what despair she made attempts to follow him in his correlating efforts, and with what relief she heard him cease enough to let her say: "Yes, dear; only, I must show you this new kind of expanding cork. It's simply splendid. It bottles up everything!" And after staring at her just a moment he would acquit her of irony. Very often after these occasions he had thought, and sometimes said: "Mother, you're the best Conservative I ever met." She would glance at him then, with a special loving doubtfulness, at a loss as to whether or no he had designed to compliment her.

When he had given her half an hour to rest he made his way to the blue corridor, where a certain room was always kept for her, who never occupied it long enough at a time to get tired of it. She was lying on a sofa in a loose gray cashmere gown. The windows were open, and the light breeze just moved in the folds of the chintz curtains and stirred perfume from a bowl of pinks—her favorite flowers. There was no bed in this bedroom, which in all respects differed from any other in Clara's house, as though the spirit of another age and temper had marched in and dispossessed the owner. Felix had a sensation that one was by no means all body here. On the contrary. There was not a trace of the body anywhere; as if some one had decided that the body was not quite nice. No bed, no wash-stand, no chest of drawers, no wardrobe, no mirror, not even a jar of Clara's special potpourri. And Felix said:

"This can't be your bedroom, Mother?"

Frances Freeland answered, with a touch of deprecating quizzicality:

"Oh! yes, darling. I must show you my arrangements." And she rose. "This," she said, "you see, goes under there, and that under here; and that again goes under this. Then they all go under that, and then I pull this. It's lovely."

"But why?" said Felix.

"Oh! but don't you see? It's so nice; nobody can tell. And it doesn't give any trouble."

"And when you go to bed?"

"Oh! I just pop my clothes into this and open that. And there I am. It's simply splendid."

"I see," said Felix. "Do you think I might sit down, or shall I go through?"

Frances Freeland loved him with her eyes, and said:

"Naughty boy!"

And Felix sat down on what appeared to be a window-seat.

"Well," he said, with slight uneasiness, for she was hovering, "I think you're wonderful."

Frances Freeland put away an impeachment that she evidently felt to be too soft.

"Oh! but it's all so simple, darling." And Felix saw that she had something in her hand.

"This is my little electric brush. It'll do wonders with your hair. While you sit there, I'll just try it."

A clicking and a whirring had begun to occur close to his ear, and something darted like a gadfly at his scalp.

"I came to tell you something serious, Mother."

"Yes, darling; it'll be simply lovely to hear it; and you mustn't mind this, because it really is a first-rate thing—quite new."

Now, how is it, thought Felix, that any one who loves the new as she does, when it's made of matter, will not even look at it when it's made of mind? And, while the little machine buzzed about his head, he proceeded to detail to her the facts of the state of things that existed at Joyfields.

When he had finished, she said:

"Now, darling, bend down a little."

Felix bent down. And the little machine began severely tweaking the hairs on the nape of his neck. He sat up again rather suddenly.

Frances Freeland was contemplating the little machine.

"How very provoking! It's never done that before!"

"Quite so!" Felix murmured. "But about Joyfields?"

"Oh, my dear, it *is* such a pity they don't get on with those Mallorings! I do think it sad they weren't brought up to go to church."

Felix stared, not knowing whether to be glad or sorry that his recital had not roused within her the faintest suspicion of disaster. How he envied her that single-

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minded power of not seeing further than was absolutely needful! And suddenly he thought: 'She really is wonderful! With her love of church, how it must hurt her that we none of us go, not even John! And yet she never says a word. There really is width about her; a power of accepting the inevitable. Never was woman more determined to make the best of a bad job. It's a great quality!' And he heard her say:

"Now, darling, if I give you this, you must promise me to use it every morning. You'll find you'll soon have a splendid crop of little young hairs."

"I know," he said gloomily; "but they won't come to anything. Age has got my head, Mother, just as it's got 'the Land's.'"

"Oh, nonsense! You must go on with it, that's all!"

Felix turned so that he could look at her. She was moving round the room now, meticulously adjusting the framed photographs of her family that were the only decoration of the walls. How formal, chiselled, and delicate her face, yet how almost fanatically decisive! How frail and light her figure, yet how indomitably active! And the memory assailed him of how, four years ago, she had defeated double pneumonia without having a doctor, simply by lying on her back. 'She leaves trouble,' he thought, 'until it's under her nose, then simply tells it that it isn't there. There's something very English about that.'

She was chasing a bluebottle now with a little fan made of wire, and, coming close to Felix, said:

"Have you seen these, darling? You've only to hit the fly and it kills him at once."

"But do you ever hit the fly?"

"Oh, yes!" And she waved the fan at the bluebottle, which avoided it without seeming difficulty.

"I can't bear hurting them, but I *don't* like flies. There!"

The bluebottle flew out of the window behind Felix and in at the one that was not behind him. He rose.

"You ought to rest before tea, Mother."

He felt her searching him with her eyes, as if trying desperately to find something she might bestow upon or do for him.

"Would you like this wire——"

With a feeling that he was defrauding love, he turned and fled. She would never rest while he was there! And yet there was that in her face which made him feel a brute to go.

Passing out of the house, sunk in its Monday hush, no vestige of a Bigwig left, Felix came to that new-walled mound where the old house of the Moretons had been burned 'by soldiers from Tewkesbury and Gloucester,' as said the old chronicles dear to the heart of Clara. And on the wall he sat him down. Above, in the uncut grass, he could see the burning blue of a peacock's breast, where the heraldic bird stood digesting grain in the repose of perfect breeding, and below him gardeners were busy with the gooseberries. 'Gardeners and the gooseberries of the great!' he thought. 'Such is the future of our land.' And he watched them. How methodically they went to work! How patient and well-done-for they looked! After all, was it not the ideal future? Gardeners, gooseberries, and the great! Each of the three content in that station of life into which—! What more could a country want? Gardeners, gooseberries, and the great! The phrase had a certain hypnotic value. Why trouble? Why fuss? Gardeners, gooseberries, and the great! A perfect land! A land dedicate to the week-end! Gardeners, goose—! And suddenly he saw that he was not alone. Half hidden by the angle of the wall, on a stone of the foundations, carefully preserved and nearly embedded in the nettles which Clara had allowed to grow because they added age to the appearance, was sitting a Bigwig. One of the Settleham faction, he had impressed Felix alike by his reticence, the steady sincerity of his gray eyes, a countenance that, beneath a simple and delicate urbanity, had still in it something of the best type of schoolboy. 'How comes he to have stayed?' he mused. 'I thought they always fed and scattered!' And having received an answer to his salutation, he moved across and said:

"I imagined you'd gone."

"I've been having a look round. It's very jolly here. My affections are in the North, but I suppose this is pretty well the heart of England."

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"Near 'the big song,'" Felix answered. "There'll never be anything more English than Shakespeare, when all's said and done." And he took a steady, sidelong squint at his companion. 'This is another of the types I've been looking for,' he reflected. The peculiar 'don't-quite-touch-me' accent of the aristocrat—and of those who would be—had almost left this particular one, as though he secretly aspired to rise superior and only employed it in the nervousness of his first greetings. 'Yes,' thought Felix, 'he's just about the very best we can do among those who sit upon 'the Land.' I would wager there's not a better landlord nor a better fellow in all his class, than this one. He's chalks away superior to Malloring, if I know anything of faces—would never have turned poor Tryst out. If this exception were the rule! And yet—! Does he, can he, go quite far enough to meet the case? If not—what hope of regeneration from above? Would he give up his shooting? Could he give up feeling he's a leader? Would he give up his town house and collecting whatever it is he collects? Could he let himself sink down and merge till he was just unseen leaven of good-fellowship and good-will, working in the common bread?' And squinting at that sincere, clean, charming, almost fine face, he answered himself unwillingly: 'He could not!' And suddenly he knew that he was face to face with the tremendous question which soon or late confronts all thinkers. Sitting beside him—was the highest product of the present system! With its charm, humanity, courage, chivalry up to a point, its culture, and its cleanliness, this decidedly rare flower at the end of a tall stalk, with dark and tortuous roots and rank foliage, was in a sense the sole justification of power wielded from above. And was it good enough? Was it quite good enough? Like so many other thinkers, Felix hesitated to reply. If only merit and the goods of this world could be finally divorced! If the reward of virtue were just men's love and an unconscious self-respect! If only 'to have nothing' were the highest honor! And yet, to do away with this beside him and put in its place—What? No kiss-me-quick change had a chance of producing anything better. To scrap the long growth of man and start afresh was but to say: 'Since in the past the best that man has done has not been good enough, I have a perfect faith in him for the future!' No! That was a creed for archangels and other extremists. Safer to work on what we had! And he began:

"Next door to this estate I'm told there's ten thousand acres almost entirely grass and covert, owned by Lord Baltimore, who lives in Norfolk, London, Cannes, and anywhere else that the whim takes him. He comes down here twice a year to shoot. The case is extremely common. Surely it spells paralysis. If land is to be owned at all in such great lumps, owners ought at least to live on the lumps, and to pass very high examinations as practical farmers. They ought to be the life and soul, the radiating sun, of their little universes; or else they ought to be cleared out. How expect keen farming to start from such an example? It really looks to me as if the game laws would have to go." And he redoubled his scrutiny of the Bigwig face. A little furrow in its brow had deepened visibly, but he nodded and said:

"The absentee landlord is a curse, of course. I'm afraid I'm a bit of a one myself. And I'm bound to say—though I'm keen on shooting—if the game laws were abolished, it might do a lot."

"*You* wouldn't move in that direction, I suppose?"

The Bigwig smiled—charming, rather whimsical, that smile.

"Honestly, I'm not up to it. The spirit, you know, but the flesh—! My line is housing and wages, of course."

'There it is,' thought Felix. 'Up to a point, they'll move—not up to *the* point. It's all fiddling. One won't give up his shooting; another won't give up his power; a third won't give up her week-ends; a fourth won't give up his freedom. Our interest in the thing is all lackadaisical, a kind of bun-fight of pet notions. There's no real steam.' And abruptly changing the subject, he talked of pictures to the pleasant Bigwig in the sleepy afternoon. Of how this man could paint, and that man couldn't. And in the uncut grass the peacock slowly moved, display-

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ing his breast of burning blue; and below, the gardeners worked among the gooseberries.

XXVI

NEDDA, borrowing the bicycle of Clara's maid, Sirrett, had been over to Joyfields, and only learned on her return of her grandmother's arrival. In her bath before dinner there came to her one of those strategic thoughts that even such as are no longer quite children will sometimes conceive. She hurried desperately into her clothes, and, ready full twenty minutes before the gong was due to sound, made her way to her grandmother's room. Frances Freeland had just pulled *this*, and, to her astonishment, *that* had not gone in properly. She was looking at it somewhat severely, when she heard Nedda's knock. Drawing a screen temporarily over the imperfection, she said: "Come in!"

The dear child looked charming in her white evening dress with one red flower in her hair; and while she kissed her, she noted that the neck of her dress was just a little too open to be quite nice, and at once thought: 'I've got the very thing for that.'

Going to a drawer that no one could have suspected of being there, she took from it a little diamond star. Getting delicate but firm hold of the Mechlin at the top of the frock, she popped it in, so that the neck was covered at least an inch higher, and said:

"Now, ducky, you're to keep that as a little present. You've no idea how perfectly it suits you just like this." And having satisfied for the moment her sense of niceness and that continual itch to part with everything she had, she surveyed her granddaughter, lighted up by that red flower, and said:

"How sweet you look!"

Nedda, looking down past cheeks colored by pleasure at the new little star on a neck rather browned by her day in the sun, murmured:

"Oh, Granny! it's much too lovely! You mustn't give it me!"

These were moments that Frances Freeland loved best in life; and, with the untruthfulness in which she only indulged when she gave things away, or otherwise benefited her neighbors with or without their will, she added: "It's quite wasted; I never wear it myself." And, seeing Nedda's smile, for the girl recollected perfectly having admired it during dinner at Uncle John's, and at Becket itself, she said decisively, "So that's that!" and settled her down on the sofa. And just as she was thinking, 'I have the very thing for the dear child's sunburn,' Nedda said:

"Granny, dear, I've been meaning to tell you—Derek and I are engaged."

For the moment Frances Freeland could do nothing but tremulously interlace her fingers.

"Oh, but, darling," she said very gravely, "have you thought?"

"I think of nothing else, Granny."

"But has he thought?"

Nedda nodded.

Frances Freeland sat staring straight before her. Nedda and Derek, Derek and Nedda! The news was almost unintelligible; those two were still for her barely more than little creatures to be tucked up at night. Engaged! Marriage! Between those who were both as near to her, almost, as her own children had been! The effort was for the moment quite too much for her, and a sort of pain disturbed her heart. Then the crowning principle of her existence came a little to her aid. No use in making a fuss; must put the best face on it, whether it were going to come to anything or not! And she said:

"Well, darling, I don't know, I'm sure. I dare say it's very lovely for you. But do you think you've seen enough of him?"

Nedda gave her a swift look, then dropped her lashes, so that her eyes seemed closed. Snuggling up, she said:

"No, Granny, I do wish I could see more; if only I could go and stay with them a little!"

And as she planted that dart of suggestion, the gong sounded.

In Frances Freeland, lying awake till two, as was her habit, the suggestion grew. To this growth not only her habit of putting the best face on things, but her incurable desire to make others happy, and an instinctive sympathy with love affairs, all contributed; moreover, Felix had said something about Derek's having

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been concerned in something rash. If darling Nedda were there it would occupy his mind and help to make him careful. Never dilatory in forming resolutions, she decided to take the girl over with her on the morrow. Kirsteen had a dear little spare room, and Nedda should take her bag. It would be a nice surprise for them all. Accordingly, next morning, not wanting to give any trouble, she sent Thomas down to the Red Lion, where they had a comfortable fly, with a very steady, respectable driver, and ordered it to come at half-past two. Then, without saying anything to Clara, she told Nedda to be ready to pop in her bag, trusting to her powers of explaining everything to everybody without letting anybody know anything, when, having left the girl at Joyfields, she should come back alone. Little difficulties of this sort never bunkered her; she was essentially a woman of action. And on the drive to Joyfields she stilled the girl's quavering with:

"It's all right, darling; it'll be very nice for them."

She was perhaps the only person in the world who was not just a little bit afraid of Kirsteen. Indeed, she was constitutionally unable to be afraid of anything, except motor-cars, and, of course, earwigs, and even them one must put up with. Her critical sense told her that this woman in blue was just like anybody else, and her father had been a colonel of a Highland regiment, which was quite nice, and one must put the best face on her.

In this way, pointing out the beauty of each feature of the scenery, and not permitting herself or Nedda to think about the bag, they drove until they came to Joyfields.

Kirsteen alone was in, and, having sent Nedda into the orchard to look for her uncle, Frances Freeland came at once to the point. It was so important, she thought, that darling Nedda should see more of dear Derek. They were very young, and if she could stay for a few weeks, they would both know their minds so much better. She had made her bring her bag, because she knew dear Kirsteen would agree with her; and it would be so nice for them all. Felix had told her about that poor man who had done this dreadful thing, and she thought that if Nedda were here it would be a distraction. She was a very good child, and quite useful in the house. And while she was speaking she watched Kirsteen, and thought: 'She is very handsome, and altogether ladylike; only it is such a pity she wears that blue thing in her hair—it makes her so conspicuous.' And rather unexpectedly she said:

"Do you know, dear, I believe I know the very thing to keep your hair from getting loose. It's such lovely hair. And this is quite a new thing, and doesn't show at all; invented by a very nice hairdresser in Worcester. It's simplicity itself. Do let me show you!" Quickly going over, she removed the kingfisher-blue fillet, and making certain passes with her fingers through the hair, murmured:

"It's so beautifully fine; it seems such a pity not to show it all, dear. Now look at yourself!" And from the recesses of her pocket she produced a little mirror. "I'm sure Tod will simply love it like that. It'll be such a nice change for him."

Kirsteen, with just a faint wrinkling of her lips and eyebrows, waited till she had finished. Then she said:

"Yes, Mother dear, I'm sure he will," and replaced the fillet. A patient, half-sad, half-quizzical smile visited Frances Freeland's lips, as who should say: 'Yes, I know you think that I'm a fuss-box, but it really is a pity that you wear it so, darling!'

At sight of that smile, Kirsteen got up and kissed her gravely on the forehead.

When Nedda came back from a fruitless search for Tod, her bag was already in the little spare bedroom and Frances Freeland gone. She had never yet been alone with her aunt, for whom she had a fervent admiration not unmixed with awe. She idealized her, of course, thinking of her as one might think of a picture or statue, a symbolic figure, standing for liberty and justice and the redress of wrong. Her never-varying garb of blue assisted the girl's fancy, for blue was always the color of ideals and aspiration—was not blue sky the nearest one could get to heaven—were not blue violets the flowers of spring? Then, too, Kirsteen was a woman with whom it would be quite impossible to gossip or small-talk;

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with her one could but simply and directly say what one felt, and only that over things which really mattered. And this seemed to Nedda so splendid that it sufficed in itself to prevent the girl from saying anything whatever. She longed to, all the same, feeling that to be closer to her aunt meant to be closer to Derek. Yet, with all, she knew that her own nature was very different; this, perhaps, egged her on, and made her aunt seem all the more exciting. She waited breathless till Kirsteen said:

"Yes, you and Derek must know each other better. The worst kind of prison in the world is a mistaken marriage."

Nedda nodded fervently. "It must be. But I think one knows, Aunt Kirsteen!"

She felt as if she were being searched right down to the soul before the answer came:

"Perhaps. I knew myself. I have seen others who did—a few. I think you might."

Nedda flushed from sheer joy. "I could never go on if I didn't love. I feel I couldn't, even if I'd started."

With another long look through narrowing eyes, Kirsteen answered:

"Yes. You would want truth. But after marriage truth is an unhappy thing, Nedda, if you have made a mistake."

"It must be dreadful. Awful."

"So don't make a mistake, my dear—and don't let him."

Nedda answered solemnly:

"I won't—oh, I won't!"

Kirsteen had turned away to the window, and Nedda heard her say quietly to herself:

"'Liberty's a glorious feast!'"

Trembling all over with the desire to express what was in her, Nedda stammered:

"I would never keep anything that wanted to be free—never, never! I would never try to make any one do what they didn't want to!"

She saw her aunt smile, and wondered whether she had said anything exceptionally foolish. But it was not foolish—surely not—to say what one really felt.

"Some day, Nedda, all the world will say that with you. Until then we'll fight those who won't say it. Have you got everything in your room you want? Let's come and see."

To pass from Becket to Joyfields was really a singular experience. At Becket you were certainly supposed to do exactly what you liked, but the tyranny of meals, baths, scents, and other accompaniments of the 'all-body' régime soon annihilated every impulse to do anything but just obey it. At Joyfields, bodily existence was a kind of perpetual skirmish, a sort of grudged accompaniment to a state of soul. You might be alone in the house at any meal-time. You might or might not have water in your jug. And as to baths, you had to go out to a little whitewashed shed at the back, with a brick floor, where you pumped on yourself, prepared to shout out, "Hallo! I'm here!" in case any one else came wanting to do the same. The conditions were in fact almost perfect for seeing more of one another. Nobody asked where you were going, with whom going, or how going. You might be away by day or night without exciting curiosity or comment. And yet you were conscious of a certain something always there, holding the house together; some principle of life, or perhaps—just a woman in blue. There, too, was that strangest of all phenomena in an English home—no game ever played, outdoors or in.

The next fortnight, while the grass was ripening, was a wonderful time for Nedda, given up to her single passion—of seeing more of him who so completely occupied her heart. She was at peace now with Sheila, whose virility forbade that she should dispute pride of place with this soft and truthful guest, so evidently immersed in rapture. Besides, Nedda had that quality of getting on well with her own sex, found in those women who, though tenacious, are not possessive; who, though humble, are secretly very self-respecting; who, though they do not say much about it, put all their eggs in one basket; above all, who disengage, no matter what their age, a candid but subtle charm.

But that fortnight was even more wonderful for Derek, caught between two passions—both so fervid. For though the passion of his revolt against the Mallorings did not pull against his passion for Nedda, they both tugged at him. And

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this had one curious psychological effect. It made his love for Nedda more actual, less of an idealization. Now that she was close to him, under the same roof, he felt the full allurement of her innocent warmth; he would have been cold-blooded indeed if he had not taken fire, and, his pride always checking the expression of his feelings, they glowed ever hotter underneath.

Yet, over those sunshiny days there hung a kind of shadow, as of something kept back, not shared between them; a kind of waiting and menace. Nedda learned of Kirsteen and Sheila all the useful things she could; and the evenings she had with Derek, those long evenings of late May and early June, this year so warm and golden. They walked generally in the direction of the hills. A favorite spot was a wood of larches whose green shoots had not yet quite ceased to smell of lemons. Tall, slender things those trees, whose stems and dried lower branch-growth were gray, almost sooty, up to the feathery green of the tops, that swayed and creaked faintly in a wind, with a soughing of their branches like the sound of the sea. From the shelter of those Highland trees, rather strange in such a countryside, they two could peer forth at the last sunlight gold-powdering the fringed branches, at the sunset flush dyeing the sky above the Beacon; watch light slowly folding gray wings above the hay-fields and elms; mark the squirrels scurry along, and the pigeons' evening flight. A stream ran there at the edge, and beech-trees grew beside it. In the tawny-dappled sand bed of that clear water, and the gray-green dappled trunks of those beeches with their great, sinuous, long-muscled roots, was that something which man can never tame and garden out of the land: the strength of unconquerable fertility—the remote deep life in Nature's heart. Men and women had their spans of existence; those trees seemed as if there forever! From generation to generation lovers might come and, looking on this strength and beauty, feel in their veins the sap of the world. Here the laborer and his master, hearing the wind in the branches and the water murmuring down, might for a brief minute grasp the land's unchangeable wild majesty. And on the far side of that little stream was a field of moon-colored flowers that had for Nedda a strange fascination. Once the boy jumped across and brought her back a handkerchief full. They were of two kinds: close to the water's edge the marsh orchis, and farther back, a small marguerite. Out of this they made a crown of the alternate flowers, and a girdle for her waist. That was an evening of rare beauty, and warm enough already for an early chafer to go booming in the dusk. An evening when they wandered with their arms round each other a long time, silent, stopping to listen to an owl; stopping to point out each star coming so shyly up in the gray-violet of the sky. And that was the evening when they had a strange little quarrel, sudden as a white squall on a blue sea, or the tiff of two birds shooting up in a swift spiral of attack and then all over. Would he come to-morrow to see her milking? He could not. Why? He could not; he would be out. Ah! he never told her where he went; he never let her come with him among the laborers like Sheila.

"I can't; I'm pledged not."

"Then you don't trust me!"

"Of course I trust you; but a promise is a promise. You oughtn't to ask me, Nedda."

"No; but I would never have promised to keep anything from you."

"You don't understand."

"Oh! yes, I do. Love doesn't mean the same to you that it does to me."

"How do you know what it means to me?"

"I couldn't have a secret from you."

"Then you don't count honor."

"Honor only binds oneself!"

"What d'you mean by that?"

"I include you—you don't include me in yourself, that's all."

"I think you're very unjust. I was obliged to promise; it doesn't only concern myself."

Then silent, motionless, a yard apart, they looked fiercely at each other, their hearts stiff and sore, and in their brains no glimmer of perception of anything but tragedy. What more tragic than to have come out of an elysium of warm arms round each other, to this sudden hostility! And the owl went on hooting, and the larches smelled sweet! And all

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around was the same soft dusk wherein the flowers in her hair and round her waist gleamed white! But for Nedda the world had suddenly collapsed. Tears rushed into her eyes; she shook her head and turned away, hiding them passionately. . . . A full minute passed, each straining to make no sound and catch the faintest sound from the other, till in her breathing there was a little clutch. His fingers came stealing round, touched her cheeks, and were wetted. His arms suddenly squeezed all breath out of her; his lips fastened on hers. She answered those lips with her own desperately, bending her head back, shutting her wet eyes. And the owl hooted, and the white flowers fell into the dusk off her hair and waist.

After that, they walked once more enlaced, avoiding with what perfect care any allusion to the sudden tragedy, giving themselves up to the bewildering ecstasy that had started throbbing in their blood with that kiss, longing only not to spoil it. And through the sheltering larch wood their figures moved from edge to edge, like two little souls in paradise, unwilling to come forth.

After that evening love had a poignancy it had not quite had before; at once deeper, sweeter, tinged for both of them with the rich darkness of passion, and with discovery that love does not mean a perfect merger of one within another. For both felt themselves in the right over that little quarrel. The boy that he could not, must not, resign what was not his to resign; feeling dimly, without being quite able to shape the thought even to himself, that a man has a life of action into which a woman cannot always enter, with which she cannot always be identified. The girl feeling that she did not want any life into which he did not enter, so that it was hard that he should want to exclude her from anything. For all that, she did not try again to move him to let her into the secret of his plans of revolt and revenge, and disdained completely to find them out from Sheila or her aunt.

And the grass went on ripening. Many and various as the breeds of men, or the trees of a forest, were the stalks that made up that greenish jungle with the waving, fawn-colored surface; of rye-grass and brome-grass, of timothy, plantain, and yarrow; of bent-grass and quake-grass, foxtail, and the green-hearted trefoil; of dandelion, dock, musk-thistle, and sweet-scented vernal.

On the 10th of June Tod began cutting his three fields; the whole family, with Nedda and the three Tryst children, working like slaves. Old Gaunt, who looked to the harvests to clothe him for the year, came to do his share of raking, and any other who could find some evening hours to spare. The whole was cut and carried in three days of glorious weather.

The lovers were too tired the last evening of hay harvest to go rambling, and sat in the orchard watching the moon slide up through the coppice behind the church. They sat on Tod's log, deliciously weary, in the scent of the new-mown hay, while moths flitted gray among the blue darkness of the leaves, and the whitened trunks of the apple-trees gleamed ghostly. It was very warm; a night of whispering air, opening all hearts. And Derek said:

"You'll know to-morrow, Nedda."

A flutter of fear overtook her. What would she know?

(To be continued.)

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THE RISE AND FALL OF NEGRO-MINSTRELSY

By Brander Matthews

ILLUSTRATED WITH FACSIMILE REPRODUCTIONS OF MINSTREL SONG-BOOKS

OF all the varied and manifold kinds of theatrical entertainment negro-minstrelsy is the one which is absolutely native to these States and which could not have come into existence anywhere else in the civilized world. Here in America alone has the transplanted African been brought into intimate contact with the transplanted European. Other nations may have disputed our claim to the invention of the steamboat and the telegraph, but negro-minstrelsy is as indisputably due to American inventiveness as the telephone itself. Here in the United States it had its humble beginnings; here it expanded and flourished for many years; from here it was exported to Great Britain, where it established itself for many seasons; from here it made sporadic excursions into France and into Germany; and here at last it has fallen into a decline and a degeneracy and a decay which seem to doom it to a speedy extinction. Its life was little longer than that vouchsafed to man, threescore years and ten, for it was born in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century and in the second decade of the twentieth it lingers superfluous on the stage with none to do it reverence.

Time was when the negro-minstrels held possession of three or four theatres in the single city of New York and when a dozen or more troupes were travelling from town to town; and now they have long ago surrendered their last hall in the metropolis and only two or three companies wind their lonely way from theatre to theatre throughout the United States. The few surviving practitioners of the art are reduced to the presentation of brief interludes in the all-devouring variety shows or to the impersonation of sparse negro characters in occasional comedies. The Skidmore Guards who paraded so gayly at Harrigan and Hart's are disbanded now these many years; Johnny Wild, of joyous memory, is no more; and Sweatnam, bereft of his fellows in sable drollery, is seen only in a chance comedy like "Excuse Me" or the "County Chairman." George Christy and Dan Emmett and Dan Bryant have gone and left only fading memories of their breezy songs, their nimble dances, and their flippant quips. Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth blacked up more than once, Joseph Jefferson and Barney Williams besmeared themselves with burnt cork on occasion; but it is not by these darker episodes in their artistic careers that they are now recalled; and the leading actors of to-day think scorn of negro-minstrelsy—whenever they deign to give it a thought. And yet it must be noted frankly that when the Lambs wanted to raise money for their new club-house they did not disdain the art of the negro-minstrel; and more than twoscore of them went forth to conquer willingly disguised in the uniform blackness assumed long ago by George Christy and Dan Bryant.

It is to be hoped that some devoted historian will come forward before it is too late and tell us the history of this very special form of theatrical art, the only one indigenous to our soil. Indeed, now that our American universities are paying attention to the drama, what more alluring theme for the dissertation demanded of all candidates for the doctorate of philosophy than an inquiry into the rise and fall of negro-minstrelsy? In the late Laurence Hutton's conscientious and entertaining volume on the "Curiosities of the American Stage" there is a chapter in which the subject is treated historically, although the chronicler wasted much of his precious space in considering the succession of sable characters in the regular drama—Shakespeare's *Othello*, Southerne's *Oroo-*

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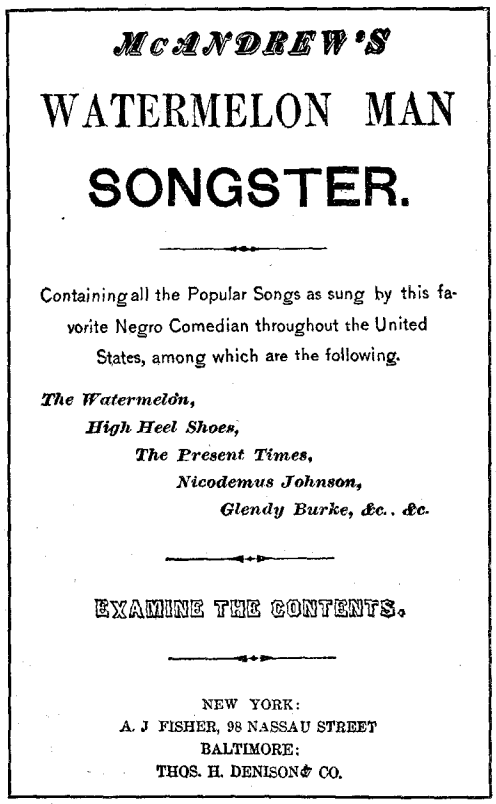
noko, Bickerstaff's *Mungo*, Boucicault's *Pete* (in the "Octoroon"), *Uncle Tom*, *Topsy*, *Eliza*, and their companions (in the undying dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's story). These were all parts in plays wherein white characters were prominent. The first performer of a song and dance, that is, of a sketch in which the darky performer was sufficient unto himself and was deprived of any support from persons of another complexion, seems to have been "Jim Crow" Rice—the title of whose lively lyric survives in the name bestowed upon the cars reserved for colored folk on certain Southern railroads. Rice found his pattern in an old negro who did a peculiar step after he had sung to a tune of his own contriving:

"Wheel about,
turn about;
Do jus' so:
An' ebery time
I turn about,
I jump Jim Crow."


McANDREW'S
WATERMELON MAN
SONGSTER.
Containing all the Popular Songs as sung by this favorite Negro Comedian throughout the United States, among which are the following.
The Watermelon,
High Heel Shoes,
The Present Times,
Nicodemus Johnson,
Glendy Burke, &c., &c.
EXAMINE THE CONTENTS.
NEW YORK:
A. J FISHER, 98 NASSAU STREET
BALTIMORE:
THOS. H. DENISON & CO.

Rice carried Jim Crow to England and he made a specialty of dandy darkies. But he was not the discoverer of negro-minstrelsy, as we know it, although he blazed the trail for it. Indeed, it was quite probably due to the influence of Rice and his darky dandies that the negro-minstrels confined their efforts to the imitation of the town negro rather than of the plantation negro, the field-hand of the Uncle Remus type. Rice first impersonated Jim Crow in the late twenties, and it was in the middle of the thirties that he went to England. And it was in the early forties that Dan Emmett, Frank Brower, Billy Whitlock, and Dick Pelham happened to meet by accident in a New York boarding-house and amused themselves with songs accompanied by the banjo, the tambourine, and the bones. Pleased by the result of their exercises, they appeared together at a benefit; and negro-minstrelsy was born. At first there was no differentiation into interlocutors and end-men; they all took an equal share in the more or less improvised dialogue; they sang and they played and they danced the "Essence of Old Virginny."

Probably Emmett began early to provide new tunes for them. He was the composer of "Old Dan Tucker" and the "Boatman's Dance," of "Walk Along, John" and "Early in the Morning"; and one walk-around which he devised in the late fifties for Bryant's Minstrels, "Dixie," was introduced by Mrs. John Wood into a burlesque which she was playing in New Orleans just before the outbreak of the Civil War. The sentiment and the tune took the fancy of the ardent Louisianians and they carried it with them into the Confederate army, where it soon established itself as the war-song of the South. And then when Richmond had fallen at last, Lincoln ordered the bands of the victorious army to play "Dixie," with the wise explanation that as we had captured the Southern capital we had also captured the Southern song. And "Dixie," which had begun life so humbly as a walk-around in a minstrel show in New York, bids fair to survive indefinitely as the musical testimony to the fact that the cruel war is over and that these States are now one nation.

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It was only a year or two after the quartet of Emmett, Brower, Whitlock, and Pelham had shown the possibilities of the new form of amusement that troupes of negro-minstrels began to supply an entire evening's amusement. The regulation "first part" was devised with its row of vocalists, instrumentalists, and comedians. The dignified interlocutor took his place in the middle of the semicircle and uttered the time-honored phrase: "Gentlemen, be seated. We will commence with the overture." Bones captured the chair at one end and Tambo pre-empted that on the other; and they began their wordy skirmish with the middle-man, in which that pompous presiding officer always got the worst of it. This device for immediate and boisterous laughter, this putting down of the middle-man by the end-man, the negro-minstrels appear to have borrowed from the circus, where the clown is also permitted always to discomfit the stiff and stately ringmaster.

ROSS' MINSTREL SONG BOOK
CONTAINING ALL THE
NEW AND POPULAR
SONGS AND BALLADS.
As sung by the Minstrel Band in the side Pavilion attached to Spalding and Rodgers's Circus Company.

But although the minstrels may have taken over this effective trick from the circus, with which some of the earlier performers had had intimate relations, the trick itself is of remote antiquity. The side-splitting colloquy of the end-man with the middle-man may be exactly like the interchange of merry jests between the clown and the ringmaster, yet it is far older than the modern circus. It existed in Paris, for example, in the sixteenth century, when the quack-doctor was accompanied by his jack-pudding. Many of the dialogues heard on the Pont-Neuf between Mondor and Tabarin have been preserved; and their method is precisely that of the dialogues between ringmaster and clown, interlocutor and end-man, even to the persistent repetition of the question which contains the catch. "Master," Tabarin would begin, "can you tell me which is the more generous, a man or a woman?" And the quack-doctor would solemnly reply: "Ah, Tabarin, that is a question which has been greatly debated by the philosophers of antiquity, and they have been unable to decide which is truly the more generous, a man or a woman." Then Tabarin would briskly retort: "Never mind the old philosophers. I can tell you." And with great contempt the ponderous quack-doctor would return: "What, Tabarin, do you mean to say that you can tell us which is the more generous, a man or a woman?" Tabarin promptly responds that he can. "Then," asked Mondor, "pray do so. Which is the more generous, a man or a woman?" And thereupon, to the great disgust of Mondor, Tabarin would proffer his ribald explanation. Unfortunately the explanation he gave is frankly too ribald to be given here, for nowadays we are more squeamish than the idlers who gathered around the quack-doctor's platform in Paris three or four centuries ago. The dialogues of Mondor and Tabarin were brief enough, but they often made up for their brevity in their breadth.

This kind of catch-question was known in England under Elizabeth as "selling a bargain"; and it is not infrequent in the plays of the time. It will be found more than once in earlier plays of Shakespeare; for example, when his "clowns" (as the low comedy characters were then called)

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were allowed to run on at their own sweet will. Not a little of the dialogue of the two Dromios is closely akin in its method to interchange of question and answer between the interlocutor and the end-man. We may be sure this method of evoking laughter was employed also by the improvising comedians of the Italian comedy of masks, with which negro-minstrelsy has other points of resemblance. It must have been popular in the rude middle ages; and now that negro-minstrelsy is disappearing, and now that our circuses have burgeoned into three rings under a tent too vast for any merely verbal repartees, it has not departed from among us, for it still survives as the staple of the so-called "side-walk conversationalists" who swap personalities in our superabundant variety shows.

We do not know with historic certainty how soon the first part crystallized into the form which has long been traditional—the opening overture, the catch-questioning of end-man and middle-man, the comic songs of Bones and Tambo in turn, the sentimental ballads by the silver-throated vocalists, and the final walk-around. The rest of the evening's entertainment never took on any definite framework, although the final item on the programme was likely to be a piece of some length, often a burlesque of a serious drama then popular, and this little play "enlisted the whole strength of the company." Between the stately first part and the more pretentious final sketch the minstrels presented a variety of acts in which the several members exhibited their specialties. A clog-dance was always in order, although the mechanical precision of this form of saltatorial exercise was wholly foreign to the characteristics of the actual negroes whom the minstrels were supposed to be representing. A stump-speech was certain of a warm reception, although this again departed from the true negro tradition and indeed often degenerated into frank burlesque, wholly unrelated to the realities of life. Sketches, like those which Rice had earlier composed for his own acting, were likely to have a little closer relation to the genuine darky.

Yet here again the negro-minstrel was not avid of overt originality. He was willing to find his profit in the past and to translate into negro dialect any farce, however ancient, which might contain comic situations or humorous characters that could be twisted to suit his immediate purpose. He seized upon the ingenious plots of certain of the pantomimes brought to America from France half a century ago by the Ravels. And on occasion he went unwittingly still farther afield for his prey. There is in print, in a collection of so-called "Ethiopian Drama," an amusing sketch entitled the "Great Mutton Trial"; and the remote source of this is to be sought in the oldest and best farce which has survived in French literature. "Maître Pierre Pathelin" is now acted occasionally by the Comédie-Française in Paris in a version which preserves its original flavor; but in the eighteenth century an adaptation, made by Brueys and Palaprat, and called "L'Avocat Pathelin," was popular. It is this later perversion which served as the basis of an English farce, entitled the "Village Lawyer"; and

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the "Great Mutton Trial" is simply the "Village Lawyer" transmogrified to suit the bolder and more robust methods of the negro-minstrels.

And here we may discover the real reason why negro-minstrelsy failed to establish itself. It neglected its opportunity to devote itself primarily to its own peculiar field—the humorous reproduction of the sayings and doings of the colored man in the United States. To represent the negro in his comic aspects and in his sentimental moods was what the minstrels pretended to do; but the pretense was often only a hollow mockery. Even the musical instruments they affected, the banjo and the bones, were not as characteristic of the field-hand or even of the town darky as the violin. Indeed, the bones cannot be considered as in any way special to the negro; they were familiar to Shakespeare's *Bottom*, who declares "I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones." And the wise recorder of the words and deeds of Uncle Remus declared that he had never listened to the staccato picking of a banjo in the negro quarters of any plantation.

"I have seen the negro at work," so Harris once asserted, "and I have seen him at play; I have attended his corn-shuckings, his dances, and his frolics; I have heard him give the wonderful melody of his songs to the winds; I have heard him give barbaric airs to the quills (that is to say, to the Pan's pipes); I have heard him scrape jubilantly on the fiddle; I have seen him blow wildly on the bugle and beat enthusiastically on the triangle; but I have never heard him play on the banjo." Mr. George W. Cable thereupon came forward with his evidence to the effect that although the banjo was to be found occasionally on a plantation it was far less frequently seen than the violin. It will be noted that Harris was speaking of the Georgian negro and that Mr. Cable was talking about the negro in Louisiana; and perhaps the true habitat of the banjo is to be found further north and nearer to the border States. At any rate, there is a footnote to one of Thomas Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," published in 1784, which informs us that the instrument proper to the slave of the Old Dominion is "the banjar, which they brought hither from Africa, and which is the origin of the guitar, its chords being precisely the four lower chords of the guitar."

Now and again some one negro-minstrel did make a serious study of a negro type; such a performer was J. W. McAndrew, the "Watermelon Man." But the most of them were content to be comic without any effort to catch the special comicality of the darky; and sometimes they strayed so completely from the path as to indulge in songs in an alleged Irish brogue or in a dislocated German dialect. Now, nothing could well be conceived more incongruously inartistic than a white man blacked up into the semblance of a negro and then impertinently carolling an impudent Irish lyric. Yet the general neglect of the opportunities for a more accurate presentation of negro characteristics is to be seen in the strange fact that the minstrels failed to perceive the possible popularity of rag-time tunes and failed also to put the cake-walk on the stage. Even at the height of its vogue in the sixties negro-minstrelsy did not occupy its own field and did not try to raise therein the varied flowers of which they had the seed.

Instead of cultivating the tempting possibilities which lay before them and devoting themselves to a loving delineation of the colored people who make up a tenth of our population, they turned aside to the spectacular elaboration of their original entertainment. The clog-dances became more intricate and more mechanical —and thereby still more remote from the buck-and-wing dancing of the real negro. The first part was presented with accompaniments of Oriental magnificence and of variegated glitter. The chorus was enlarged; the musicians were multiplied; the end-men operated in relays; and at last the bass drum which towered aloft over Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels bore the boastful legend: "40. Count Them. 40." And when the suspicious spectator obeyed this command he discovered to his surprise that the vaunt was more than made good, since he had a full view of at least half a dozen performers in addition to the promised twoscore.

At the apex of his inflated prosperity Haverly invaded Germany with his mastodonic organization; and one result of his

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visit was probably still further to confuse the Teutonic misinformation about the American type, which seems often to be a curious composite photograph of the red men of Cooper, the black men of Mrs. Stowe, and the white men of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. And it was reported at the time that another and more immediate result of this rash foray beyond the boundaries of the English-speaking race was that Haverly was for a while in danger of arrest by the police for a fraudulent attempt to deceive the German public, because he was pretending to present a company of *negro*-minstrels, whereas his performers were actually white men. It should be recorded that while the vogue lasted there did come into existence sundry troupes of minstrels whose members were all of them actually colored men, although they conformed to the convention set by those whom they were imitating and conscientiously disguised themselves with burnt cork to achieve the sable uniformity temporarily attained by the ordinary negro-minstrels. Perhaps the most obvious parallel of the blacking up of veritable colored men to follow the example of the white men who pretended to imitate the negro is to be found in the original performance of "As You Like It," when the shaven boy actor who impersonated *Rosalind* disguised himself as a lad, and then had to pretend to *Orlando* that he was a girl.

For the decline and fall of negro-minstrelsy it is easy to find more than one sufficient explanation. First of all, it may have been due to its failure to devote itself lovingly to the representation of the many peculiarities of the darker people. Second, it is possible that negro-minstrelsy had an inherent and inevitable disqualification for enduring popularity, in that it was exclusively masculine and necessarily deprived of the potent attractiveness exerted by the members of the more fascinating sex. And in the third place, its programme was limited and monotonous; and therefore negro-minstrelsy could not long withstand the competition of the music hall, of the variety show, and of the comic musical pieces, which satisfied more amply the same tastes of the public for broad fun commingled with song and dance.

Whatever the exact cause may be, there is no denying that negro-minstrelsy is on the verge of extinction, however much we may bewail the fact. It failed to accomplish its true purpose; and it is disappearing, leaving behind it little that is worthy of preservation except a few of its songs. This at least it has to its credit, that it gave Stephen Collins Foster the chance to produce his simple melodies. Perhaps we might even venture to assert that the existence of negro-minstrelsy is justified by a single one of these songs—by "Old Folks at Home," which has a wailing melancholy and an unaffected pathos lacking in the earlier and more saccharine "Home, Sweet Home," based on an old Sicilian tune. After Foster came Root and Work; and "My Old Kentucky Home" was succeeded by "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," and by "Marching Through Georgia"—which last lyric now shares its popularity only with "Dixie" as a musical relic of the Civil War.

It would be pleasant to know whether it was one of Foster's songs and which one it may have been that once touched the tender heart of Thackeray. "I heard a humorous balladist not long ago," the novelist recorded, "a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in a most unexpected manner. I have gazed at thousands of tragedy-queens dying on the stage and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, be it said, at many scores of clergymen without being dimmed, and behold! a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note, which sets the heart thrilling with happy pity."

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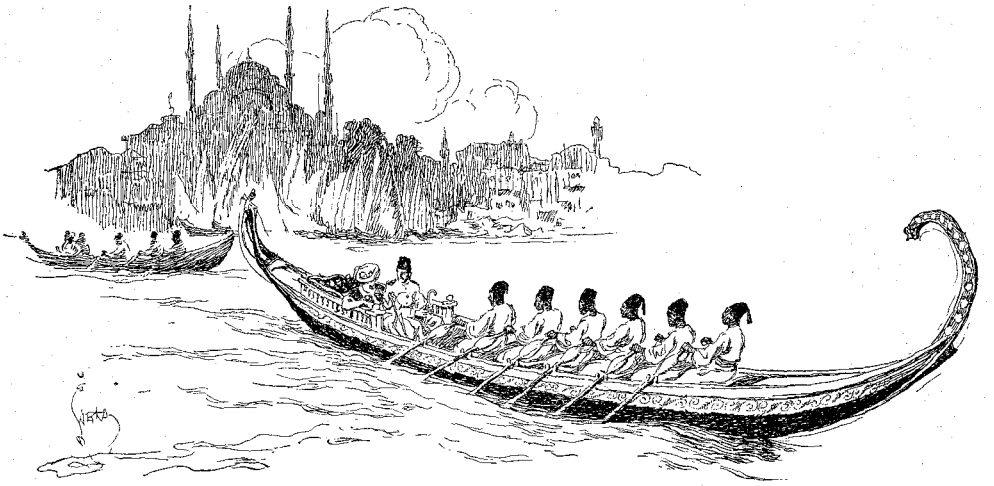

THE FREEDOM OF EDITH

By Mary Guérin

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

IT was Edith who found a significance in the fact that Zelda's window gave on the spot where the very edges of Asia and Europe face each other. A striking demonstration of the psychological situation! The benighted Woman transformed into the New Woman by the light of civilization!

Zelda, who relished the psychological, carried it even further; the window was barred, and necessitated the militant hand. But Zelda knew her father was still under the delusion that a hand soft and yielding, particularly that of the daughter of Sindi Pasha of Beylerbey, was altogether desirable. She knew, too, that it would offend him to hear his delicately carved lattices called bars; nevertheless that was what she was thinking as she stood looking out one afternoon.

Her eyes were alert and expectant, but rejected indifferently the old familiar procession of ships below. It might continue to ply the waters of the Bosphorus forever as far as she cared, just so the greatest of all things happened. As if torn by dual interests, the girl turned to the room within, where on end in a corner stood a large and new Emancipation trunk. Near by, on a wooden crate improvised as pedestal, was a huge plaster cast of the Winged Victory, and carefully pinned to the wall above it, a little banner: "Votes for Women." At these the daughter of Sindi Pasha lovingly gazed until the noise of a motor-launch reached her ears, causing her again to rush to the window. The girl waved her hand. A short, hoarse whistle responded as the boat with its tiny pennant of red, white, and blue was brought to the water-gate.

Zelda lost no detail, as its occupant sprang ashore and made fast a rope. The individual, a fair, slender girl, pulled at the brim of her Panama and squinted a smile up at the onlooker. Calling out gayly, "Hallo, darling," she hurried past the black eunuch lounging in the doorway. The porter, accustomed to this familiarity, made a jerky obeisance as the visitor stepped past him into the cool interior. A door overhead was flung open, and the two girls embraced upon the stairway.

"Well, Edith?" interrogated Zelda, when they had sat down in the middle of a divan. "Well?"

"Oh, everything's settled, for of course

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I've arranged it," the other replied crisply. "Papa is to take us to Paris, before we go to Rome."

"Paris! the Opera together at last!" The Moslem girl rapturously clasped her hands, then, encircling her friend's waist, drew her over to the corner and pointed to her latest acquisition.

"An Emancipation trunk!" exclaimed Edith, and they both laughed.

"It's rather magnificent for Long Island. I mean next year when we go to New York."

"New York!" repeated Zelda. "Yes, I must go to your America—your wonderful land of freedom."

"Where we do exactly as we are told!"

"But not about marriage!"

"Oh, no, not about that. At home a woman marries the men she wants to."

"The men?" echoed Zelda.

"Not all at once, of course," Edith explained.

Zelda regarded her American friend a moment, then inquired: "What of Monsieur Arnold? Your father greatly desires a marriage for you with Monsieur Arnold."

"Oh, Hal's all right—and I'm afraid that's the reason I'll never marry him. Now, Zelda," Edith went on, "if you insist upon being serious, I must repeat what for months I've been trying to make clear. It is not one's father who is to be considered in deciding such questions. In short, I simply refuse to have anybody pick out a husband for me."

"But when I am liberated, should I find a man to marry me, I am afraid he would never understand me, never know that I wanted only to make him happy."

"Of course not," replied the American. "Why spoil a perfectly good husband?"

The two friends moved arm in arm toward the outstretched wings of the Victory.

"Edith," the Turkish girl burst forth, "I have a feeling, a terrible suspicion, that my father will make me marry a—that even now he has found for me a spouse."

"Zelda," Edith spoke sternly, "if you weakly yield to any such nonsense, you will end by being a wretchedly unhappy woman. If you remain here and marry, you will be a prisoner, a prisoner, I say, for life. Yes," she persisted, at Zelda's mild reproach, "this land makes just that of its women. You are coming away with me, and I will show you how to choose as I shall choose—and be as I shall be—an unbound woman!"

Edith stood erect, the collar of her white blouse flaring widely, exposing her splendid throat. She had unconsciously inflated her chest and squared her shoulders.

"You are right, and oh, when you speak like that," Zelda admired, "you are like *her!*" and she nodded at the plaster figure. "She has been such a comfort to me," the Eastern girl sighed, "the symbol of freedom, the type of the American woman!"

"That's sweet of you, darling," Edith smiled.

Edith gave Zelda many injunctions and explicit directions regarding their prospective plans, reminding her in conclusion that they would take the Orient Express, on the morrow, "through to Paris." And when Zelda assured her she was already packed, they bade each other an affectionate *au revoir*.

"To-morrow!" she called in response to the flutter of Zelda's handkerchief, when Edith had quit the mooring. She was late, but lingered, lost in the compelling beauty around her. On both shores the miles of marble palaces, now pale gold and violet, were reflected in the Bosphorus, while the light shimmering on the domes of Stamboul was gathering behind them into deep shadows. A tinkling of little cymbals and the rhythmic chant of rowers from a passing fishing-boat stirred the girl's pulses.

This land appealed to her strongly. She was subject to its spell and felt its enchantment, but not its so-called "mystery." During her happy sojourn here, covering the period of her father's official position, the only problem that she had recognized was the one upon which her attention already hung: the woman question; or, as she put it, how to be free though married. She was elated that, through his transfer to Rome, she and Zelda would be given the opportunity, in all probability, to demonstrate her theories. Yes, she loved the beauty and romance of this land. There was much to beguile, to allure, but nothing, so the American girl thought, to baffle.

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But the meditative mood of the navigator was obliged to yield to the task in hand of threading her way among the river craft, as she headed for the European shore. At the landing, turning the care of her launch over to an attendant, the girl stepped into her car, which she drove herself, with characteristic assurance. Her father, Mr. Wellman, was in the garden of their villa when she arrived, and came to meet her.

"Hallo, papa dear. Sorry I'm so late, but you know I love sunsets."

"Beylerbey?" Mr. Wellman inquired as they crossed the terrace.

"Yes; Zelda, that is, the 'Cause,' is ready. It's all packed!"

"And afire to try her wings in Paris, I suppose?"

"To try her voice, poor darling; she's dying to study with Crébonne. I'll take her to him the first thing!"

"Well," said her father, "I am glad you seem to feel able to see it through. I don't know that I shall ever get over the anxiety of taking Zelda——"

"Remember how much there is at stake," Edith warned him. "You've agreed not to consider the case from the standpoint of the individual."

But he did not anticipate with pride, as Edith told him he should, the possibility of giving poor Turkish women the opportunity to find the proper consorts. Zelda's father was a very lenient parent, but there would be a limit even to his indulgence.

"Sindi Pasha will undoubtedly retain his traditional right to arrange that little matter himself," Mr. Wellman told his daughter; "and I agree with him."

"And, of course, I don't. Husbands," Edith persisted, "are one of the things of which one must make a personal selection —like dentifrice."

Edith claimed that it is the expected which happens. But the contents of the letter brought to her next morning from Sindi Pasha's daughter was certainly not the expected. Zelda, however, made tear-stained reiterations that it was the irrevocable. Edith read with incredulity the assertion that one who had only a few hours before been ready to canvass for votes, now refused to take even the preliminary step to freedom. Zelda deliberately to refuse it, at the crucial moment, not only for herself, but for hundreds of others!

Where was her New-Womanly spirit! Edith's efforts to be cast aside as lightly as though Causes were trifles to be purchased in the bazaars, and "Give us Both Liberty and Marriage" not even worth considering! All of feminine Turkey, then, was to continue to be dragged off to the harem, and because Zelda's father had received a proposal for his daughter's hand from a stranger whose name she didn't even know!

"But Zelda has not failed you," Mr. Wellman protested; "she is obeying her father. He hasn't been willing to see her detach herself so completely from her old life, and has seized this opportunity to prevent it. I suppose she will call it Fate."

"Not Zelda! She'll do nothing so benighted; she'll say it's the psychological moment, though it's hard lines, for she's always been dying for a psychological moment."

"Indeed!" laughed Mr. Wellman; "then the kindest thing you can do will be to help her to bear it with resignation. After all, she may as well expect happiness."

"Zelda's making the mistake of her life. I could do better with my eyes shut."

"Pray don't; though I admit that is the way the step is oftenest taken."

The Broken-Hearted One, as Edith now termed Zelda, had in her letter besought her friend not to make things harder by urging her to further resistance. Edith wrote pages of criticism and reproaches, as well as pitying consolation, dashed off in her firm, uncompromising hand. "I fear I shall not return for some time," she wrote, "so that when I again see you, you doubtless will have married and met your husband. You have my address, and as soon as you know your name, write me."

II

Many months had passed since her parting with the Moslem girl, and Edith Wellman had not returned to the Bosphorus. Nor had she received even so much as a word from Zelda. Her own letters unanswered had at first caused her

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as much distress as disappointed curiosity.

With the coming of hot weather she felt the need of a rest after the laborious pleasures of a winter in Rome. Longing for simplicity, she took a palace in Venice for the summer. Her father's observation that such establishments and ease were not generally synonymous was met by the cheerful reply that she did not think Aunt Charlotte would find it so. Of course, she meant to take her! Aunt Charlotte was as much a necessity as the servants, her grand piano, and motor-launch, but she should dispense with luxuries.

On an afternoon a few weeks after having taken up her abode in Palazzo Varni, Edith was having tea with her friend, Mrs. Mason. The hour was a favorite one on the loggia of the consulate, for here, overlooking the Grand Canal, with its wide sweep of air from the sea, it could be cool in Venice even in August.

"You are like *her!*" and she nodded at the plaster figure.—Page 761.

"She's a fair goddess all right," declared one youth, as he slipped into a chair not far from where Edith sat, the centre of a group of men. "An heiress, you say?"

"Of course; she's an American, isn't she?" answered his companion.

"Who is the fellow trying to get next?

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—the lank one in flannels, wearing a fez?"

"The Turk? Captain Ali Bey. He's commander of the *Tewfik Pasha*. A lot of these naval chaps come here on leave every summer. Ali Bey's a guest on Count Cassini's yacht."

"If it wasn't for the eye-glass you might take him for an Englishman."

"He affects everything swagger," his companion laughed. "He's a familiar type around here. Oriental—deep-dyed, you know—but a product, as they say, of modern culture and European capitals."

"He's not bad-looking—and he's making good, I should say."

"Think so? Here's Mrs. Mason," and jumping up, the youths saluted their hostess.

Edith Wellman had risen and, with a nod and informal little wave of the hand, smilingly took her leave, with the naval officer in her wake.

"Louie," confided Harry to his companion when they had themselves reached the water-landing, and had seen the foreigner put the girl into her gondola, "the East may be a red fez, but the West isn't white flannels, though that Turk can make Miss Wellman think so, if she doesn't look out."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Edith," Mrs. Mason declared a few days later, "but I must refuse to be led about further by the vagaries of Captain Ali Bey. Were I to consent again to-night to Turkish coffee on the yacht, we should end by finding ourselves several days hence adrift somewhere in the Mediterranean."

"I prefer dinner at the Lido, myself," Edith condescended.

"You know it is not a question of preference. Don't speak to me of the Lido! Fancy our arriving home at two o'clock the other morning, crawling all the way by gondola because we'd missed the boat."

"I thought him capable of more ingenuity," confessed Edith.

"I don't care to sample any more of his ingenuity, thank you," affirmed Mrs. Mason.

"At least," suggested Edith, "you don't find him dull."

"No, that's just it, I don't *find* Ali Bey at all; he is obscure, elusive. I don't understand him, or, rather, I do; he is unfathomable."

"Yes, he *is* interesting," agreed Edith suavely.

The two women were in the cool morning-room of Palazzo Varni. They had met to go over some duets, but Mrs. Mason had laid aside the music without glancing at it. She believed that Edith Wellman had spoken truly. She had revealed the charm of this stranger for her, which was that he had aroused her curiosity.

But as she lay back in her lounging-chair watching the other woman's face, Edith told herself that the reason she had never before "taken on" a Turk was that she had not found one who amused her.

"Won't you tell me why you think Ali Bey obscure and elusive, as you say?"

"My dear girl," she replied, "I've been in his company hours at a time of late, and, excepting the fact that he is Count Cassini's friend, I know nothing whatever about him. I've made him talk—yes—of foreign lands, of books, occasionally of people, but of himself, his convictions, his life, never! He's so casual I've wondered if he has any absorbing interests, and you know the times, I think, that I've endeavored to draw him out, with an infinite variety of subjects."

"Let's see," began Edith, "art, music, literature——"

"But with no success," continued Mrs. Mason.

"Well," suggested Edith, "why not try him on—sugar! Dear Mrs. Mason," the girl went on coaxingly, "you're too serious. Why bother as long as he's amusing? Besides, Ali Bey's not different from any other man if one knows how to manage him."

"In darkest Ali Bey again?" Edith inquired, when the following afternoon found Mrs. Mason still endeavoring to explore the unknown.

The naval officer had been, as usual, persevering. As Palazzo Varni would not go to Turkish coffee, Turkish coffee must come to Palazzo Varni, and so they were expecting him.

"Well, I'll show you what *I* think," Edith yawned, and seating herself at the piano, ran a finger from one end of the

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Edith refused to play more.—Page 766.

keyboard to the other. "Ali Bey is as difficult as that."

She sat there when he was announced, and remained idly watching proceedings as the room became filled with the delicious aroma of his concoction. He had robed himself for the occasion in the rich silks and embroideries of his native garb. Their beauty and grace embellished his own subtle charm, which to-day strongly evinced itself as he regaled the two women with whimsical small talk while presiding over the tiny jewelled cups.

But Edith, distrait, with her hands yet upon the piano keys, softly touched a chord. The visitor, who sat facing her, did not look up. She struck another chord, and, unobserved, watched him while she

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went through a nocturne. When she ceased playing, Ali Bey's fascinating eyes went to hers with a message, but not one in response to the music.

"So," thought Edith, "the inscrutable one shall be revealed!" She tried one or two of her favorites in which she knew she was at her best, but with no response from the Oriental save his solemn gaze from time to time in her direction. Then, suddenly, the girl threw herself into a crude arrangement of her own of the ballet music from "Gioconda." As she dashed on, now with furious zeal, the Eastern man hurried to her side, audibly aroused and captivated. That Edith had got exactly what she expected was apparent in the flushed look of exultation she flung at the other woman. Ali Bey applauded with almost boyish ardor, his accustomed languor dropping from him like a cloak. Edith refused to play more, and when he had gone, exclaimed triumphantly to Mrs. Mason:

"You see, do you not, that I am right? It required only some such thing as that barbaric rhythm, so like his own East, to uncover the primitive. I've never seen anything so naïve! Under his assumed sophistication he is utterly untutored—a child of nature. Absurd to call him complex, 'dangerous.' I tell you he's a baby!"

Mrs. Mason then and there had made up her mind to try a "coup."

To execute this project, Mrs. Mason sought the co-operation of Miss Charlotte Wellman, choosing an hour in which she felt pretty certain of finding Edith absent. She learned in an interview with the good spinster that she, too, was aware of the presence of a "situation," and gathered that what she felt was most needed was a policeman.

"That Turk!" she exclaimed. "If my brother were here he'd have the fellow thrown out!"

"He might," replied Mrs. Mason; "but what we want is finesse." She then proceeded to explain that it was best that Mr. Wellman should come to Venice. But he must be brought so adroitly that neither he nor Edith would suspect that anything more existed than a desire for his company. "The mere presence of her father will write protection for her," she concluded.

"My niece's independence is scandalous!" the aunt cried with indignation.

Mrs. Mason had already risen and bade adieu to her still perturbed hostess when a servant appeared at the door and ushered into the room, unannounced, Captain Ali Bey. Only a flash of remembrance of the newly installed domestic was needed to explain this to the two women. Mrs. Mason watched with sudden trepidation the flame of anger in Charlotte Wellman's cheek as she was called upon to receive the object of their mutual antagonism. Mistrusting the other woman's ability to conceal this, she contrived to engage the man's attention after his first vain search of the room. Extremely desirous of avoiding any show of hostilities, she succeeded in being fairly gracious; she was not surprised at the uncompromising negative with which the aunt responded to the man's inquiries for her niece. But she was staggered to hear the thoroughly exasperated lady proclaim:

"I have made up my mind to send for my niece's father. I intend that my brother shall come to Venice at once!"

Mrs. Mason inwardly groaned. The intruder, however, looked the speaker straight in the eye, and made some remark to the effect that that "would doubtless greatly please Mademoiselle Wellman."

"Forgive me," fluttered the poor lady, when the naval officer had left, "if I said the wrong thing."

Mrs. Mason did not tell her she had done more; she had said it in the right place. She had threatened the man.

To bring Mr. Wellman to the scene of action at the earliest possible moment the two women now agreed was imperative. Miss Wellman alleged the terrible Turk already brandished the weapons of war!

But the handsome and dashing enemy who was laying siege to Edith's heart did nothing so melodramatic.

He merely stepped languidly into a gondola. When with a brief direction he found himself under way, he produced a packet of papers which he leisurely opened upon his knees. He would now, he persuaded himself, resume what an hour be-

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fore he had begun—read the business letter received that day from Kerri Bey, at home. Discarding his eye-glass, he followed with ease the assertion that he would recall—for so the letter ran—that in the work now being done at the Dardanelles, considerable American equipment was to be installed. Would Ali Bey therefore, begged the writer, give his valuable advice about the important investigations which must be made, etc.? Should he, asked Kerri Bey, request Whitehead Effendi, American representative at Trieste, to assist, etc.?

"Um-m—" he muttered, his long fingers fondling his cigarette. "Why not?"

"Um-m-m—I suppose he'll do," sighed the reader, and extracting a telegraph form from among his papers, began in a desultory way to outline his reply. "Whitehead, Trieste, best man to get——"

Here Ali Bey dropped back against the cushions of his bark, but the eyes he raised to the distant horizon had narrowed into subtle ambiguity.

"Um-m—" he muttered, his long fingers fondling his cigarette. "Why not?" and a humorous smile spread itself over his face. But the idea which had presented itself to the man's mind was a crucial one. His interest in the matter before him became almost feverish, though it was with characteristic deliberation that he returned to his telegram. With something akin to a chuckle, he struck out what was there, and wrote instead:

"*Wellman, Rome, preferable to Whitehead for work at Dardanelles. Persuade him to meet you. Make it urgent, imperative. Wire him immediately.*"

Having sent this message, no doubt Ali Bey reviewed with undisturbed calm the events of the afternoon. In all probability a vision of Edith Wellman's fair form rose

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before him, and with it a placid gratitude for the hint her aunt's impetuosity had thrown him. Fate had been kind to him, and he might flatter himself he had not thrown away the chance which had come so opportunely to use it to advantage.

"Why not?" as he had said! Either American would serve Kerri Bey's purpose equally well, although one did chance to serve his better!

Therefore the man doubtless congratulated himself that the day's work "had not been half bad!"

III

WHENEVER Miss Charlotte Wellman chaperoned her niece through an embassy dance, her survival was a fit! It was in this state that she went to Edith's room a few mornings after Mrs. Mason's visit. She found the girl in a mood similar to her own, for she had spent the night—what was left of it after the fête—in trying to forget that there had not been a moment the previous evening that Captain Ali Bey's consuming glances had left her. During the restless hours that had followed, the suggestion was borne in upon Edith Wellman that from the first this Eastern stranger had been half mockingly, half gallantly watching her while she defended herself against the ever-increasing assertiveness of his courtship, this tantalizing silence of his, this attitude of inevitable possession.

When Miss Wellman had told her niece of the hoped-for visit of her father, Edith's feelings were paradoxical. At the prospect of again seeing him she experienced a sudden sense of relief, and of annoyance that she had. She realized fully, for the first time, that a father might be a very handy article, yet never resented more the idea of using him.

Nevertheless, when Aunt Charlotte entered her room that morning with a telegram, Edith felt she would be thoroughly glad to see him. It was not until she learned he was not coming that she knew how much she cared.

"*Sorry—impossible to come at present—urgently called to important work at Dardanelles—must postpone the pleasure, etc.*"

His daughter was sure that, duties or not, one word from her would bring him to her side. It took her no less than the long hot afternoon to know that she would never send that word. Where was her pride—more than that, her doctrine? If this lazy, drifting life had made her forget, it had not at least put her in the position to weep on her parent's coat-collar. No; but she must get back to work!

At dinner Edith concluded her sentiments by announcing to Aunt Charlotte that she had decided to leave Venice.

"What's the use? I'm bored. I've wanted for some time to get back to real life," she confided, "to the Cause; everything else is an obsession."

It was now Aunt Charlotte's turn to be relieved.

"Obsession!" She was delighted with this new name for Ali Bey.

Edith soon found herself smiling at the absurd simplicity of her move. Since her decision to make it, she had applauded Aunt Charlotte's superintendence of the preparations for immediate departure. Adieux would be brief. The colony, like herself, was always on the wing, and a line to Mrs. Mason was sufficient considering their now rather strained relations.

As for Captain Ali Bey, he might think any old thing he chose; she'd never see *him* again, anyway!

How much truth there had been in Edith Wellman's feeling when she said she would never see Ali Bey again might be difficult to tell. But to have uttered it yesterday, and to-day be sitting with him on the deck of a steamer which was fast conveying her to his home as his wife, was surely something even she might call sudden. It was intoxicating to remember how, in a few short hours, she had allowed herself to be swept off her feet by the ardor of her romantic lover, and had given herself to him as his own. How glorious to have acted thus in perfect accord with her theories; to realize the joy that came from voluntary choice!

"You know," Edith smiled, "I've always supposed the moment would come when I'd promise to love, honor, and feed a husband, but somehow that fat old priest made it seem—" She shivered and pulled her rugs more closely about her,

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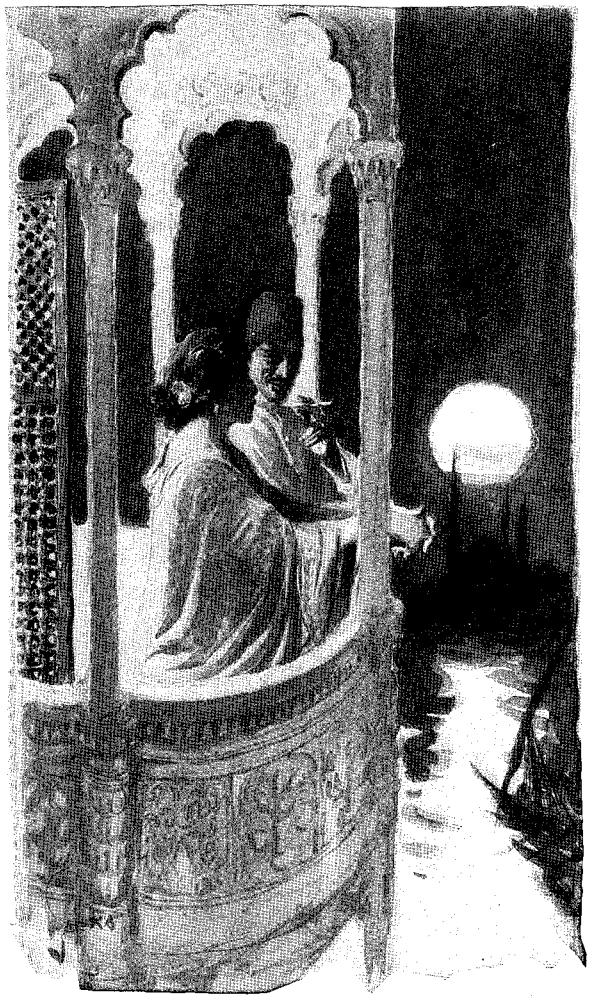
as the Oriental eyes fixed her with their deep look of possession.

"Anyhow," she went on, "I'm now a happily married woman, and you're—you're a happily managed man! It's the same thing," she laughed, as his handsome brows lifted.



And later . . . stood looking out over the shining water while the moon rose.

As the man paced the deck, the girl gazed expectantly ahead. They had already come into the Sea of Marmora, and with the familiar scenes her thoughts turned to her father. His only wish was for her happiness, she told herself, and now she had gained it in the one way possible for her. And Zelda! Poor little thing; how different was her lot, indeed that of all her Eastern sisters! How long ago it seemed, and how she had neglected them even though she had missed them. But at last they should learn through her example what she had tried to tell them.

With the evening splendor of the Golden Horn the steamer cast anchor. An ecstatic dream began for Edith when, in her husband's six-oared caique, straight and swift as a swallow, they sped up the Bosphorus.

And later, by his side, from a lofty chamber in her new home, Edith and the

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man of her choice stood looking out over the shining water while the moon rose.

Life in the old palace which was now her home soon found Edith a prey to her craving for activity. There seemed much at hand to begin with! Her walks in the gardens augmented the prevailing air of dilapidation. The carved fountains, chanting in their marble basins, were crumbling into decay, and the vines of roses drooped in confusion. She felt the charm of it as she had liked the faded colors and pale silks and tinsels of her apartments. But it was all too significant of neglect, and possibilities of restoration were everywhere suggested to the American girl's fancy.

This, as well as curiosity, prompted her to eagerly investigate the vast and numerous corners of her new abode a day or two after her arrival. Having wandered down the great hall, from one end of which her apartments opened, she tried at random the first door beyond. It opened, and she was stupefied at beholding one—two—a whole suite of spacious rooms opening out, elegantly and luxuriously furnished in the modern French manner.

With a consciousness of intrusion, she hastily withdrew, as from one of the further chambers a woman's laugh rang out. With beating heart Edith lingered as she again heard the happy laughter, this time joined by the gay cooing of a child.

Was it a dream! Edith stood irresolute, then, closing the door, found her way to a window in the hall. Standing there, she heard Ali Bey's commanding voice in the garden below, giving some directions to a servant. She climbed to a seat and gazed as in a trance through the barred window at her husband. But she giddily turned her head, as the mysterious door was thrown open, and the mother and child emerged, coming toward her down the hall.

Edith stood transfixed, and staring into the woman's face, gasped: "Zelda!"

Zelda also stared in blank amazement.

"Edith!" The Turkish girl recognized her friend, but could scarcely believe her eyes. Finally, very quietly, she asked: "Why are you here?"

"Why?" Edith repeated. "This is my home!" Then, impulsively: "Yes, my dear, I've married one of your countrymen!"

As Zelda's eyes opened wider and wider, Edith was reminded of the extraordinary circumstances of the situation. "But you, Zelda, why are you here—here in this house?" she demanded.

"I," replied Zelda calmly, "why, it is my home. I am the favorite wife of the lord of the palace."

The voice of the Turkish officer was again heard in the garden.

Edith pointed to him and asked, slowly: "Zelda, who is that man?"

"The lord of the palace—Ali Bey," she answered, "my husband."

MISSING

By Edward Shillito

FORSAKEN by his company
To-night another boy must die.

And with him dies—his art long-planned,
For which the ages shaped his hand.

And with him fails the godlike brain,
For which the æons toiled in vain.

And with him many a secret dies,
And many a sweet divine surprise.

But, oh, in him when night shall fall
Some broken heart will lose her all!

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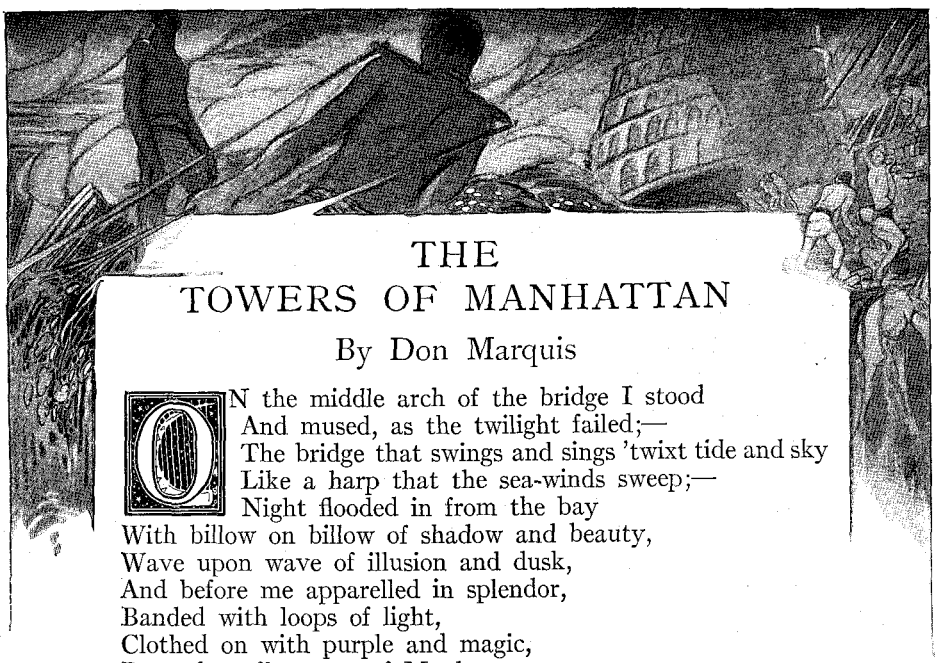

THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN

By Don Marquis

ON the middle arch of the bridge I stood
And mused, as the twilight failed;—
The bridge that swings and sings 'twixt tide and sky
Like a harp that the sea-winds sweep;—
Night flooded in from the bay
With billow on billow of shadow and beauty,
Wave upon wave of illusion and dusk,
And before me apparelled in splendor,
Banded with loops of light,
Clothed on with purple and magic,
Rose the tall towers of Manhattan,
Wonderful under the stars.

WHENCE has this miracle sprung
To challenge the skies?
From the plinth of this girdled island,
Guarded by sentinel waters,
How has this glory arisen?
Whence is the faith, what is the creed, that has dowered
The dumb brute rock and the sullen iron
With a beauty so bold and vital,
A grace so vivid and real?
Whence the strong wings of this lyric that soars like a song in stone?

FOR the builders builded in blindness;
Little they thought of the ultimate
Uses of beauty!
Little they kenned and nothing they recked of the raptures
Of conscious and masterful art;
They builded blinder than they who raised
The naïvely blasphemous challenge of Babel;
For they wrought in the sordid humor
Of greed, and the lust for power;
They wrought in the heat of the bitter
Battle for gold;
And some of them ground men's lives to mortar,
Taking the conqueror's toll
From the veins of the driven millions;
Of curses and tears they builded,
Cruelty and crime and sorrow—
And behold! by a baffling magic
The work of their hands transmuted
To temples and towers that are crowned
With a glamour transcendent
That lifts up the heart like the smile of a god!

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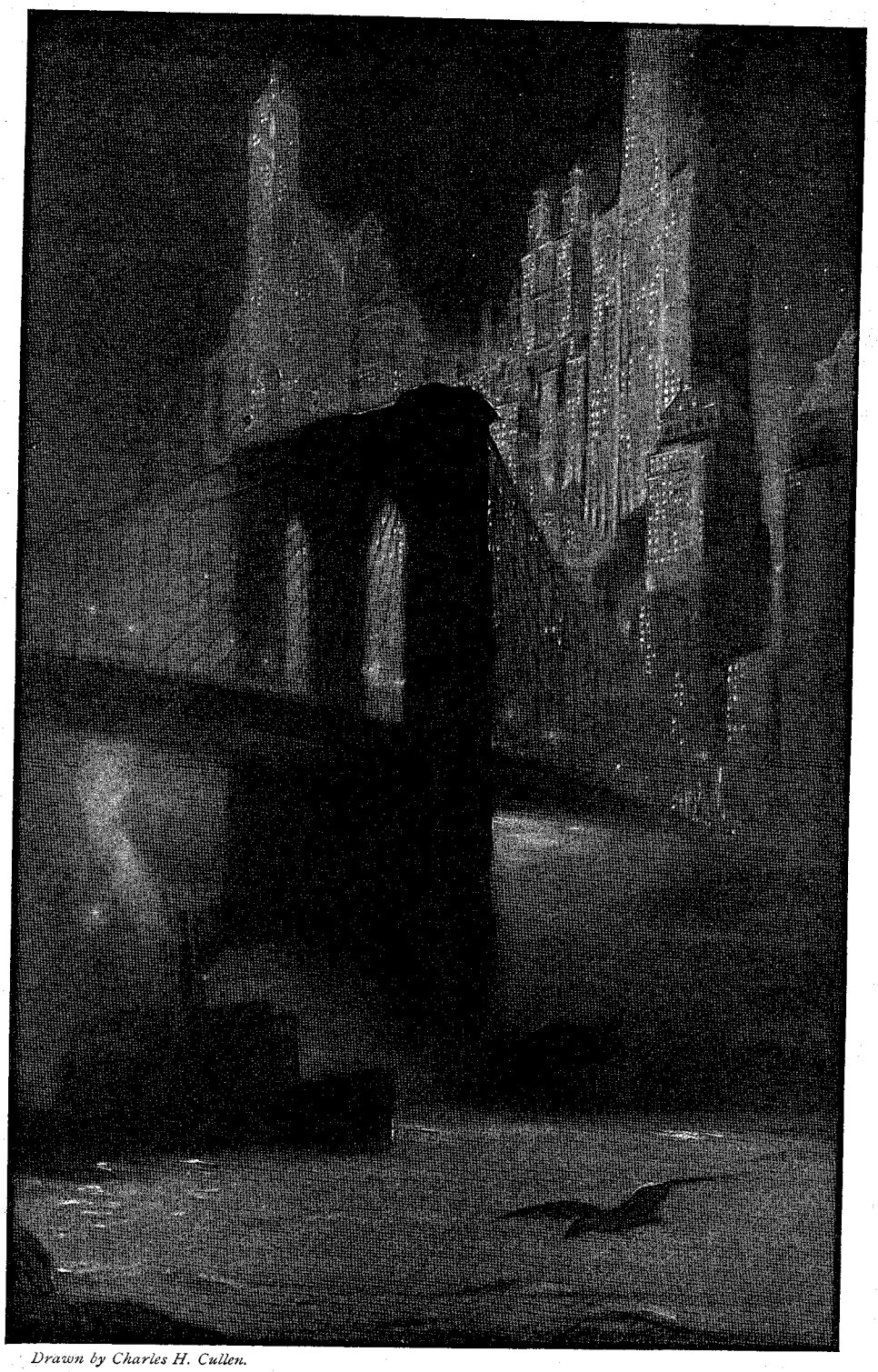

Drawn by Charles H. Cullen.

Rose the tall towers of Manhattan,
Wonderful under the stars.

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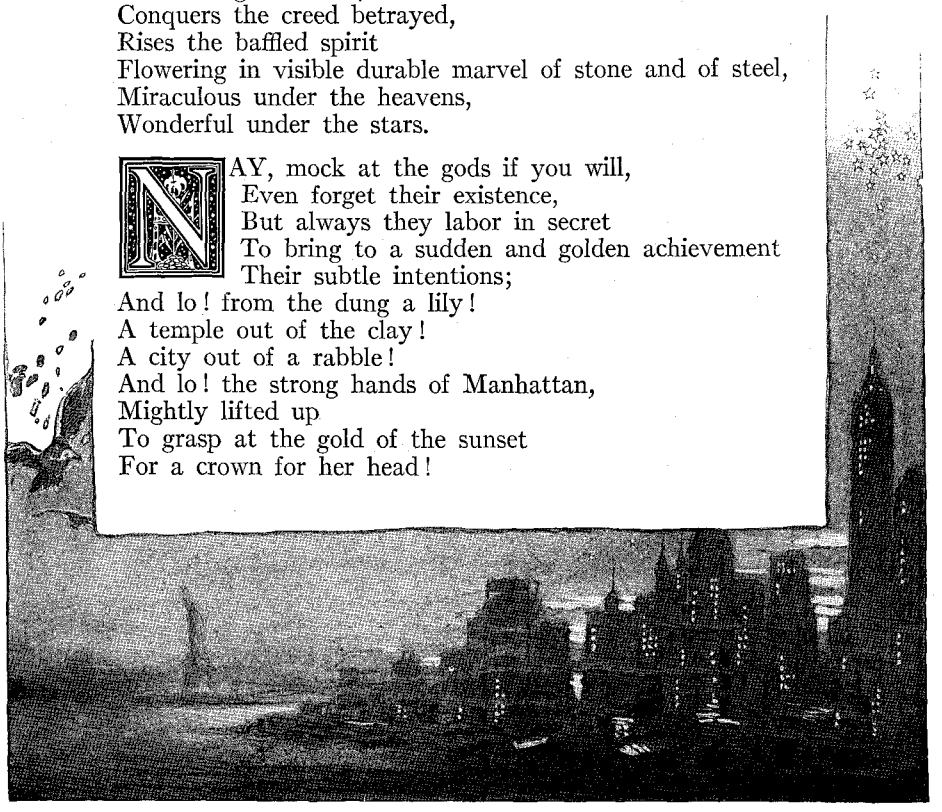
THE dust is the dust, and forever
Receiveth its own;
But the dreams of a man or a people
Forever survive;
These builders, their crimes and their curses,
Their greed and their sordid endeavor,
Lie in the dust,
Dead in the dust,
But the vision, the dream, and the glory
Remain;

TRIUMPHANTLY over all
Rises the secret hope,
Rises the baffled illusion,
Rises the broken dream
That hid in the heart of the conquered,
That dwelt in the conqueror's breast;
By the side of each man as he labored,
Unseen and unknown,
Labored his dream;
Now, eminent, fronting the morning,
Mysterious, clothed with the night,
Rises the crushed aspiration,
The unconscious and scarcely articulate prayer,
Rises the faith forgotten,
Triumphs the spurned ideal,
Rises the god denied,
Conquers the creed betrayed,
Rises the baffled spirit
Flowering in visible durable marvel of stone and of steel,
Miraculous under the heavens,
Wonderful under the stars.

NAY, mock at the gods if you will,
Even forget their existence,
But always they labor in secret
To bring to a sudden and golden achievement
Their subtle intentions;
And lo! from the dung a lily!
A temple out of the clay!
A city out of a rabble!
And lo! the strong hands of Manhattan,
Mightly lifted up
To grasp at the gold of the sunset
For a crown for her head!



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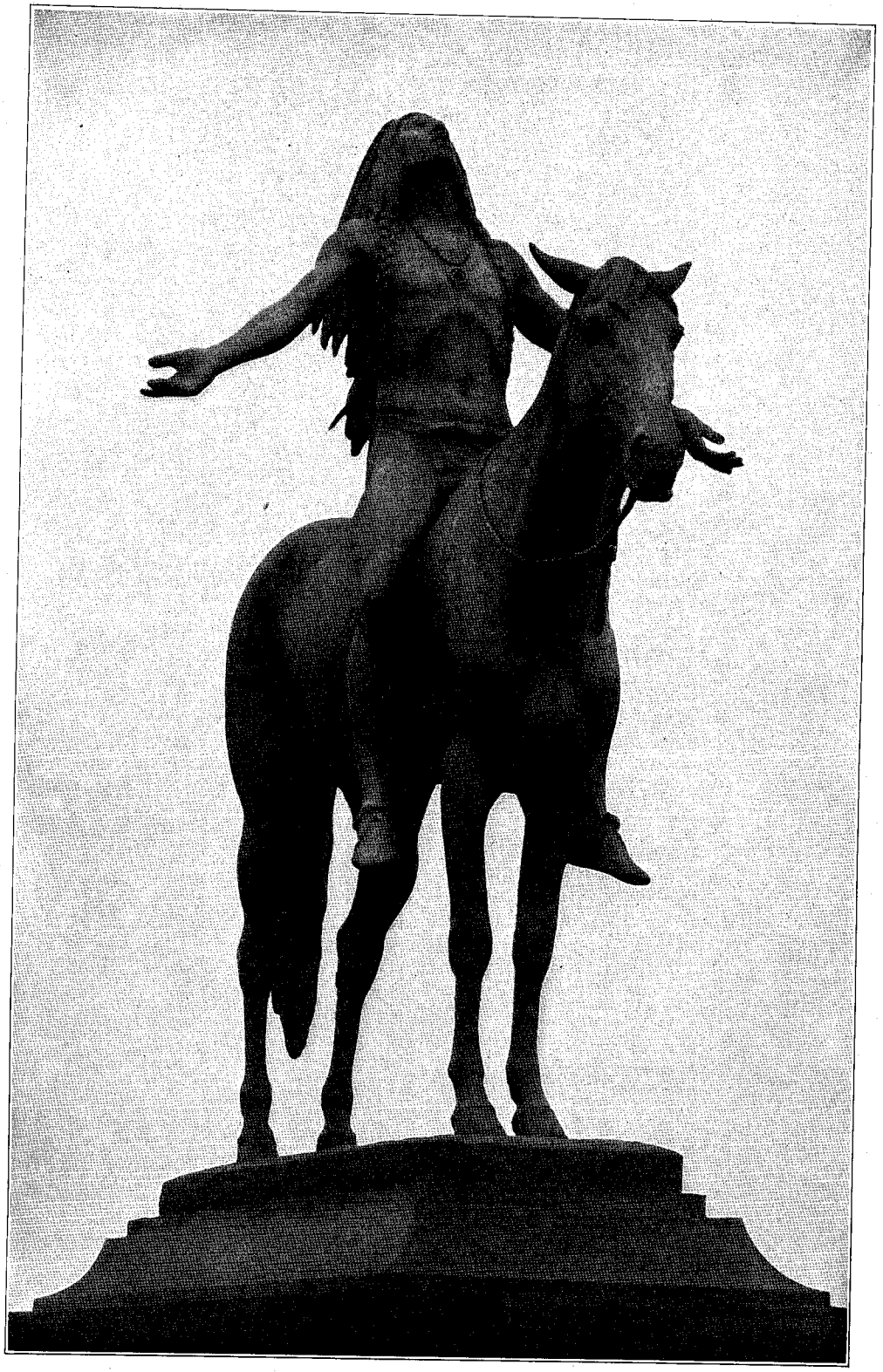

The Appeal to the Great Spirit. By Cyrus E. Dallin.
In front of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

—"The Field of Art," page 779.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THERE is really no need for any one to write about gardens—so much has already been written, so many wise folk, poets, philosophers, gardeners, have set forth in verse and in prose the charm of gardens, the plans of gardens, the symbolism of gardens, the needs of gardens. I grasp my pen tightly, turning back to culture of the mind, but the sweetest west wind of all the year, the wind of June, blows my papers away, and my bit of a garden will not let me alone. Chasing my papers, I am compelled to stop to arrange a tendril about a cord, to free a struggling shoot of rose-bush, to pick one long grass stem from among the California poppies. My garden has a thousand feminine wiles for keeping my mind upon itself, distracting ways of demanding attention, jealous lest it be forgotten for a moment.

Gardens—Imagined

It is not a respectable garden, like those of our neighbors, for we tamed a bit of the wilderness, and we keep it wild at the edges. On one side is a thicket of trees, where woodland things grow—ferns, moccasin plants, running pine, Solomon's-seal, and shy anemones. There is a little tangle where we coax sweet-fern to life, and reluctant Scotch heather, resentful of our summer heat and homesick for its native mists; wild roses also, brought from the seashore; least pines and cedars, gathered by the wayside and in woods. Here, and in the untilled spaces about us, through the wilderness grass we sow goldenrod, asters, and daisies, and other vagrant things.

Our garden, to tell the truth, is somewhat undefined; it is hard to tell the garden from the yard, the yard from the wilderness. The bad habit of planting things in the grass has grown upon us, making increasing difficulty for the man with the lawn-mower in distinguishing the desert from the sown. Mowing day is a day of many a gallant dash to rescue some shrinking green thing from the unregarding knives; and the big Irishman, rubbing his forehead in perplexity when he finds a huge bit of ragweed or a stray mullein, calls out despairingly: "Lady, did you plant that?" Even so, he guillotined a choice fern, some lady's-slippers, and two seedling birches. May the gods be kinder to him than he deserves, and spare his own red neck in time of peril!

But the charm of blossoming things growing out of the green needs no apology. Our crocuses wear a look, when, blue, white, or yellow, they open after the snow, as if God, and not a kind young friend, had planted them. Not all at once, but after long winter waiting and early spring days of suspense lest frost has killed them, we year by year see "a crowd, a host, of golden daffodils"—not a marching host, but a straggling host, a hundred strong, here, there, everywhere, in and out among the white birches in the wakening green of the grass. Ah, if the ghost of William Wordsworth would only wander this way some sunny April day! One, by the south porch, comes long "before the swallows dare," and "takes the winds of March," and us, with beauty.

Our garden would never do as a basis of an article in a gardening-book or a lady's magazine. It is not one of those methodical, unnatural gardens where all the seeds that are sown germinate, where all blossoms turn out in expected colors, where a whole row of hollyhocks come up without gaps. It is no placid spot, of gradual growth, but a thing of wild hopes and sudden fears; of quick inspirations unknown to the careful husbandman; of unparalleled successes; of blasting defeats. It seems almost at times as if it too had fleet, imaginative glimpses of what might be, and shared our sense of triumph or mood of failure. For nature is by no means the orderly, inch-by-inch personage we are taught in scientific text-books to think her. She also has her moments of inspiration, of rapid and luxuriant growth, and my garden makes me aware of her swift divinings, her blind hopes, her passionate impulses that wax and wane.

If it is the gardening of ignorance, at least it is full of the joy of discovery. To well-instructed friends I should be ashamed to confess that, busy for many years with mere books and ideas, I knew not annuals from

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perennials. Biennials are still a puzzle; though the theoretical meaning is clear, I find it hard to discover the moment of bloom. When that guaranteed to flower every second year does not blossom at all, what are you to think of the book? Puzzles enough to make one lose one's wits spring up in one's own garden; there is no need to tramp the Andes nor traverse the rings of Saturn for nature's riddles to read.

Of our defeats, where are the hundred many-colored crocuses, planted in that mild November that led to the wickedest of cold winters? Where are the seven-and-twenty least pines, none more than six inches tall, that were to grow into a wild hedge, sweet-smelling in the sun? There was a pathos about them as they perished in sleet and snow as of babies dying in this European war. Alas for my little field of wheat, one of the sudden inspirations, sown on the vacant lot—of wheat and scarlet poppies, scarlet English poppies, glowing in anticipation as they glow in memory from fields of Oxfordshire long ago! Burning heat and drought withered the fresh young grain, and the poppies rested forever in poppy-seed. One cries aloud for unachieved tulip, peony, roses, full of a sense of pathos in "all things sown and mown!" Yet, after all, perhaps it is from the flowers that never grow that one has the greatest delight—those that one sees with the mind's eye, yet to be, lovely in line and in color; those that, in fancy, send out odors more appealing than we find when reality cheats us of the fairness of the vision.

With the quiver of life about us in tendril and shining leaf our present joy in growing things grows deeper, as colors and fragrances of our actual garden blend with colors and fragrances from long ago. Woodbine over the rafters takes on the semblance of *la petite chambre verte* in Normandy where we lunched one September noon, many years gone by, French grace of phrase and skill in cookery lending a charm to the rudest of arbors, the simplest of omelets, the whitest crisp bread in all the world, the most ascetic of red wines. Do those vines too turn to glorified scarlet in October frost, or has the little green chamber turned a more awful red in that great fighting line? In April the clear crimson of our tulips brings back those plucked wild in March on hills near Florence in long-vanished spring sunshine; and little pink-tipped daisies make one see again those in Alpine grass, high on the great slopes above Lausanne, with the glory of the lake, and Savoy, and Mont Blanc spread out before; and those in English meadows in sweet, chill early summer. What subtle associations come on the breath of lilacs, of lilies-of-the-valley, of a few sprigs of blossoming heliotrope, recalling an almost tropical riot of color in a great bed of heliotrope on the shore of Lake Como, with every soft shade of lavender, deepening to richest purple, and a cloud of many-tinted purple butterflies hovering above!

It is but a step from that bed to the paths of the villa garden in which it grew; and so I tread again in memory stately Italian gardens by the Tiber, luxuriant gardens by the Italian lakes; and Rome, Tivoli, Frascati, Val D'Arno come back in memory with perpetual freshness in their sound of running water, their brimming fountains in the cool shade of ilex-trees. One, near Florence, I had, seemingly, all to myself in a fortnight of convalescence. Here were gravelled paths, where grass straggled beyond the edges; here neglected roses grew in loveliness over crumbling walls of pale yellow. There, evening by evening, a nightingale sang, and the little owl that says "Q," the owl that Shelley loved, came night by night. So these humble paths of my garden, which are hardly paths at all, lead into greater; unforgotten gardens come back in sound, color, fragrance; and these slip into the gardens of history, poetry, story—all because of this wayward bit of earth, at which I gaze in pride of possession, a "poor thing, yet my own."

But there is a better refuge still when all goes wrong with the tilled garden, when you cannot keep pace with the weeds, or when you pull up by mistake cherished plants; when many waterings fail. Moments come when, impatient of ownership and of responsibility, you run away to wood or to meadow. Our garden extends to the grass and the goldenrod growing on the hillside, the blue asters by the way, the yellowing fern in the woodland. Many are the hidden garden paths, green-grown with moss, or brown with autumn leaves, where we venture reverently in the cool of the day not touching leaf or flower. Here the first fernlets uncurl in the spring, and hepatica and anemone open in the wind. In such hidden sanctuary one wins escape from worry, and recog-

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nizes anew, through the silences and the murmur of the leaves, that the burden of this blundering universe is the Creator's, not one's own.

An Actual Garden

GREATER than the joy of memory is the joy of the present moment, when one seems to put down roots, to put out tendrils with one's growing things, and finds an absolute content in coming alive with one's garden. If some of our hopes have withered, on the other hand many have come to happy maturity, sharing with us their summer glory. What could be more responsive than our vines—honeysuckle, ampelopsis, bittersweet, actinidia, wistarias, and those tangled woodbines transplanted from the thicket and running riot over porch and roof? One must be forever busy, tying a tendril here, loosing one there, in the constant vine-pedagogy needed by these impulsive things, so swift to put out unnumbered shoots, so slow in finding something to cling to, so piteously at the mercy of the wind.

Our lilacs and syringas grow apace; poplars flourish at the edge, with little leaves that make a rippling noise in the wind, as of pattering rain. Royal golden tulips deign to give us of their magnificence; larkspur blossoms in misty blue; hollyhocks, by the old-fashioned door, grow tall and flower in "wind-dark" red, in gold, in white, in soft, roseate colors. Foxglove invitingly swings its bells for wandering bees; and climbing roses, red and pink, climb and blossom, blossom and climb, almost wantonly; grapevines show the soft bloom of purple clusters under the sheltering green. Iris grows in the mid-tangle and about the bird-bath, tall and protecting; and white madonna lilies bring the silence of perfect beauty to summer afternoons.

Here are fragrances that create Oriental moments in hard-working days: the old-fashioned honeysuckle, our joy and pride, over the pergola; quaint pinks from old-time gardens; delicate columbine; roses, roses, thyme—a little veering of the wind and it is the breath of the sweetbrier that comes; then the wildwood odor of fern, moss, and pine, and an oozy meadow-smell from the tangle. Moments of sweetness come in sultry midsummer noons and in the coolness of twilight; from the swift spattering of summer rain upon the earth; and from charmed afternoons of autumn when mellow sunshine falls upon ripening grapes.

A garden deepens your sense of friendliness with the whole green earth, and is, moreover, a great promoter of good-fellowship with humankind; the friendships that you make over your garden have sweetness and enduring roots. What generosities grow in gardens! What interchange of blossom and fragrance! Old friends bring you bulbs and roots, so that you have something of them growing green beside you; new friends come, bearing gifts of seed and stalk. One gave me blue iris; one yellow pansies for the grave of a four-footed friend; one hepaticas for the thicket; another lilies-of-the-valley and columbine; another violets, blue and white. The sweet, old-fashioned pinks and the older-fashioned mint came from the most lovely little old lady the world has ever known. Friends steal in with trowels, and plant for us, God knows what, God knows where! I come home dragging a market-basket filled to overflowing by the autumn generosity of a neighbor; rich in hollyhock plants, lilies, dahlias, chrysanthemums—so heavy that I have to sit down on the old stone wall to rest. Here I open a little packet of seed—an odd little white flower, he told me, like a forget-me-not, from the pope's garden in Rome. I have since sowed it, breathing a prayer over my stubborn Protestant soil that the world may not forget him, Pius X, for we have need of such as he!

So one reaches the hand of fellowship among the blossoms, and flower-roots and deeper roots grow down into the soul together; the fellowship of humankind and flowerkind are one. Back of each blossom I see the friendly face of the giver, and, if the friendly faces grow fewer as one grows older, one but values them the more.

Nor do our lesser comrades lack welcome here. Little toads hop in and out among the green stalks; squirrels chatter in neighborly fashion from the trees; we are not altogether inhospitable to that uninvited guest, our neighbor's quacking hen, which renders us a rough version of "The Lotus-Eaters" at hot noontides. Birds come and go; we are never without the companionship of wings, swift or slow. Bumble-bees visit foxglove and rose; humming-birds and

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butterflies blossom there; and day by day the honeysuckle pastures the village honeybees. Sometimes a little voice breaks the stillness, and we know that our friend the cricket has crept near, to warn us that all summers pass.

Gardening makes one aware of a certain personality in plants; the lines of individuality seem little less definite than in human beings. Our Boston ivy, growing on the stone wall, is as methodical, as logical, as you would expect it to be; the tiny tendrils, once having, with well-considered purpose, found their appointed place, cling firmly for all time. On the other hand, there are our wayward wistarias; who knows the mind of a wistaria? One, the most interesting, is a live thing of sudden inspirations, sprung from some wild impulse at nature's heart. Planted in the spring, it waited, to all appearances dead, until late July, then burst into sudden leaf, and grew as if it could not stop growing; as if the soul of an artist, alive with the glory of creating, were making itself visible in the quickening stem and the fernlike leaves. Each year we mark in it a period of swift and splendid growing, a period of fertile quiescence.

One could marvel long over this plant individuality of life and of habit. Some are too vagrant and too free to domesticate: that wild and beautiful thing, the cardinal flower, died in captivity; how had we ever dared to think we could tame her? It was a moist and sheltered spot, with, we hoped, associations that she would find familiar, but who could ever capture that regal, elusive creature?

The sense of personality in growing things is intensified by many of the processes you go through in your relationships with them. The garden comes alive, in almost human ways, if you work at it long enough; and you lose yourself in pondering on the humanity of all growing things, or the vegetableness of humanity. There is joy in giving plants water and yet more water, when the pallor of thirst is on them, and in watching them raise their heads again in radiant freshness. In autumn you must wrap many of them warmly, putting them to bed, gathering leaves in brown, still days of calm, trying to make them stay down, spite of the wilful wind. Wrappings must be tied about rose-tree and vine; rebellious wistaria must be swathed; and newly planted little pines must be, remembering the infant mortality among the others, swaddled and bandaged like Italian babies of the North End. Here is no shame if the garments do not come off all winter long! With the appearance of the first crocus in the spring, with the discovery, as coverings are thrown off the flower-beds, of green shoots just peeping through the dark earth, comes the inevitable thrill that welcomes new life, human or other.

Strange questions come to mind in garden paths, springtime and autumn both. Of nature's waste of seed, shown in the great heaps of elm and of maple, winged seeds all, what is the cause? what the result? I stop and ponder, when seeds from all the hillsides blow hither on the winds of God. Does all this floating thistledown, this silken-winged drift of milkweed, take root and spring anew? That reckless sowing of the seed, that thwarting by clod and stone, give "thoughts that lie too deep for tears."

I seem to know the mind of the Creator better for my gardening: the yearning, quickening desire, the strange obstacles—do not things turn out wrong for him also? Of that seed he sows in mind and soul, what proportion comes up? Do strange and unexpected things grow, too, in his garden? Does he have difficulty in telling the difference between weeds and flowers, wheat and tares?

So many garden walks, like all walks, lead you to infinity, that infinity of wonder wherein we begin and wherein we end. For a garden is a hope, an expectation, and an uncertainty, where little turns out as was expected; where many a joyous surprise and many a disappointment await; where results are incalculable beforehand. If some of your annual hopes wither, yet some are perennial. You are ever on the *qui vive*, the alert; you walk on the borders of the unexplained, in the presence of the mystery of seed.

In a garden we began, the seed of human life first set in that Garden of Eden, as sacred story tells us; and in a kind of solemn garden we end: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." So, in deepest thought, may time be annihilated, and the first moment of the race blend with the last upon one's garden path!

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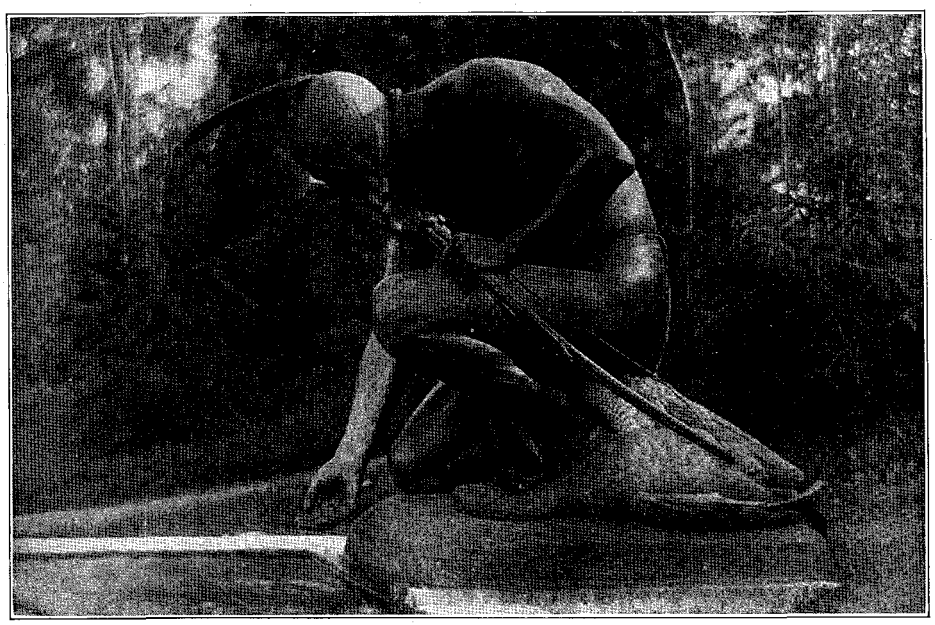
THE FIELD OF ART



The Indian Hunter.
Fountain figure at Arlington, Mass.

MR. DALLIN'S INDIAN SCULPTURES

IMPRESSIONS received in early childhood are primarily the determining cause of the direction taken by Cyrus Edwin Dallin's art. As a boy in Utah he was brought into contact with the Indians, and they were the romantic, picturesque element that appealed to his mind, in a place where perhaps the heroic human being was seldom visible, and there was little that was romantic or picturesque, if we except the mountains and the desert. The Indians who were wont to come into the little village where Dallin was born brought him his first intimation of something that was not commonplace. Their dress gave him æsthetic enjoyment; they were superb specimens of manhood; and their strange stoicism and dignity impressed the boy's mind. He soon discovered in them rare personal qualities. He noticed that they were gentle to their horses and their children; that they possessed primitive traits of loyalty and courtesy; that they abode by their word; their strong artistic instincts were shown by their costumes and the beautiful things that they made; and, finally, that they were full of fun, and had a marked sense of the ludicrous, as is shown by the descriptive names that they confer on themselves and others, as "Rain-in-the-Face" or "Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse." Thus the boy, like his father before him, who had received many kindnesses from the Indians, came to have a great admiration for them; and, added to that, as he grew up, he felt keenly the injustice of the white man's attitude toward them, the general inability or unwillingness to understand that the red man had feelings that could be hurt, and sacred traditions and institutions that were wantonly flouted and trampled underfoot regardless of his sensibilities.

The brutal treatment of the so-called savage by the civilized white man, then, aroused righteous indignation in the boy's soul, and he dimly felt the tragedy of it all, not realizing, of course, that the pathos of exile and contumely, the dignified and silent endurance of the victims, this progressive debasement of a proud and brave race, was in itself a superb art motive, full of human

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interest and historic significance. Out of his admiration for the Indian, the noblest type of savage of which we have any record, was destined to spring the creation of the series of monuments, a series having a relationship of logical development, continuing the same story, of which I am to speak.

The Medicine Man.
In Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

When young Dallin first left his home in Utah, to go to Boston, in 1880, he fell in with a deputation of Crow Indians from Idaho, on their way to Washington to lay some of their wrongs before the Great Father; and he travelled all the way from Ogden to Omaha in company with them, making the acquaintance of Chief Plenty-coose (Many Honors), the leader of the group. They were fine, big men, but the first time the train plunged into a tunnel, a new experience for these untravelled red men, they were much frightened, and when the train emerged from the darkness two of the braves were found under the car-seats, in prayer. Dallin explained to the party the nature of a tunnel, and, the fright soon being forgotten, there was much good-natured badinage of the two Indians whose terror had been so plainly revealed. At Omaha the chance acquaintances parted with mutual expressions of esteem. Twenty years later Dallin was in Washington and met another deputation of Crows, among whom was Chief Plenty-coose, by now an old man, but when he accosted the veteran in the Capitol, and reminded him of the tunnel incident of 1880, the old chief greeted him with marked affection, and they laughed together over the episode of long ago.

My purpose in alluding to Dallin's personal relations with and interest in the Indians is simply to show that his Indian sculptures have been a direct, natural, and inevitable outgrowth of his youthful Western experiences in close contact with the red men, his admiration for their character, and his pity for their misfortunes, and not merely the deliberate intellectual objective illustration of an effective theme for statuary. As a corollary we find that the series of Indian statues has been produced purely because the artist wished to do it and not in response to any order. There is no need of arguing the advantages of this spontaneity of impulse, so rare under the present conditions of the sculptor's profession. These exceptionally favorable circumstances help to account for the great success achieved by Dallin in his four equestrian statues of Indians. The first of these in order of time is "The Signal of Peace," now standing in Lincoln Park, Chicago. The second is "The Medicine Man," in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The third is "The Protest," which occupied a conspicuous position in the grounds of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, Saint Louis, 1904. The fourth is "The Appeal to the Great Spirit," which stands in front of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

"The Signal of Peace" was modelled while Dallin was a student under Chapu at Paris in 1890. He made his début with it in the salon of that year, where it received an honorable mention. It happened that Buffalo Bill was in Paris with his Wild West show

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in 1899, and Dallin spent nearly every day of the summer at the camp in Neuilly, where he had excellent Indian models to pose for him. It was there that he completed his first clay model and made all his preliminary studies for the equestrian group. Rosa Bonheur was also a frequenter of the Wild West camp that summer, where she was busy sketching the Pinto horses belonging to the outfit. "The Signal of Peace" was a reminiscence of the sculptor's boyhood days in Utah, recalling the scenes he had witnessed as a lad of ten, when a treaty of peace was concluded between the whites and the Indians, and he was an interested spectator of all the strange ceremonies of the drawing-up of the pact and the smoking of the pipe of peace. The reserve power and fine plastic sense manifested in "The Signal of Peace" marked the maturing of the sculptor's talent and the opening of a distinct period of original productiveness. The work shows a Sioux chief in moccasins, breech-clout, and feathered war bonnet, with one hand resting on the neck of his pony, and with the other hand raising aloft his feathered spear, the point upward, a recognized signal among the Indians. The pony's ears are directed forward, and all four feet are planted on the ground.

The Protest.

This work, after being cast in bronze, was exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, and was medalled there. It was bought by Judge Lambert Tree, of Chicago, who offered it to the city of Chicago as a fit memorial of the aboriginal Americans; and the monument, having been gratefully accepted, was erected and unveiled in Lincoln Park, in June, 1894. It stands on a granite pedestal, a short distance from the equestrian statue of General Grant. "I fear the time is not far distant," wrote Judge Tree in his letter to the commissioners of Lincoln Park, "when our descendants will only know through the chisel and brush of the artist these simple, untutored children of nature who were, little more than a century ago, the sole human occupants and proprietors of the vast northwestern empire of which Chicago is now the proud metropolis. Pilfered by the advance-guards of the whites, oppressed and robbed by government agents, deprived of their land by the government itself, with only scant compensation, shot down by soldiery in wars fomented for the purpose of plundering and destroying their race, and finally drowned by the ever westward tide of population, it is evident there is no future for them except as they may exist as a memory in the sculptor's bronze or stone and the painter's canvas."

In this statue, then, the opening chapter of the Indian's relations to the white man is given. It illustrates the historic fact that upon the arrival of the first Europeans in America the Indian manifested a friendly disposition, that he was unsuspicious and ready to extend the hand of fellowship. That the newcomer should entertain any unlawful or unjust designs against the natives' inalienable rights as the possessors of the land did not occur to the ingenuous savage mind. This is the historic significance of the equestrian statue in Chicago.

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"The Medicine Man" may be called the second chapter in the plastic story of the Indian's early relations with the white man. It is to be borne in mind that the medicine man is the seer of his people, the mystic, whose function it is to guard the well-being of his tribe and race, to warn and counsel them. Here he is seen with his right hand held warningly aloft, as much as to say: "Be careful in your dealings with the stranger!" Vaguely he feels the coming of danger, and each line in his lithe figure seems to partake of the feeling of apprehension. The modelling of the horse in this statue is strong, and the manner in which the man sits on the horse reveals a lifelong habit and a perfect identity of purpose and sentiment. The work was well esteemed by the French artists, and it was given a good place in the salon of 1899, having no other statuary near it and for background the green shrubbery, showing it to the best advantage. The critics of several of the Paris journals cordially praised it, and it was a favorite with the visitors to the sculpture court.

In "The Protest" we have the forewarned warrior fully cognizant of his peril and plight. His peaceful advances have been of no avail. He must accept the prophecy of the seer of his tribe. He now arrays himself against the enemy, and, with clinched fist, his steed rearing on its haunches, he hurls defiance at his foe. This is the war stage; the conflict with the frontiersmen has begun.

Finally, in the "Appeal to the Great Spirit" [page 774], the Indian, finding that his efforts to hold his own are futile, looks above for deliverance. To place a man in prayer on horseback is the note of innovation in this monument, which forms the climax of the series. The gesture of the rider is as significant as it is unusual. The restraint and reserve of the group are noteworthy; nevertheless, it apparently impressed the public more than any of its predecessors, and when it was set up in front of the Museum of Fine Arts, in Boston, there was a prompt popular verdict in favor of retaining it in that site, in spite of the evident discrepancy of scale between the statue and the building. The explanation of this is simply that behind the technical merit of the work lies a real emotion on the part of the artist. It symbolizes a lost cause. It reveals the Indian as a human being, with sentiment and imagination, a fellow creature who, suffering wrongs, remains unabased and unenslaved.

Mr. Dallin has made other Indian sculptures besides the equestrian statues mentioned. A recent work is the colossal crouching figure of "The Indian Hunter," erected as a memorial to the late Winfield Robbins, in Arlington, Mass. This is a fountain figure, and depicts the hunter bending over a spring and scooping up water in his hand to take a drink. The new town hall in Arlington was presented to the town by Mr. Robbins, and this decorative feature grew out of the desire of his cousins, the Misses Robbins, to erect a memorial to him which would have been congenial to him.

The site and surroundings of this memorial fountain are unusually happy. The figure of the Indian bending over the spring, with his bow and arrows in his left hand and a dead wild goose on the ground beside him, is placed on a grassy slope, amidst shrubs, back of a finely kept lawn which lies between the town hall and the public library of Arlington. From the basin where the hunter kneels to drink the water flows down into a lower pool of considerable size over a gently inclined slide, the cement bottom of which is arranged with lateral impediments that give the water a charmingly rippled surface.

Another recent Indian statue is that of "The Marksman," which represents a sinewy and supple figure, almost nude, standing in a pose of calm but keen observation, and holding a rifle in one hand. There is latent energy in this form, under an aspect of perfect repose. The head is typical and a fine piece of character-study; and as for the modelling of the torso and limbs, it marks a distinct advance in regard to the subtle expression of physical power and vitality over all the preceding works of the sculptor.

Mr. Dallin's professional activities have not, however, by any means been limited to Indian subjects alone. An important soldiers' and sailors' monument by him adorns the city of Syracuse; his portrait statue of Sir Isaac Newton stands in the rotunda of the Library of Congress at Washington; and we must mention his delightfully romantic bronze equestrian statuette of Don Quixote, first exhibited in the salon of 1897, a truly personal and imaginative piece of work, presenting an amusing yet pathetic type of the noble old crank mounted on a bony wreck of a prehistoric nag.

WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES.

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